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DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION.

The Subject of a Sermon by Reed Stuart

Of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church at Detroit, Mich.

That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. PAUL.

The form of science called evolution confirms, in detail, this large statement of the New Testament concerning the order in which spirituality, or the power of life to think and adore, came to earth. In the picture which science draws, there is an amazing procession of forms passing from the lower to the higher, an advance which has consumed almost measureless time. The beginning of things is concealed by distance—a vast journey has been made since that remote time when life existed only in some microscopic form, devoid of intelligence and beauty.

When matter became organic, man became possible. Long before man appeared, there were creatures swimming in the seas, creeping or walking upon the land, flying through the air, of much less perfect organization than he, and wholly extinct when he arrived. When the spine appeared, Nature intimated her final intention; she already had man in view. The spinal column is completed and crowned by the human skull. Within it resides somewhat with high and mysterious power,—mere gray and white matter, with many cells, shared in common with lower forms of life; and yet, different from other forms in that it not only has power to shape and guide all other matter, but can give greater coherency and continuity to all action; can harbor visions of the Perfect; can ask, if it cannot satisfactorily answer, questions concerning the origin and destiny of man; and, while waiting for the appearance of other witnesses to complete the evidence, dares to pronounce the grand and awful words of God and Immortality to account for the beginning and outcome of human life.

The coming of soul was prophesied long before it came. Everywhere there is a forward looking, an anticipation, a lack of finality in the thing done. The earnest expectation of the creature waited for the manifestations of the sons of God. This expectation was uttered by the winds and waves at their work over the sands, taken up by those gigantic forces which formed the earth's crust in concentric layers, reiterated by each form of life that came, until, in the fullness of time, man appeared and the long mysterious prediction was fulfilled. There is a magnificent sweep of things toward mind. Star-dust, monad, fish, bird, beast, were all steps in the stairway which terminates in soul.

"The world was once a fluid haze of light,
Till toward the center set the starry tides
And eddied into suns that, wheeling, cast
The planets; then the monster; then the man."

The physical was the foundation of the spiritual. Life blossomed out into thought. Spine, brain, hands, feet, eyes all existed before; but in man they were put to higher uses. They become an expression of soul. Thus do we find man, when he began to write his history, capable of looking upward, capable of reasoning about himself, and with infinitude in his aspirations.

The unfolding of individual history reveals a similar process. The earliest life of every one is a sense life. Soul is, at first, only rudimentary. Years are demanded to develop it. At first the child does not separate itself from all things else. It cannot escape from the All. It has no clear memory and no hope. Slowly consciousness comes. The use of "I," and "me," and "you," is learned; and a circle is drawn round it separating it from all other persons. Then begins an apprenticeship to events, and every year some new strength is gained. One by one the child outgrows his toys. The young man reviews the narrow satisfactions of his boyhood with a smile. The middle aged man recalls the conceits of his youth with a blush. The aged thinker lives amid invisible scenes, and deals with principles from which the transient and partial are eliminated. If life has been true, old age should be the harvest of the soul. Gray hairs are the flags which life runs aloft before it weighs anchor and sails away toward the country of spirit. The soul has grown too sincere to be satisfied with the show and tinsel of things, and loves only realities. Thus the life of man from infancy to age is a sermon on the text—First comes the physical, afterward the spiritual.

Language adds its testimony. In his earliest life man had no need for any form of expression except for that which related to material things. Words were signs of natural objects. In the story of creation, as given in the Hebrew scriptures, all the animals are represented as passing before Adam that he might give a name to each. This is a symbol of a fact. The outward objects were named first. The process lies behind that bank of clouds which hangs between us and the far past, but it is evident that the internal moods and states of the soul received their designation from something external and material. Thus righteousness means straight; wrong means crooked, or twisted out of shape. Humility has reference to the earth, or something low; pride means high. Joy comes from a word which signifies lightness, or the power of rising as if on wings, sorrow is a heaviness, as of something pressing hard upon the heart. Ignorance is darkness; knowledge is light. Mind comes from a word which signifies to continue in a given course for a long time. Spirit originally meant air. Inspiration is breathing in, literally. Deity meant the day, in its root form, or the expanding light. Holy Ghost is the holy guest, the gracious visitor from the sky which comes to man at rare intervals awakening all his noblest powers, and making all things more sacred. Grace in its earliest form was the name of the horses which drew the magnificent chariot of the sun from east to west in its beautiful circle, and long afterward it was used to express the free, uninterrupted motion of the soul, or of a God when out on an errand of compassion and forgiveness. Thus language shows one span of the bridge which man built when crossing from the natural to the spiritual.

Summoning another witness, law appears. From the minuteness of microscopic regulations the race passes to a larger and more spiritual sense of right and wrong. If, in his reading, one will pass suddenly from the book of Leviticus to the sermon on the mount, he will note the change. In the first, exaction follows exaction; prohibition is added to prohibition, interminably. But passing forward at one step over a few centuries, all this minutiæ suddenly becomes unnecessary. Jesus can group the whole Levitical law in one sentence. Spiritual incite takes the place of external authority. When the soul is free it becomes its own law.

Art helps establish the inference of the text. It shows growth in the same direction. The artist is partly the creature of the time in which he lives. If the times are melancholy or joyous, religious or unrestrained, the artist will take on, in part, the same character; and his temperament will find its way into his work. Hence when sense predominated in life, sense would predominate in art. The first art was the effort to produce the perfect physical form to please the eye; but not to awaken lofty and serious reflections in the beholder. Sculpture was a game among the childish nations, and not the labor of the wise and thoughtful. Landseer has given more spirituality to the faces of some of his dogs than can be found in the faces of some of the gods and goddesses fashioned after the Greek model. The later centuries of Christianity in Europe introduced a new spirit, so that art become connected with sorrow, and self-renunciation, and despair. To express this a new form of body, a different cast of features become necessary. The trunk and limbs of Angelo's statues are elongated, the torso twisted, the eyes are sunk deeper, the forehead is wrinkled, the muscles are strained, showing the effect of thought, of agony, of struggle with the affairs of life, the death wrestle with Fate. Whereas the artist once sought only to give the perfect shoulder, or arm, or face, to charm the sense, later he learned to use these physical forms to give expression to the soul. Art has reached its highest estate when physical beauty becomes an outlet to spiritual beauty.

Religion has come along the same path. From the first appearance of worship among the rude ancestors of the race when, overtaken by terror, they sought to placate the unseen power of gifts and sacrifices, up to Jesus bowing to the ground under the olives and saying, Thy will be done, there is a movement towards the spiritual. For many years the Hebrew religion could not pass beyond a prescribed form. It could not say, God is a spirit. Finally the prophets came who began to reveal the truer significance of religion. Then Christ came with his doctrine of spiritual life, and prophecy of the invisible Kingdom of God. In its inception Christianity was an overflow of the soul. The nation came to consciousness in Christ. Jean Paul tells us that suddenly, as with the lightning flash, there came to him the power of self-realization;—that he could think, and know that he thought. So, the coming of Jesus into those days,—the flaming spirit that was kindled in so many lives, the noble contagion of duty which infected all classes making devotion to the high behests of conscience the test of nobility, and martyrdom a gift to be accepted with a cry of joy,—was the nation reaching self-realization. It was worthy to give name to a new era, and begin a new date to the history of events.

But the natural is not only first in the order of time,—it is, also, the earliest. Hence there is always danger of a species, or an individual, or an art, or a religion halting in its progress and relapsing toward its first condition. There are many eddies in the stream of progress. An organ unused loses its power, and becomes rudimentary after a few generations. Knowledge unused wastes away. There are individuals which never leave the sense period. Art may lapse for generations. A nation may lose its ideals, and become low and time serving.

Thus in a century or two after the first Christians left earth, religion lapsed to formal rites. Its appeal was again to the senses. It became spectacular, theatrical, unreal. Under the inspiration of Jesus and the leadership of the Apostles, it was a psalm of triumph, a poem of the ages; in a few centuries it became a chapter of most dismal prose, dreary and empty of inspiration as a state paper. At first it was a chariot of the sun to carry mortals toward the skies; at last it became a mere market cart trucking religion through the streets of Europe.

It is immaterial whether an individual be held back in his development by indulgence in the grosser forms of sense, or whether by too great devotion to the mere externals of custom or habit, life is robbed of its greatest riches. So it does not matter whether the forms imposed upon religion are those of costume and rite, and prescribed order of worship, or a long list of ideas and party words to be often repeated, the result is the same. The deeper meaning of religion is destroyed by whatever detains it away from the moral and spiritual, and keeps it in bondage to the external. The outward form of it may be of interest to the student of history and the antiquarian, but they are of no consequence as compared with the inner obedience and love of the heart.

Many times prophets have appeared who would endeavor to recall inspiration to the soul, and free it from the formal observance of established rites. The attempt has been made to take religion away from the external, from the sensuous, and make it an affair of the private soul. We are passing through such a period now, as remarkable as any since the first century. The students of the future will linger over these days, and will use them for illustration as now they do over the eras of the past. These days seem mean and common place; but all days do while they are passing;—to estimate them truly they must have their right perspective. Now we are too close to them. Some time they will be idealized, as we idealize the past; and then their true grandeur will appear. Then the prophets of this century — Robertsons, Maurices, Stanleys, Martineaus, Channings, Emersons, will be grouped in the mind with the Chrysostoms, Luthers, Wesleys, Foxes, who have done similar work of other days. This whole movement within all the churches toward liberalism—source of such hope to so many, source of such despair to others—is a movement, not away from religion, but a movement toward religion. It is sense yielding to soul. It is another step in the evolution of spirit.

Everywhere progression, amelioration. Having reached instinct, would not suffice. There must be an advance to reason. It is the law of mind to expand. It will disengage itself from all hindrances and limitations as rapidly as possible. It seeks finer forms for its thought, juster symbols for its worship. Having left fetichism, it is not yet content. Sun-worship is more exalted and exalting than stone worship. But this, too, must be refined. Having started away from the Egypt of the senses, there may be many years of wandering in the wilderness, but there can be no permanent rest until the Canaan of the soul is entered and possessed. The ideal, the advancing, the transcendent must forever command us. Not Brahm, not Jove, not Jehovah, not any localized and limited Deity of tribe or race can suffice for the awakened and expanding spirit. From the worship of the star, or grove, or rock, or serpent, the race has passed, and is still passing to unutterable adoration of the absolute and uncontained Power which is cause and preserver of all things.

Goethe tells of a giant whose shadow, at sunset, falling across a river made a way by which the multitudes could cross from shore to shore. At length the shadow fading there gradually arose a bridge whose piers were jewels, and upon that bridge, wide and strong, the nations crossed the river. What the poet may have wished to illustrate by the fable remains in doubt. But we may find it a symbol of man's progress away from sense and ignorance, toward mind and wisdom. The giant's shadow is superstition. The bridge is religion dominated by reason. Over this firm and graceful arch, whose piers are the jewels of virtue and worship, some time the nations will be seen marching over the deep river which washes the shore of existence.

If the tendency has been truly stated, the conclusion can not be averted that some time, near or far off, the soul will take supreme command here upon the earth. The time will come when art, science, government, education, religion shall be esteemed only as they minister to truth and virtue. Then, when everything from atom to archangel is seen to be saturated with this purpose, the long time prediction of the kingdom of God will be consummated. After brute force came thought, is the hint which geology gives. At one border savage man and vast interminable wildernesses, but now, at the hither border reasonable man, universities, churches, homes of love, and abundant harvests, is the picture which history paints. Mingling imagination with the conclusions of science, adding prophecy to history, a completed picture appears in which the natural and the spiritual have become one on earth. We have the right to infer the goal from the general tendency. The stream of spiritual life has so broadened and deepened, as it rolled through time, that it promises some time to be great enough to carry all things upon its strong tide. The spirit said, "I will water my garden bed; and lo! my brook became a river, and the river a sea."

It would be unscientific to assume that the limit has been reached at any given stage of progress. Mysteries, insoluble at one time, are revealed at another and are added to the stock of knowledge. We dare not call anything absolutely insoluble and incomprehensible. It is only insoluble up to date.

Who knows what to-morrow may reveal? We are surrounded on every side by a realm which transcends the actual knowledge and experience of the majority. But that is no reason for thinking that such a realm does not exist. From the beginning of his history man has been floating in a shoreless sea of ether; but he has only recently discovered it. The Pacific had to wait for a long time for its Balboa; but not so long as this greater ocean had to wait for its discoverer. While it was undiscovered it would have been easy to have denied its existence,—easy but untrue.

There are not wanting indications of a spiritual presence in which we live, as omnipresent and as necessary as light. It is not equally manifest to all people; but no one is so dull as to miss all signs of this gracious and inspiring friend. It is difficult to speak of it. Its laws are, as yet, but little known. And yet there are those who, in many ways, are apprised of the nearness of something stronger than their own wills, and more sacred than any of their own unaided thoughts and emotions. It does not advertise nor forewarn them of its approach. Its coming is unannounced, and mostly unexpected. When the recipient is in the right mood, any event is sufficient to apprise him that his heavenly visitor is at his gate. The meeting of a friend, the face of a child, the twitter of a bird, the sighing of the wind, a penetrating expression in a book or overheard in a conversation, a cloud rimmed with sunlight or moonlight,—anything is sufficient to take down all barriers between self and the other. If they only have the instrument, they can tap the wire any place and instantly find themselves connected with the circuit by which high heaven sends its messages to every outlying province.

Let us be chary of words here, and rather think more than we utter, than utter more than we think. Meditation, the eschewing of all words would probably be preferable. And yet shall we wholly deny because the evidence may as yet be fragmentary and unsatisfactory to some? Let us grant our liability to mistake, and then affirm what seems true. Is not then this universe the shrine of Deity? What is this beauty, this justice, this love, but the outgoing of the Infinite? He is in the soul as well as in the sky; in the arbutus which in a few weeks will push away the dead leaves to look at the sun, as well as in the sun itself and all the swift rolling worlds. His authentic revelation is on all sides. His valid worship is life consecrated to high aims. Light, time, order, races, worlds are sown broadcast by his hand; and man's highest use, and highest felicity consist in living in right relations to him. Who thus lives can be cheerful and serene amid all circumstances. He will neither lament the past nor will he be too curious about the future. There is enough in what he sees to make him willing to trust where he cannot see. Whatever misfortune he encounters will be temporary—will finally befriend him by introducing him to a new experience, and opening the door to a higher existence. Now we only catch isolated glimpses of the glory of a life when fully committed to the ways of the spirit. The best people we have met are still on the surface. Their life is still desultory,—made up of shreds and pieces and unrelated actions. If the time comes when we are to meet one who has explored the depths of spiritual law, and has set his life to its motions we shall find one whose every day existence is a web woven of finer stuff than any cloth of gold; his voice will be melodious as the song of birds; and all his actions being natural and organic, will be as graceful and well timed as the falling snow-flake and the blossoming tree.

Humanity has not reached its highest estate. There is soul; but not yet the complete soul. There is not yet the full apprehension of the powers of spirit. All around us, and becoming more frequent, are signs of spiritual meaning; but we have not yet found the right key to them. Our day has had to coin new words in many fields. Science has compelled us to reopen our lexicons and add new terms. But not only have the students of material phenomena been driven to increase their stock of words but the students of spiritual phenomena have done the same. Not only have such words as telephone, and telegraph, appeared, but such terms as telepathy, clairvoyance, Spiritualism, have also appeared. Each one of these words is supposed to name a fact. A new field has been opened for investigation. For anything we know the time may come when the soul will have added to its present powers another, which is now seen only in isolated cases and in a rudimentary form. Tyndall has made us familiar with the fact that the eye can only use one-third of the rays of light which the sun emits. There are infinite vibrations of the air which are too fine for the ear to translate into sound. If it has taken millions of years to form the eye and the ear, and they are still incomplete, it need not surprise us if the power of the soul to apprehend spiritual objects is still imperfect. Perhaps all these facts that come to us from so many different sources,—the power of one mind to read what is passing in another mind, the power of the soul to run on in advance of the body which it inhabits and announce its coming, the power of the soul to instantly traverse thousands of miles, through this ocean of ether, and look in upon scenes that are taking place and come back and report them—perhaps all these unclassified facts are the hint that Providence is about to carry humanity along to a higher plane;—about to unsheathe another organ which will do for the spiritual world what the eye has done for the material world,—gather up some more of these rays which are darting and playing through the abyss, making all spiritual objects clear and solving the mystery which has challenged and baffled the ages. The time may come when the eye shall find a new color, and the ear grown more sensitive shall hear sweeter music than it has ever heard. What a new world would thus be revealed! But what of that revelation when the inner vision shall be so increased that the invisible one becomes visible, and the inner hearing become so refined that harmonies, not of earth, heard now only in breaks and catches, will be heard rolling in full volume through all the aisles and arches of this mysterious temple of life.

The method of Providence may be trusted to the end. The Power that brought the mollusk and the sponge, then the fish, then the bird and beast, then the savage, and then Christ need not be doubted now. The barriers are all down in front. The past is great; but it is not greater than the future. There is time enough for every miracle. With God involved nothing is too great for our belief. There are races coming that will walk where we creep; they will see where we grope; they will fly where we painfully climb; they will see the sun wheeling upward in the spiritual firmament, while we see only the promise of the morning.

Marking the direction the creative energy has streamed, we are compelled to carry our thought beyond the present life and affirm our belief that the meaning of earthly existence is to put us in training for a life continued indefinitely on a higher plane. Immortality seems to be the logical climax of the whole work. So beautiful, so marvelous is it in every one of its stages, this crowning beauty and wonder seems to be demanded to make a fitting end of it all. Such time, such care has been expended in producing it, that it would seem like an affront put upon the whole affair to think of the soul perishing with its circumstances. Surely it comports better with the method, thus far made known, to think of its orbit, having at death deflected from earth and time, as lying forever and ever amid nobler scenes attended by nobler companions.

For those who in this way translate the laws of earth there should be perpetual courage amid all the trying events of earth. Theirs is a boundless hope. In the conviction that the best is the truest, they can dismiss all uncertainties, and adjourn the solution of all mysteries to the sure revelation of time. For them it is sufficient to be assured that nature is sane in all her acts. They allow no private fears, for they are confident that they and all things are included in the high and far-reaching plan of the Divine Providence. The vicissitude of the years are accepted without protest; the coming of age is shorn of all regret; death is disarmed of all his ancient terror. The close of life will be natural as the closing of the day when work is done;—the call away from earth will be but the ringing of the curfew bell, as the darkness deepens, bidding them cover up the fires of passion; then bow in prayer; then sleep; then awake in an everlasting morning.

Gems of Thought.

The want of punctuality is a want of honest principle; for however people may think themselves authorized to rob God and themselves of their own time, they can plead no right to lay a violent hand on the time and duties of their neighbor.—*Charlotte Elizabeth.*

As small letters hurt the sight, so do small matters him that is too much intent upon them; they vex and stir up anger, which begets an evil habit in reference to great affairs.—*Plutarch.*

Far away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations. I can not reach them, but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.—*Louise M. Alcott.*

A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under prosperity. A strong and deep mind has two highest tides—when the moon is at the full, and where there is no moon.

Love has no middle term; it either saves or destroys.—*Victor Hugo.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Chicago Globe Essays Theosophy.

S. E. HIBBERT.

Apropos of the Theosophical Convention lately held in Chicago, and the lectures of Prof. Elliott Coues, the brilliant scientist of the Smithsonian, on the subject of the powers of the human soul and the astral body, a profound and original writer for the Chicago *Globe* delivers himself of the following:

"Admitting for the moment that the theory (that there are such things as soul and astral power) is justified by the facts—*cui bono?* This is essentially an age for the development of the utilitarian. When any new thing comes before the public the principal inquiry concerning it is: How much can it excavate, draw, weave, plow, or save time in hand labor? This age has no use for the astral invention. It can not drive a buzz-saw, paddle a steamer, stick hogs, clean streets, bore wells, or do any of the other things in demand by the present generation."

This gentleman is clear and decided in his expressions, and the grandeur of his utterance is only equalled by his humility as an exponent of the sentiment of the great public of the city of Chicago. Fair Chicago! rarest jewel in the glorious diadem of the "unsalted sea," we salute thee! Once we lived within the sacred suburbs of the multiform multitude of thy mighty attractions, and as we reflect upon the strength developed in the senses, by long residence within thy gates, we comprehend the force and eloquence of this speaker for thy inhabitants, and kiss the hem of thy "Tyrian" robe of power, with fierce regret, that we have left the realities of thy presence, to follow phantoms, which, though they may show us visions of the eternal, and open our ears to music from the spheres, so far, fail to enlarge our powers for sticking hogs, boring wells and cleaning streets!

It is an axiom of science that exercise and strain develop power in the faculties of every organism, from protozoan to man, and according to this dictum, the Chicago man can not be like other men. He is keener, stronger in every sense. As the breeze floats over his stockyards, slaughter houses, and soap factories, richly laden with every perfume known and unknown to Arabia blest and unblest, shall he not trust his sense of smell more than other men, when in opportunity and exercise he so far surpasses dwellers in other cities? As he counts his palaces and pens, his hogs and horses, cattle and communists, saloons and sewers, argosies and anarchists, dollars and demagogues, is it any wonder he laughs softly with conscious pride, in the penetrating power of eyes that never blink with amazement or surprise at any wonder abroad, for they have never been dazzled by the many marvels at home? But this gentlemen of Chicago is too modest, and the public and the press which he represents, far too secretive and reserved. A man empowered to speak for the age, and to assert that "This age has no use for the astral invention," should give no seldom or uncertain note, but repeat it early and often and so avoid complications with a few million alleged individuals, who imagine that they want more astral facts, and are already acquainted with some powers of the astral plane.

Coy reserve does not become Chicago, and she should speak louder and oftener, and warn off the premises the preacher with his prayer, the artist with his picture, and the poet with his song. None of these people can help her clean her streets, draw her beer wagons, or excavate her tunnels. Away with them! This is a utilitarian age. Who dares to say that thought is a reality in the face of this gentleman of Chicago? You can not see it, cut it, or eat it. It is an impalpable, imponderable and incomprehensible essence, and probably so rare a presence within the vacuum of the supposed mind of this gentleman, that we should pardon him for doubting its existence.

Still we boldly assert (as we are safely outside of the city) that of the very fabric of dreams, the airy ethereal essence of thought, was built this wonderful city of Chicago; that every house and store of its miles of streets, with every stone, timber, room and window were first a thought or dream in the mind of a man. Planned, placed and measured, every building rose an astral form within the mind of the architect, and from thence was translated into substance and solidity. Every city is built upon a foundation of dreams. Every ship upon the lakes and in the harbors, first spread her sails a phantom ship, upon an astral sea, and through the invisible, inscrutable mechanism of an individual mind, directing many hands, was made visible to the fleshly senses of the poor dullards, who see nothing that is not stamped in brass, or carved in wood and stone.

The beautiful paintings and perfect statues that adorn the galleries of the rich and glorious city, first floated as fair fantasies within the imagination of the artist who saw their beauties, and would swear to their reality, though his eyes were closed and every sense at rest. More exquisite, real and perfect than any statue of stone is the astral dream in the soul of the sculptor.

Deeper, sweeter—beating with finer harmony—is the melody that swells in the soul of the poet, than the song he sings to the world.

No painter can paint the visions of beauty he sees in the astral light, no poet voice the harmonies he hears when he listens with his soul awake to the echoes that reach him from spheres supernal. Speaking of the assertions of Prof. Coues in regard to the belief of theosophists based on the facts of scientific Spiritualism, the Chicago gentleman inquires with a mild sneer, "How the eminent scientist discovered these facts?" We would gently suggest that he study and experiment for some ten or twenty years, as some of the rest of us have done, and find out how, for himself. There is no other way in the paths of science. The chemist will give theories and facts just as the Professor has done, but to prove them and become a practical chemist it will be necessary to go into the laboratory and work in accordance with laws, conditions and directions for many long years. The great scientist, Haeckel, sums up the labor of twenty years in a work, which shows that the whole process of evolution of man through every geological age, is repeated in the development of the human embryo in the womb. This work can be read in a day, but to follow Haeckel's methods and prove all his assertions as true, would probably take a man, with the calibre of our Chicago friend, about a thousand years. Theosophists, like all other scientists, court investigation and welcome sincere students prepared for labor. But in theosophic magic, as in every other department of science, students must conform to conditions and obey directions when conducting experiments. Prof. Alfred Russell Wallace, one of the greatest naturalists in the world, and also a bold and unblushing Spiritualist, would certainly refuse admittance to a scornful and ignorant skeptic who demanded entrance to his private séance room, where he was conducting experiments with a sensitive medium for spiritual phenomena; but he would more certainly refuse the assistance and presence of an ignorant and insolent, bungler and beginner were he classifying butterflies for a museum, or comparing fossils to prove a theory in geology. The school boy must understand arithmetic and algebra before the teacher will condescend to notice his desire to dip into Euclid; and the scholar must have at least, slightly skirmished through the facts of municipal and national government, learned the laws of international trade, and grasped the questions of tariff, interest, rent, labor, land, etc., as advanced by various schools of political economy, before he can be expected to explore with any degree of sanity or comprehension in the vast fields of sociology. The science of the soul is far more puzzling and profound than the science of society. No learned mystic will prove to a skeptic the facts about the higher powers of his soul, while he remains unconscious that he has a soul. Our Chicago gentleman to the contrary notwithstanding, there are thousands and millions of people, who not only know that they have souls, but are constantly and consciously developing their powers. According to this utilitarian age how they wasted their time.

Last winter we frequently attended a gathering of as thoughtful and cultivated people as lived in Washington, where there were sometimes several Professors from the Smithsonian, including Prof. Coues, and such visiting scientists as Prof. A. R. Wallace, of England, and Prof. Cope, of Philadelphia. Speeches were made and papers read on Spiritualism, hypnotism, mesmerism and and other elusive and delusive subjects, and whether opposing or advocating, dignity and elegance characterized every utterance. We also assisted in many strange and startling experiments in mesmerism and Spiritualism in smaller, but equally scientific, circles and now we know we were all crazy "cranks," useless cumberers of the ground, and the age has no use for our facts and theories, and scorns our labors, for the gentleman from Chicago—"he himself hath said it."

Our minds were enlarged, our hearts filled with new love and charity for all humanity, and our spirits elevated to purer heights of peace and joy. But go to! All this is nothing. At the end of the year not one of us could "drive a buzz-saw, paddle a steamer, or stick a hog" any better than we could at the beginning. But they do things better in Chicago.

Washington, D. C.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY.

G. G. PIERCE.

Emerson, who like Pope had the rare faculty of compressing whole sermons into a few terse words, once said that some of the most cherished customs and beliefs of the present age, will some day be quoted as proof of its barbarity. One has only to trace the history of the human race to be convinced of the truthfulness and wisdom of this statement. What is truth in one age, and stamps and molds the character of the people, becomes falsehood in another. In the earlier history of the race progress was very slow. One has to compare periods remote from each other to see any advance. As human affairs were managed, as they took on form, it was necessarily so. Men have ever been governed by or through institutions, political, social and religious, and these institutions have been controlled by individuals who claimed to rule by divine right, and whose chief aim has been to make themselves and their families secure in power forever; and to accomplish this, it has been their policy to keep the people ignorant, and to keep their minds engaged in studying problems they could never comprehend. They were ignorant themselves, and in their lust for power and gain, they kept the human soul in chains thousands of years. But modern research has raised the thoughts of men to the contemplation of a higher life, and enabled them to understand that all institutions of men, at the best, are only stepping stones or fulcrums on which to place the level to raise humanity to a higher plane. All are founded, more or less, in fundamental error. Institutions never progress of themselves. They lay down laws and erect standards to bind man for all time, and anything that militates against these laws and standards are sinful, and their violation is punished with severe penalties. Opposition to authority becomes treason to God, for it claims its right to rule by divine appointment. Its commands and decisions must always be just, and from them there is no appeal. It thus becomes the criterion of truth and right, and it has been all-powerful in Church and State all down through the ages. The few were created and ordained to rule, and the millions were created to serve, and had no rights that authority was bound to respect. The greatest crimes have been committed in its name, and by its behests.

It has been said that institutions have no souls. If that be true, humanity has ever been governed by a soulless tyrant. The cruelties committed by authority have been ten fold greater than those committed against authority; and authority in the hands of religious zealots and bigots has been the most heartless and cruel. In the Wars of the Crusades, which lasted one hundred and seventy years, between the Christians and Mohammedans, Moors or Saracens, millions of lives were lost in battle and massacre. Early in the contest, the Christians massacred three thousand of the Mohammedan prisoners in cold blood. The Mohammedans were in turn victorious, and captured and made prisoners of thirty thousand of the Christians, and instead of massacring them, they put out their eyes. All of this was done by authority, and in the name of God. The Mohammedans were inspired with a holy zeal as well as the Christians. One claimed authority and inspiration from Christ, and the other from Mahomet. Both laid down their lives for their master, and their zeal for their master made them cruel brutes to their fellow-men.

The Christians in this fight for the holy land were the aggressors; and after fighting one hundred and seventy years left the Mohammedans in possession, and they hold possession to-day. Whether Christ or Mahomet really took any part or interest in the matter is impossible to say; but we do know that the whole affair is one of the foulest blots on the pages of history. The progress of man has been achieved by opposition to authority. Bruno lost his life and Galileo his liberty for proclaiming a great truth which conflicted with authority. The progress of human thought has been secured by individuals in opposition to authority, which claimed special divine right to rule: The doctrine of "apostolic succession" and divine right to rule, is still held by a large proportion of Christendom, and still lingers in the British constitution and practice. If a man is convicted of a crime and imprisoned, and it subsequently transpires that he is innocent he cannot be set at liberty, except through a pardon from the crown, for to do so would be acknowledging a mistake. Although they know him to be innocent, the very act of pardon confirms his guilt, as pardon signifies condoning or forgiving crime.

The practice of inserting in the organic law of a State a provision for its own revision is of recent origin, and has been wrung from the strong and soulless grip of authority, by infidelity to this claim of divinity. It was a wonderful advance when the rebels of Seventy-Six inserted in the constitution of the United States a clause providing for its own revision by the voice of the people. The doctrine of the divine right of kings and apostolic succession was strangled in a drop of ink; and, behold! to-day a nation of freemen encumbered with less restraint from authority than any people on the earth, yet freer from crime and disorder.

Napoleon shook this doctrine of the divine right to rule from centre to circumference in Europe, but Wellington restored it. Authority has ever claimed the monopoly of refinement and respectability. To raise a voice against any of its behests has been accounted treason, and its perpetrators have been dubbed traitor, heretic, infidel. They were disturbers of the peace, agitators, brawlers. Christ was a brawler, an agitator, a disturber of the public peace, and was crucified; and thousands have suffered death from the same cause. It is to agitators and disturbers of the public peace that we owe our freedom to-day and all we enjoy as freemen. Authority is a tyrant that holds a stronger grip upon human progress than men are aware of. It never surrenders a point except through revolution. It sets itself above reason, and claims special divine authority. Its home is in the dead and remote past. She trembles before the electric light of to-day. She finds in moldy rolls or musty manuscripts written four or five thousand years ago, made almost illegible by the fingers of time, "Thou shalt have no other gods beside me." And this God declares himself to be a jealous God, punishing one man for the sins of another, often repenting, and undoing in one day the labors of the day before. Authority would have us to-day hold the same views of God that Moses, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob did; and, no doubt we should, if we had had no agitators, no brawlers, no traitors or infidels to disturb the public peace, for institutions never progress of themselves; might as well ask us to use the ancient Hebrew plow as to ask us to use the ancient Hebrew God. The polished steel plow of to-day holds the same relation to the ancient Hebrew plow that the modern rational God does to the ancient Hebrew God. We have outgrown both, and have no use for either except to hang up in our museums as curiosities, or as proof of the progress of man.

It is simply cruel to try to satisfy the cravings of the human mind of the present age with these old and crude ideas. Jealous Gods with passions like men should be laid aside like worn or cast off garments, as not fit even for beggars to wear. I believe there is no nation on the face of the earth that has done so much to eliminate from the human mind this old idolatrous idea of God as the United States; and she has accomplished it by freeing herself wholly from religion, and securing to every individual toleration and the right of conscience, giving to every man absolute freedom of thought. Authority in matters of faith, she has placed in the individual human breast. The human mind is naturally progressive, and when once delivered from the tyranny of authority, seeks to simplify religion and bring it down from the tyranny of authority, seeks to simplify religion and bring it down from above the clouds, and into the domain of reason, where it may be discussed in the ordinary way, whereas, the popular religion calls upon men to believe what it is impossible for them to understand or comprehend, and under severe penalties. Modern thought is fast outgrowing and rejecting this idea, and the sooner religious institutions comprehend this fact the better it will be for themselves and all concerned. That there has been of late a great change going on in the churches in this respect, there can be no doubt. In olden times the churches were just what the priesthood made them; but now the churches and priesthood are to a great extent what the people make them. Education of the masses has already created a public sentiment that shakes the foundation of church and State. Intellectual modern thought instead of causing revolution and breaking up churches will quietly lead the churches from darkness and miracle worship into the light of reason and common sense. Our most influential and effective preachers at the present time find it convenient to say as little as possible about eternal punishment, and total depravity is fast becoming a dead letter. Development is taking the place of creation. God is sought for in the living letter of the flower-garden rather than in old books of doubtful authenticity. "Thus saith the Lord" is looked for in the shining heavens rather than in Genesis.

But little thanks to authority for this change, for it has cost humanity rivers of blood to gain this vantage-ground; but having once been gained, it can never be surrendered. Checked, it may be, and no doubt will be, but defeated it can never be. There is at the present time a desperate struggle raging between old thought and new thought, old theology and new theology, science and the Bible. In this controversy both parties seem to assume that if one be true, the other must be false. This I conceive to be a very erroneous conclusion. Both are true, if rightly understood. First, let us bear in mind the great fundamental truth that in all matters pertaining to religious faith, fictitious, unreal and non-existent characters are just as real and just as potent as though they actually existed. If this be true, and all history proves it, the Bible should be reverenced as a good and true book, just what it claims to be, written or inspired by Israel's God, the highest and grandest idea that it was possible for Israel to conceive. They knew of no universal law of nature, no geology, no astronomy, no chemistry, no botany, no telescope, no microscope; no scientific knowledge at all; no written history, except in the hands of a few scribes who obtained all their knowledge from traditional history.

The story of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden had no doubt existed hundreds or thousands of years before Moses or any one else wrote it. All of the surrounding nations had similar tales to tell concerning the origin of their then little universe, which was limited to a stationary flat earth with the sun and moon and a few stars revolving around it. All had a God, a Satan, a heaven and hell, ideas which impress themselves upon all races of men when they first emerge from the brute, and become reflective, reasoning beings. The Hebrew tale is but a little in advance of many others. All was miracle, and no law; but it illy becomes us, living as we do in this advanced age, under the blazing light of science, to look back and tauntingly accuse the Hebrews of worshiping a false God. He was to them a real God, a mighty God who controlled all their actions. They lived and moved in him, and he in them. They appeared on earth together, and are passing away together. Although many of David's prayers would be blasphemy to-day, they were to him the balm of Gilead (109th psalm). The Bible is true to its age, revealing a local God, and a local people, and belongs to a certain period in the progress of a race. It gives no insight into the vast population of India and China which existed at the time its different parts were written. They were unknown to Israel and Israel's God. There can be no conflict between science and the Bible, for the last word of the Bible was written more than a thousand years before science in any true sense was born. Man had not arrived at the scientific age. He was yet in the age of fable. Beecher seems not to have grasped the true ideal when he said, "Where science and the Bible disagree, the Bible must give way." The Bible can never give way. It is simply being outgrown. Humanity moves, but the Bible is stationary. Balaam and his ass must ever remain on the plains of Pethor and the stranded ark on Ararat to tell the story of a remarkable epoch, a remarkable people and a remarkable God, while humanity like a mighty and resistless stream is ever flowing on from age to age, waxing into new peoples and new Gods.

Melbourne, Australia.

CAN READ WITHOUT EYES.

A St. Louis Girl with the Gift of Second Sight.

Miss Geraldine Twitt, a Pretty Girl of 22, Reads Newspapers and Letters with Her Eyes Bandaged and a Mask Covering Her Face—Her Power a Puzzle to Herself—A Series of Interesting Experiments with the Seeress—A Case that will Interest the Medical Fraternity.

St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*: Clairvoyance is a subject on which whole volumes have been written. There are hundreds of people who claim to know all about it and also hundreds who claim that they are so clairvoyant that they can tell you the maiden name of your grandmother on your mother's side of the house, and a great deal more if you have time to listen. They can also give you more private and selected information about your life and your business relations than you know yourself. The amount of information, of course, varies with the amount of money you are prepared to invest, but that is neither here nor there. Occasionally you find a clairvoyant who is not "in the business," and who makes no pretense whatever to an inordinate fund of enlightenment on all topics, good and evil. It was the lot of a reporter for the *Post-Dispatch* to make the acquaintance of one of the latter class, and during a sitting which extended over an hour's time she showed him marvels of the possibility of which he never for a moment dreamed.

The name of this phenomenon is Miss Geraldine Twitt. Miss Twitt is a pretty and charming little lady, who sometimes acts in the capacity of clerk for a photographer on Seventh street, near Olive. She is 22 years of age and her wonderful faculty for seeing objects without the use of her eyes is as marvelous to herself as her friends, whom she sometimes puzzles and amuses by a display of her peculiar faculties. A student of occultism or some chela of Mme. Blavatsky would probably be able to account for the double vision of Miss Twitt, for it is really nothing else, but the ordinary mortal is merely nonplussed in the presence of such seeming contradiction of all natural law and order. Briefly the young lady's power consists in her ability to see perfectly while her eyes are tightly bandaged or with a mask completely covering her face. In this condition she can behold the smallest object before her, can walk with perfect safety about the room, can read any print or writing that is held before her face, and in fact can accomplish everything requiring the use of the eyesight while she is wholly deprived of sight. Indeed one who had not actually beheld the thing itself would laugh at the idea as simply preposterous, and he would be perfectly justified in so doing. Tie a kerchief tightly about your eyes or stretch a soft felt hat over your face and then attempt to read a newspaper. You will find that the feat is utterly impossible. Under the circumstances, therefore, you could not be persuaded that the feat is possible to any one else, but there is not the shadow of a doubt that Miss Twitt can and does read a newspaper under these identical conditions. The young lady is naturally backward, and not at all anxious to give exhibitions, and it was, therefore, only after a long talk that she reluctantly consented to show the reporter what she was able to do. A friend of hers with whom she had often experimented had bought a mask of heavy black cloth. The mask extended entirely across the face and reached from the forehead down to the mouth. Of course the usual apertures for the eyes were absent, so that vision through the affair was as utterly impossible as through a thirty-six inch brick wall. The mask was tried and was found to be light-tight, as it were, but to avoid all possibility of fraud the reporter lined it with cotton before Miss Twitt placed it on her face. At last the mask was adjusted and the seeress was ready to begin. For a long time she said she could see absolutely nothing. A copy of the *Post-Dispatch* was handed her and she held it before her face about five minutes before she began to read. At last she seemed to get her second sight, and presently she slowly read an advertisement in agate type. Then she let the paper fall upon her lap and said she could do no more. A little encouragement, however, brought her around, and then she read a paragraph of about ten lines of labor news. She made her own selections thus far, and now the reporter asked if he might make a few selections. To this request she readily consented.

"O! I don't care," she said. "I can read anything as well as what I've just read. It doesn't make any difference to me, only this cotton is tickling my nose."

A half-dozen passages were picked out at random and were read off-hand by the young lady as though she had been looking at the type with open eyes.

"If you have a letter about you I can read that as well as print," she said, and the reporter handed her a closely-written letter on one of the letter-heads of the New York *Evening World*. She read the letter through rapidly, hesitating at points where the handwriting was poor, but finally reading the words correctly.

She was asked to read the printed heading of the letter, and this she did without the last trouble. When asked to place her finger on the word "*World*" she slowly brought her hand down, and pointing her finger towards the word brought it to a stop in the air about three inches from the paper. When reminded that her finger was still in the air she said: "O, I forgot," and placed it directly on the word. She then read a number of paragraphs in the paper and finally asked that the mask be taken off. When this was done her eyes shrunk from the light and she seemed to suffer for a moment or two. The mask was put on again and then Miss Twitt displayed her peculiar faculty in another manner. She threw a small rubber ball into the air and endeavored to catch it. The first two or three trials resulted in failure, but she succeeded at last and caught the ball as often as she threw it up. Occasionally it would drop on the floor and roll away into the corner of the room under the table, but she went directly to it and picked it up, carefully avoiding the edge of the table with her head as she stooped.

The mask was taken off the second time and Miss Twitt's eyes were bound up in a large linen handkerchief. The bandage was adjusted in a manner which rendered it absolutely impossible for her to see under or over it, and yet she went through the same series of experiments described above. How she managed to do it is a question that must be answered by some one who understands the night side of nature more thoroughly than the writer. The latter is satisfied that the young lady did not see through the mask nor yet through the bandage, and he is still further satisfied that see she certainly did in some manner or another.

Miss Twitt does not attempt to account for her wonderful faculty. Its existence was discovered shortly after the celebrated robbery on the 'Frisco road in which Messenger Fotheringham was held up by "Jim Cummings." Miss Twitt is something of a sketch artist, and on the day in question had drawn a little sketch of a river and surrounding scenery. When asked what it was, she replied, laughingly: "O, that's where Jim Cummings is." It was afterwards discovered that the sketch was a faithful picture of the spot near St. Charles where the robbers' boat and utensils were found. It was then suggested to her that if she could sketch scenes she had never seen she should be able to make sketches with her eyes shut. She tried it and succeeded. By degrees she developed until she could read a book, a newspaper, or a letter with her eyes closed, and could almost get along without the use of her visual organs at all. This, it may be imagined, was as much of a puzzle to her as to her friends, and it is such to-day. She says that her second sight seems to be limited to the range of her natural vision. It is more limited in fact. At a distance objects begin to take on a hazy appearance and a house on the other side of the street is scarcely discernible. The range has grown steadily, however, since the new sense was discovered. At first, reading a newspaper held almost to the face was difficult; now she can read it fluently at arm's length. The sensations she describes are almost identical with those experienced by a man whose sight suddenly is given him by an operation. When she first began to see, so she said, all objects seemed to be crowded around her, almost sticking to her eyes.

"At first I used to think that a chair six feet away was touching me, it seemed so near," she said. "The print I used to read seemed glued to my eyes and everything seemed uncomfortably near. It used to seem as though I could touch with my hands a table at the other end of the room. I began to learn to gauge the distance, though, and now I don't make a mistake but of only a few inches." (The mask was on while she spoke.) "Now your hat on the table there seems to me to be only half as far away as I know it really to be, and when I put my hand there" (about three feet from the hat) "it seems as though I ought to touch it."

Her statement with regard to the error as to distance was verified by the fact that in stooping for the ball when it rolled under the table she would bend her head down to avoid the edge of the table when two feet away and completely out of danger.

Miss Twitt says that she has no explanation whatever to make of her startling quality of sight. When a child nothing ever occurred calculated to bring it out, and it was not until the fall of 1886 that she knew she possessed eyes that varied from those of any other mortal. Altogether the case is an interesting and peculiar one, and is worthy of careful investigation on the part of the medical fraternity, particularly the oculists. It is not known whether Miss Twitt's second sight would remain, should she lose her eyes, but in case the first is independent of the second and exists in every person in an undeveloped state, such a discovery would mark one of the epochs in the history of physiology.

Advance of Spiritualism.

The Two Worlds has published an essay on "The Best Means of Advancing Spiritualism in Great Britain." A prize had been offered for the best essay on this subject, and twenty-seven competitors sent in their efforts. In the course of a leading article commenting on their contents, the editor remarks that every writer concurs in urging three points, the first being the necessity for organization. This causes me no surprise. Union, organized union, is the prime necessity. I have urged that consideration long and steadily; and I ceased to urge it at length in despair of making any impression on what *The Two Worlds* describes as "an effete and apathetic generation." I need not go over the well worn ground again. The arguments that seemed to me conclusive in favor of a complete organization of Spiritualists under some directing head are on record. The plan is found to work in other bodies, and there is no reason why it should not be found serviceable to us. There is, on the other hand, abundant evidence that till we do organize on a broad and comprehensive basis we shall be but a rope of sand. I abate nothing of my often expressed conviction in this respect. But I sadly fear that such comprehensive organization as Mrs. Britten suggests, and as I for one certainly desire to see, is not to be had under existing circumstances. I regret the conclusion at which I am none the less forced to arrive.

This, however, does not prevent me from giving the publicity of these columns to the suggestions embodied in *The Two Worlds* editorial. I do so with the more pleasure because the suggestion of a conference differs from what I ventured myself to suggest. This is the chief paragraph to which I desire to direct attention:

"It must be remembered that all reformatory as well as revolutionary movements are the result of growth; they may appear on the surface of life with sudden and startling rapidity, but they will invariably be found to have been germinating and growing out of the realm of causes, long before they become manifest in perfected form. Can we not follow out this hint from nature and history, and commence the grand desideratum of general reform, by taking one step at a time? Might not the preliminary step be organization of a national conference, to be held in the Metropolis itself—to be a general gather-

ng of delegates or representatives from all parts of the country—Ireland, Scotland, Wales the Channel Islands, and different counties of England, and thus, by coming together in earnest and solemn conclave in a two, three, or four days' Pentecostal gathering, be prepared by mutual helpfulness, unity of feeling, and recognition of the worth of what we are laboring for, to determine that what we need we are going to have—what we ought to do we intend to accomplish; and whatever the obstacles in our way may be, we resolve to tread them down until our path is clear to the accomplishment of the best results we can devise.

"We say the Metropolis should be the central place of gathering, because we desire to start by sinking all local preferences or interests. We say commence with such a national conference, because we plead for the rights of the many, rather than appeal locally to the few. Let the voice of the majority be heard. Let us come together now, as of old, *with 'one accord,'* and if we do not feel the walls of bigotry, prejudice and mental slavery shake, and hear the rushing sound of the mighty winds of spiritual inspiration on such an occasion, this writer will be ready to give up her belief in spirit power, presence and guidance."

The article concludes with a strong appeal to the Spiritualists of London to take the matter in hand.

It must not be supposed that this suggestion is new to London Spiritualists. They have expressed themselves as ready to cooperate on terms of perfect equality with all their provincial brethren, and with all who belong to their faith the world over, in doing what may be done by united effort to secure what Mrs. Britten desires. Overt action in some directions has been taken, and a comprehensive machinery of organization devised. But it was found that the forces at work within our body are still disruptive rather than constructive. So many divergent interests, small cliques and discordant opinions exist that unselfish co-operative work seemed impossible. The machinery exists when the time arrives for it to be utilized: or, if it be conceived that better plans can be made, I, for one, will cheerfully agree to consider them. Meantime it appears that other work, which does not involve associated effort, may more profitably be carried on, and to that our efforts are being directed.

It is interesting to note that the two other subjects respecting which all the essayists were agreed, are the systematic training and development of mediums and the general establishment of educational agencies, such as lyceums, libraries, reading rooms, circle rooms, and the like. These are all suggestions more valuable than new, and they are all bound up in that idea of comprehensive organization which I have discussed above. At present the writers think that there is a general tendency "to divide power, means and interests, by holding several meetings instead of one good and well conducted," and they lament a lack of "generous, unselfish and universal support," and desire a "more friendly spirit of unity and helpfulness than at present prevails." So that when we have considered the question of comprehensive organization adequately supported we have really dealt with the core and kernel of the whole question.—"M. A. (OXON.)" *in Light, London.*

Chinese Discovery of America.

When Lassen wrote, "Buddhism had also become known in Mexico, by Chinese priests in the fifth century, A. D., and had followers in that country until the thirteenth century. But the victorious Aztecs who took possession of Mexico in the beginning of that century, put an end to Buddhism," a look of surprise followed by an incredulous smile passed over the face of the learned man. When Schlagintweit, in his "Buddhism in Thibet," repeated the dose in larger quantities, it seemed as if he had been administering laughing gas from the hilarious reception given him.

In 1841, however, when Dr. Neuman, professor of oriental languages at Munich, after two years' residence in Canton, published the original document by Hoei-shin, from the records of the empire, the head-scratching begun, and has been kept up at a pretty lively rate ever since. The original document upon which the Chinese claims to the discovery of America are based, is the report of a Buddhist missionary named Hoei-shin, who in the year 499, A. D., claims to have returned from a long journey of discovery to the remote and unknown East. This report was entered upon the official annals or year book of the empire for that year. Its truthfulness has been accepted by all Chinese historians, and it has been made the groundwork for innumerable works of fiction. This document, with comments, and several critical essays, both pro and con, has been made accessible to American readers, through Mr. C. G. Leland's work entitled "Fusang." A perusal of this work is apt to leave the impression on one's mind that the learned French scholar, Deguignes, was correct when he announced, over one hundred years ago (1761), in the "Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions," vol. xxviii, that he had found statements in the writings of the Chinese historians, convincing him that the Chinese had, in the fifth century of our era, discovered western America, probably Mexico, and named it Fusang. We have space only for a few of the most striking passages from the account given by Hoei-skin.

"Fusang is about twenty thousand Chinese miles in an easterly direction from Japan, and east of the middle kingdom. Many Fusang trees grow there, the sprouts of which are eaten by the inhabitants of the land. The fruit is like a pear in form, but is red. From the bark they prepare a sort of linen, which they use for clothing; also an ornamental stuff. The houses are built of wooden beams. .....They have written characters in this land, and prepare a paper from the fusang. .....The name of the king is pronounced ichi.....No iron is found in the land, but copper, gold and silver are not prized and do not serve as a medium of exchange in the markets.....In earlier times these people lived not according to the laws or Buddha. But it happened that in the second year naming 'Great Light' of song (A. D. 458) five beggar monks from the kingdom of Kipin, went to this land, extended over it the religion of Buddha, and with it his holy writings and images. They instructed the people in the principles of monastic life, and so changed their manners."

It is not claimed by the adherents to the Chinese claims to the discovery of America, that the Chinese fusang is identical with magney plant of Mexico, but the similarity is sufficiently striking to account for the name given the country and the plant. The objection that the distance given is twenty thousand Chinese miles, is met by the positive proof we have that the widest possible difference exists between ancient and modern Chinese tables of measurement. The theory has now been strengthened by the publication by S. Beal of his "Buddhist Records of the Western World." This is a translation of the Chinese of Hienn-Tsiang, who in A. D. 629, collected all the records, notices and traditions of Fusang and all accounts of voyages thereto. This work greatly strengthens the theory of a Chinese discovery in the fifth century; and we are inclined to the opinion that whatever may be thought of the record of Hoei-shin as to the particular discovery, we will yet be forced to concede the fact of the discovery of Mexico by a Chinese priest at a very early date—probably the middle of the fifth century.

Ethnological proof the prevalence of Buddhism in Mexico is by no means wanting. One cannot read Hoei-shin and Mr. Prescott's account of the Peruvians without remarking a wonderful agreement. Humboldt claimed to have demonstrated that the Mexican calendar was identical in principles with the Chinese and Japanese. There is at least a notable similarity between the Mexican "statuettes" pictured in Charles Rau's "Archeological Collection of the United States National Museum," page 86, and the statues of Buddha, in which he is always represented in a sitting posture. The more we learn of the ancient religions of Mexico, from the study of such material as the Spanish rapacity has left to us, the more we become convinced that Lassen and Schlagintweit did not deserve to be laughed at when they asserted that Buddhism had once prevailed in Mexico. It is not necessary here to refer to the fact, demonstrable by looking upon a map, that from Japan a vessel could sail from island to island and reach Alaska without being out of sight of land for more than a few hours at a time. The accidents so incident to seafaring people, by which the numerous islands of the Pacific have been peopled—the Easter Island, for instance, which is fifteen hundred miles from any land from which it could have received inhabitants—need not be greatly exaggerated to have cast shipwrecks upon the coast of America. The existence of a current "called the Kuro-Suvo, or Japanese Current, which passing up the west side of the Japanese coast, flows to the eastward until it reaches California, then, running down that coast and that of Mexico and Central America, meets the Peruvian or Humboldt Current, when both bear away to the west," gives another element of probability to the theory of accidental discovery.

If the Phœnicians, at the bidding of an Egyptian Pharaoh, could circumnavigate Africa B. C. 569, there is certainly nothing improbable in the statement that the Chinese, a people of culture, possessing the compass and having a vast store of astronomical knowledge, should make a much shorter voyage twelve centuries later, especially with the assistance of ocean currents as the Kuro-Suvo.

Generations of Chinese live and die in their boats; the floating population on the river Canton alone is now over a million souls. These people always carry their families with them in their voyages; their seamen are by no means inferior, and are certainly not incapable of conducting the voyage indicated. We have no wish to dogmatize, or enter the list as a champion of the Chinese claims to the discovery of America; but the publication of Beal's recent work has placed the claim upon such respectable footing that a popular presentation of it is thought advisable.—*Bert Stuart in Universalist.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPICAL JOURNAL.

MARTIN LUTHER AND OTHER ESSAYS. By F. H. Hedge. 350 pages. Boston; Roberts Brothers.

Dr. Hedge is an eminent scholar and author, a Harvard Professor, a Unitarian of broad views, not an agnostic but a spiritual thinker. The other twelve essays in this new book are Feudalism, Science and Faith, Theism, Ethical Systems, Ghost-Seeing, etc. Of the character and career of Luther he gives a vivid and appreciative view, closing as follows: "The theory of the Church of Rome is fatally adverse to the best interests of humanity, light, liberty, progress. That theory makes a human individual the rightful lord of the earth, all potentates and powers beside his rightful subjects. Honor and everlasting thanks to the man who broke for us the spell of Papal autocracy; who rescued a part, at least, of the Christian world from the paralyzing grasp of a power more to be dreaded than any temporal despotism. Modern civilization, liberty, science, social progress, attest the world-wide scope of the Protestant reform, whose principles are independent thought, freedom from ecclesiastical thrall, defiance of consecrated wrong. His theology is outgrown, a thing of the past, but the spirit in which he wrought is immortal; that spirit is evermore the renewer and savior of the world."

Ghost-Seeing treats of dreams and apparitions in a way which singularly blends fine insight with prejudice and ignorance. He says: "The soul has methods of her own, and converses on her own account with the invisible world. There are mental experiences, mysterious, indefinable, which suggest the action upon us of conscious intelligent powers,—experiences which answer to the beautiful idea of spiritual guardianship so rife in ages past."

Yet of Spiritualism, which aims to verify this idea by facts, he speaks in a way contemptuous and contemptible: "Modern sorcery, misnamed Spiritualism, professes to have opened the everlasting gates and to maintain free communication with departed souls. Science has examined their pretensions and pronounced them groundless." He does "not care to discuss" the question whether "its phenomena necessitate the supposition of unknown intelligent agents," has not much trust in physical science in the case, but while not ready to discuss fairly is quite ready to condemn. After saying that the presence and aid of spirits is "pleasant to believe," he adds: "That they can be cited and summoned at will, constrained to answer inquiries, brought to the witness-stand in a court of necromancers, cross-questioned by a "medium," is a notion abhorrent to all my notions of a future state and seems a desecration of the revered sanctities of the spiritual world. For my part I wish to have nothing to do with these clowns of the pit."

How utterly pride and prejudice may sometimes master even a man of real merit is painfully seen in these poor words. Not a word can Dr. Hedge find from any Spiritualist, to prove his groundless assumption that spirits can be "summoned at will." Their coming depends on themselves, not on us. We can do our part in opening the way, whether they can, or will, walk in it is theirs and not ours to decide.

To decline discussion and then misstate and abuse, to caricature the worst and ignore the best, is utterly unworthy a man like Dr. Hedge; it sinks him to the level of De Witt Talmage in his lowest moods.

The other essays of this book are valuable, and this is also valuable in a peculiar way. It shows how a man capable of better things can be the victim of bigoted prejudice and reveal his own ignorance and folly.

COSMOLOGY OR UNIVERSAL SCIENCE. The Mysteries of the Universe regarding God, Nature, Man, the Macrocosm and Microcosm, Eternity and Time explained according to the Religion of Christ, by means of the Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians of the 16th and 17th Centuries. Copied and Translated from an old German Manuscript, by Franz Hartmann, M. D., Author of "Magic," "Paracelsus," etc. Boston: Occult Publishing Co. Price $6.

This book with the above tremendous title has recently been issued by the Occult Publishing Co., and has created no little sensation among the Mystics, students of Occultism, Cabalists, and all who have a desire to know the mysteries of the Christian as well as other religions. It contains things, of which One of old is reported to have said: "There are many things which I desire to reveal unto you; but ye are not yet ready to receive them." The title of the book is fully justified by the contents.

The original work of which these plates are exact copies, was first published in the 17th century, by the Rosicrucian Fraternity, at an enormous expense, and an allusion is made to them in many of the Rosicrucian writings that appeared in the last century.

The Occult Publishing Co. is deserving of great praise for the elegant manner in which this book is gotten out. It is profusely illustrated, the paper is very heavy and the whole appearance is not surpassed by any other work of the kind.

THE ARYAN RACE; Its Origin and Its Achievements. By Charles Morris. Chicago; S. C. Griggs & Co Price, $1.50.

"The Aryan Race; its Origin and its Achievements," is a general review of all the races, and discusses the natural steps of evolution by which the Aryan race, the father of all the leading nations of modern times, emerged from savagery and attained its present intellectual supremacy. The widespread interest in the ancient Aryans that now prevails, and the fact that this is the first attempt to present their complete history in a single volume, will make the appearance of this book exceedingly opportune at this time. It is only very recently that the actual existence of such a race has been clearly recognised and their conditions and mode of life studied into. This book, which consists of nearly three hundred and fifty pages, including a very complete index, will prove of great interest and value to those interested in the subject.

COLOR: AN ELEMENTARY MANUAL FOR STUDENTS. By A. H. Church, (M. A. Oxon., F. C. S., F. I. C.,) Prof. of Chemistry, in the Royal Academy of Arts, London. New and enlarged edition with six colored plates, Pp., 189. London, Paris, New York and Melbourne: Cassel & Co., 1887.

This is certainly a most valuable work for students who wish to become familiar with color in its varied modifications. The general reader will find it interesting and instructive.

June Magazines Received Early.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York). The opening article on The Surplus Revenue suggests a simple way of dealing with this problem; another economic article is on The Philosophy of Commercial Depression; The Earned Decrease vs. the Unearned Increment is in the same line of thought; a potent document for temperance is The Effects of Moderate Drinking; The Geological Tourist in Europe is intended to inform travelers where they may conveniently and profitably make geological excursions; a new view of the questions involved in children's work in factories, etc., is well put in a paper on Education and the Employment of Children; other timely and suggestive articles contribute to make this a valuable number.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) Miser Farrel's Bequest, a somewhat satirical two-part story, holds the place of honor for June. Julia C. R. Dorr furnishes a picturesque account of her visit to the ancient home of King Duncan and the famous battlefield where the hope of the Stuarts received its deathblow; Theodore Child's article on The Literary Career in France is a timely contribution; Francis Parkman's article, entitled The Discovery of the Rocky Mountains, contains some new and significant information; The Queen Behind the Throne is a graphic account of a remarkable woman; The Serial chapters are continued and the poetry of this number is good. Recent American fiction and biography are reviewed; The Contributors Club and several short articles and notes complete a varied table of contents.

Woman's World. (New York.) The Uses of a Drawing Room is the opening article for June. Records of a Fallen Dynasty, gives some interesting anecdotes in connection with Prince Charles Edward Stuart; Something about Needle Women describes a class of women who toil from early morn to dewy eve.; Dublin Castle is next described; an interesting paper is on Modern Greek Poets with portraits; St. George the Chevalier, is a contribution from the pen of the late Dr. Anna Kingsford, and is followed by a paper on Smocking. An article on Fashions which is full of suggestions brings the number to a close.

Home Knowledge. (New York.) A good table of contents devoted to health and how to preserve it, fills this month's issue.

Also:

Psychische Studien, Leipzig.
Sphinx, Munich, Bavaria.
New Church Independent, Chicago.
Horticultural Art Journal, Rochester, N. Y.

New Books Received.

The Minister's Charge. By William D. Howells. Ticknor's paper series of choice reading. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Price, 50 cents.

The following from Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.:

Noble Deeds of Our Fathers as told by Soldiers of the Revolution Gathered around the old Bell of Independence Revised and adapted from Henry C. Watson. Price, 55 cents.

Dissolving Views in the History of Judaism. By Rabbi Solomon Schindler. Price, $1.50.

Lost in a Great City. By Amanda M. Douglas. Price, 50 cents.

Woman: Her Glory, Her Shame, and Her God. Part VII. By Saladin. London: W. Stewart & Co.

"Show Us The Father." By Minot J. Savage, Samuel R. Calthrop, Henry M. Simmons, John W. Chadwick, William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Price, $1.

The Veiled Beyond. By Sigmund B. Alexander Cassell's Sunshine Series. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co, Price, 50 cents.

Orion, The Gold Beater. By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. Cassell's Sunshine Series. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 50 cents.

The Wilkesbarre Letters on Theosophy. By Alexander Fullerton, F. T. S. New York: The Path Co. Price, 10 cents.

The Dairymaids' Supper. By Mrs. A. G. and Leo R. Lewis. Brattleboro, Vt.: E. P. Carpenter Co. Price, 15 cents.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 2, 1888.

An Insidious Enemy in Our Country.

On Thursday last in Washington was laid the corner-stone of the divinity building of the New Catholic University of America. Among those present, besides leading bishops, were the President and members of the Cabinet. Much of the intended ceremony was postponed on account of rain, but an address was delivered by Bishop Spalding and a letter was read from Cardinal Gibbons expressing the gratitude of the Church to Miss Caldwell for her gift of $300,000 to found this institution. Accompanying this letter was one from the Pope, expressing his gratitude for the gift and bestowing upon Miss Caldwell the apostolic benediction and a medal.

Speaking of the religious exiles who sought in America a home where they could follow the dictations of conscience, Bishop Spalding said:

"Who could have had faith that men of different creeds, speaking various tongues, bred in unlike social conditions, would here coalesce and co-operate for the general purpose of free government? Not to numbers and wealth do we owe our significance among the nations, but to the fact that we have shown that respect for law is compatible with civil and religious liberty; that a free people can become prosperous and strong and preserve order without king or standing army; that the State and the Church can move in separate orbits and still co-operate for the common welfare; that men of different races and beliefs may live together in peace, and that in spite of an abnormally rapid increase of population and of wealth, and of the many evils thence resulting, the prevailing tendency is to sanity of thought and sentiment, thus plainly manifesting the vigor of our life and institutions; that the government of the majority, where men put their trust in God and in knowledge, is, in the end, the government of the good and wise."

From these words by a leading Catholic prelate, one might infer, if he were unacquainted with her history and policy, that the Roman Catholic hierarchy is in favor of religious freedom and of the separation of civil and ecclesiastical powers. But knowing the facts the reader will see rather in the language of the Bishop, an illustration of the method of the church in concealing when desirable a portion of the truth and of accommodating utterances to the temporal requirements of the hour. Orestes A. Brownson, whom Pope Pius IX., in a letter dated April 29, 1854, blessed with an apostolic benediction for services rendered, wrote in his *Review* for January of the same year: "The Church who possesses an admirable gift of discretion, has prudently judged that she would not declare all things explicitly from the beginning, but at a given time, and in suitable circumstances, would bring into light something which has hitherto been in concealment, and covered with a certain obscurity."

This is undoubtedly true. The Roman Catholic church endeavors to adapt herself to different requirements, by favoring for the time such established systems and usages as are popular, meanwhile, if they are opposed to her teachings, to work quietly against them. When she is weak in numbers she cherishes her designs secretly. Her representatives can show humility, and obsequiousness even, to authorities when they are plotting against them. Even where she is strong in a Protestant country, while intriguing for control in every direction, she can piously and hypocritically disclaim any desire for the exercise of secular functions. It is only when she is conscious of her power to overawe and overcome by force all opposition that she unsheathes the double sword, the symbol of ecclesiastical and political power and defiantly asserts her right as Vicar of Christ, to rule with kings, to uncrown them if they disobey her, to suppress all religious heresy, and if necessary to do this, to imprison, torture and kill the heretics. "Both swords," Pope Boniface said, "are in the power of the Pope; but the one is to be exercised by the church, the other for the church; the one by the hands of the priest, the other by the hands of the king and the soldiers, but as the sword of the priest."

When the Catholic clergy praise religious tolerance it is without sincerity. Brownson was too honest and too consistent not to express the truth on this subject. "Protestantism of every form," he said, "has not, and never can have, any right where Catholicism is triumphant; and therefore we lose all breath we expend in declaiming against bigotry and intolerance, and in favor of religious liberty, or the right of any one to be of any religion or of no religion, as best pleases him" (*Catholic Review*, Jan., 1852).

Where the Roman Catholic Church has been in undisputed control she has deprived the people of civil rights as well as of religious freedom, and opposed to the full extent of her powers every popular reform. Time and again has the papacy denounced free institutions and the republican movement in Europe. Pope Pius Ninth during his pontifical career issued a syllabus denouncing our system of popular education and popular sovereignty. The French Republic has received nothing but opposition from the papacy, and in Italy every attempt to advance education and popular reform has to encounter the hostility of the hierarchy.

Fortunately ecclesiastical power is fast losing its authority in the old world. A few years ago, in Rome, when the pope's carriage passed, the people in the street all knelt, and if any Roman hesitated, the papal police would quickly compel him to bend his knees. Now the pope when he appears in public is in danger of being insulted by the populace, and the priests on the streets are fortunate if they escape some indications of the aversion in which they are held by multitudes. The people have not forgotten the domiciliary visits and arbitrary arrests and imprisonment when papal and priestly power was supreme in the city of Rome, and they are not ignorant of the present attitude of the ecclesiastical powers toward the movement with which the immortal names of Garibaldi, Mazzini, Cavour and Victor Emanuel are identified.

While Americans listen to the honeyed words of men like Bishop Spalding, let them not be beguiled into the belief that the aim and spirit of the Roman Catholic hierarchy have changed, or that from this hierarchy religious freedom and republican institutions have anything to gain. Politicians will pander to the rulers of the Roman Catholic Church, and join its priests in praising its high purpose, but the duty of American patriots is to make the people acquainted with the history of this church and with the condition of the countries where its power is greatest. The maintenance of our public schools, and resistance to Catholic encroachments upon the State which are now favored by the presence in our halls of legislation of large numbers of ambitious demagogues, are of great and immediate importance.

Natural Control of Railways.

Frederic Taylor has an able article in the *Forum* for May on "Natural Control of Railways," in which he gives interesting facts in regard to our so-called railway system, and advocates a sort of national control of the roads. He would not have the road owned or operated by the government, but put under control and uniform law, as the national banks are, so that they will be responsible to the government for such management as will conduce to the welfare of the people. The government does not establish and does not own the banks; but those who, after complying with certain conditions, do establish a bank, must conduct its business according to laws governing all other national banks, and the bank officers are accountable for the same to the government. Under national control 3,000 banks, which represent capital to the amount of $800,000,000 and carrying $1,500,000,000 of deposits, do their work smoothly and contribute to the convenience of the people and benefit all the interests of the country. Mr. Taylor argues that just as, since the people's money constitutes the capital and deposits, and the banks are part and parcel of the people's business life, it is right that the people in self-protection and to secure the best possible banking facilities, assert control over the banks, so the roads, since they are a part of the general business, and the people's money, to the extent of thousands of millions, is invested in them, should be under the people's control so far as is required to insure the safety of the money invested and to guard against inconvenience and wrongs so common under the present system. The Inter-State Commerce Bill is referred to as a step in the right direction. Mr. Taylor would have a National Railway Commission, with the same supervisory authority over the railways that the Treasury department now exercises over the banks. He would have the Commission consist of five, seven or nine members, or more, to hold their position for life with salaries commensurate with the responsibilities of the office, and a code of laws for the government of the railways, defining the Commission's authority over them. He thinks the Commission might safely be intrusted with authority to forbid the construction of roads without its permission and thus prevent "vicious railway building," to require the construction of all roads under the supervision of a government engineer, to restrict capitalization within reasonable limits, and thus prevent "watering stock" and to establish uniform rates of traffic for roads in the same locality, to make the affairs of every railway as public as those of a national bank, having government examiners in one case as in the other. Objections to the writer's propositions are considered, and it must be confessed that he shows strong reasons for the position he takes.

A Lie Nailed.

Under the above robust title the Chicago *Evening Journal* published last week the following dispatch from Hon. W. K. Sullivan, its managing editor. It was wired from Springfield where Mr. Sullivan was in attendance upon the Democratic nominating convention:

The Democrats affect to be deeply concerned about the eternal welfare of Hon. Joseph W. Fifer, the Republican candidate for Governor, and since the lie that he was an infidel was started they have talked more about theology than they ever talked before, and assumed to have more knowledge about the next world than any Democrat, or even any Republican was supposed to possess. The fact that he is an upright, honest, and singularly pure man, and practices the Christian virtues, did not seem to count with many men who profess Christianity but fail to practice its precepts. He never stole a horse, he never killed a man unless he did so when fighting for his country, he never wronged the widow or the orphan, he never told a wilful lie, he never polluted his lips with a smutty story, he was never on a spree, never drank, does not drink now, is a temperance man though not a fanatic, and as a member of the Senate had the courage to vote to submit to the people a constitutional amendment providing for prohibition. His stainless life, his manly character, his practical Christianity and his devotion to his country should be sufficient refutation of a mean and despicable falsehood circulated for political purposes.

This infidel club which unprincipled and godless politicians are swinging over the head of as noble a man as ever breathed the perfumed air of an Illinois prairie in June, or bared his breast to rebel bullets, will injure only the pothouse pets who swing it and the party whose interests they assume to be working for. True, the nineteen Catholic aldermen who the other night defeated a proposed ordinance in this city which prohibited a doggery from being located within two hundred feet of a school house or church will oppose Fifer more vigorously because he is called an infidel, and they will no doubt be supported by a majority of the poison peddlers of the State, but the more these "gentlemen of the bar" play against Fifer the better are his chances. Somehow the slum element which befouls the earth, belittles all that makes life worth living and revels in rottenness, has a horror of the word *infidel*. There is no decent Democrat who will mouth this silly plea even if it would elect the Democratic candidate. Where is there a more public spirited, useful and honored citizen than that sturdy Democrat, Gen'l I. N. Stiles, and yet he is an avowed infidel. But infidel as he is, ministers and men of all faiths respect him, rogues fear him and all good women praise him; and there are plenty more like him in the Democratic party, and the Republican party too—infidel to man-made creeds. The cry of "Infidel" has lost its potency.

Mrs. E. L. Watson at "McVicker's."

On next Sunday evening, the 3rd inst., Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson, resident lecturer for the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society of San Francisco, will lecture for the Young People's Progressive Society of this city. McVicker's Theatre has been secured for the occasion and excellent music will also be supplied. Mrs. Watson is well known to Spiritualists as one of the ablest and most eloquent speakers that ever graced the Spiritualist platform. She has few equals and no superiors, and all who are interested in psychical science and the higher phases of spiritual truth, whether Spiritualists or not, should avail themselves of this rare opportunity. The JOURNAL hopes its city and suburban readers will turn out in force and induce as many of their friends to attend as possible. Church people who are hungering for more than is fed them from their pulpits should attend; and clergymen will do well to listen to this gifted woman.

When McVicker's large and splendid auditorium is used for lectures the admission fee is usually one dollar and upwards, but those having in hand the arrangements for Mrs. Watson have decided to throw the doors wide open and invite all to hear her free of charge. The lecture will begin at 8 o'clock, and it is specially requested that all be in their seats at that hour.

The Workingman.

The lecturer at one of the sessions of the Economic Conference held in Chicago, represented the condition of the workingmen in this country, when Charles Dickens wrote his "American Notes" as prosperous, contented, and happy, and in contrast pictured the workingmen of to-day as being able by the severest toil only to get the barest necessaries of life. The present income of the American laborer, he said, averaged but $365 per year. Probably the average income of lawyers and teachers is not more than this amount. The lecturer omitted to state that the income of labor not only in amount but in relation to what it will purchase, is increasing. When Dickens's "Notes" were published in 1842, the average income of the American laborer was not quite $200 per year, and everything that the income purchased, except rent and some articles of food, among them flour and meat, was dearer then than now. The American laborer, the hodcarrier as well as the mechanic, farmer, editor, preacher and author, has better clothes now than then and better food, buys more newspapers and his children are better educated. The number of persons who own homes now is greater actually and in proportion to the population now than it was then. The improvement in the condition of laborers and mechanics has not kept pace with the invention of labor-saving machinery it is true, too much of the benefit of these inventions having gone to the employers, and too little to the employes; but this fact while it indicates that the condition of workingmen is not what it should be, is no sense for downright misrepresentations as to the present condition of American laborers compared with their condition in former years.

A Significant Change.

The proceedings of the late Methodist General Conference in New York, were marked by several important changes: First came the grafting into the old stem of the church of an entirely new branch intended for the special benefit of the good sisters. This is the Order of Deaconesses. The duties of those belonging to this order will be declared by the new discipline to be "to minister to the poor, to visit the sick, pray for the dying, care for the orphan, seek the wandering, comfort the sorrowing, save the sinning, and relinquishing wholly all other pursuits, devote themselves in a general way to such forms of Christian labor as may be suited to their abilities." They will differ from nuns in two essential particulars, namely: that no vow will be taken, and that their religious labors can at any time be relinquished. It is provided, however, that they may dwell together in homes, and it is probable that, as a means of identification, they will wear some peculiar garb, possibly the plain gowns and big somber bonnets the good Methodist sisters used to wear when the church taught that flowers and flounces were inventions of the wicked one. Boards appointed by the annual conference are to have supervision of these devoted women, and all who are accepted will receive a license or certificate; provided, however, as the discipline will say, that "no person shall receive such certificate until she has served a probation of two years of continuous service and shall be over 25 years of age. This is a novel feature in the economy of Methodism, and some will look askance at it. But the conference evidently—from the hearty applause bestowed upon the sentiment and from the demand made for its repetition—took the view held out by Dr. Thoburn, of India, the prime champion of the movement, when he said that he seemed to hear, in the coming footsteps of the deaconesses, "the tread of angels' feet," and that he believed that God was about to raise up an army of women workers such as had never been dreamed of.

The committee on public charitable institutions reported recently in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, a resolution appropriating $10,000 for a Roman Catholic institution in Boston managed by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; one-half of the money to be used in paying the mortgage on the the property, and the other half to be expended in providing better accommodations. The charitable work of the institution is of course worthy commendation, but the institution is, among other things, a Roman Catholic School; and for sectarian schools or institutions of any kind public money should not be appropriated. The constitution of Massachusetts forbids that money raised by taxation be appropriated "to any religious sect for the maintenance exclusively of its own schools." The Boston institution admits persons of any denomination, it is true, but the Roman Catholic religion only is taught, and thus it is a school for proselyting, as well as teaching those of its own faith. The appropriation of public funds for institutions established in the interest of religious sects is contrary to the principles of secular government and there ought to be a strong, determined public sentiment against it to make the success of sectarian schemes through partisan and political influence impossible. The large Roman Catholic element in Massachusetts will make the maintenance of American principles of Government in that State difficult in the future. The large percentage of illiteracy there and the activity and influence of the Catholics in the politics of the cities and towns are omens of evil which the better class of the people of the Old Bay State can not afford to disregard. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

A paper which gives its readers, if it has any, large doses of German metaphysics in an amusingly pedantic and pedagogic manner, says:

"The Spiritualist and the Materialist reduce all phenomena to one principle, to spirit or to matter, without taking into consideration that both exist. Their unitary view has been obtained by elimination of one important factor, of reality. Accordingly, their view may be free from self-contradiction—subjectively it may be a unitary view, but not objectively; it does not agree with all facts. This is one-sidedness, but no monism; and I propose to call such systematized philosophic one-sidedness henism."

If the JOURNAL thought it worth while to give this twaddle a name, to distinguish it from other kinds of twaddle, it would "propose to call" it *gooseism*.

G. B. Stebbins will speak at Farmington, Mich., Sunday, June 3rd, and will be at Orion Lake Camp meeting, June 5th to 11th, and at Sturgis yearly meeting June 15th, 17th.

GENERAL ITEMS.

J. Clegg Wright will be at the Cassadaga picnic, June 8th and 9th.

The coming summer will witness an exhibition of parrots at Turin, Italy. Prizes will be awarded to the birds who can speak the greatest number of phrases.

The Harmonial Society of Sturgis, Mich., will hold its annual meeting at the Free Church there, on the 15th, 16th and 17th of June. Lyman C. Howe and other prominent speakers will be in attendance to address the meeting.

Mrs. Abbie H. Corner, the Malden, Massachusetts, "Christian scientist," was adjudged guilty of manslaughter by Judge Pettingill, May 26th, in causing the death of her daughter, Mrs. Lottie James, and held in $5,000 bail.

The Onset Station on the Old Colony Railroad, is now open, and excursion tickets are sold to Onset, which is the most direct way of reaching the Onset Bay Camp Grounds. The Onset Street Railway is also in operation, connecting with all trains to and from the grove.

There are twenty-two crematories in Europe, of which ten have been built within the past year. There have been six hundred incinerations in Germany and eight hundred in Italy. There are seven crematories in the United States and six in process of construction.

A dispatch comes from Canton, O., stating that "Bishop Gilmore, of this the largest Catholic diocese in this country, has ordered that no priest shall officiate at funerals where flowers are used. This he explains is done to prevent the abuse attending their use."

The Chattanooga, Tenn., *Times* illustrates its edition of May 17th, with eighteen different natural scenes in the vicinity. It is evidently trying to get up a boom for that section; and it is a region that has excellent properties wherewith to attract enterprising people who are willing to work. In this respect it differs from some of the boomed, but now, alas! boomless interior cities.

Jules Marcon, the well known geologist and geographer, has published a statement to the effect that America owes its name to an Indian word which means "the land of the winds," and not at all to Vespucci, whose Christian name was not Amerigo at all but Alberico. The story, he says, about Amerigo was a fiction on the part of Canon Basin.

The public ordination and installation of Capt. H. H. Brown as pastor of the First Congregational Parish, Petersham, Mass., took place May 15th. The sermon was delivered by Rev. J. W. Chadwick; the ordaining prayer by Rev. E. B. Wilson; and the charge to the pastor by Rev. J. F. Moors, D. D. The Rev. Brown being a Spiritualist, will be able to feed his congregation on the improved gospel.

Mr. and Mrs. Lillie accompanied by Mr. E. W. Emerson passed through Chicago last week en route for the California Camp meeting. The party is further increased by Mrs. Dunklee of Boston and Mrs. Ruffin of Cincinnati, who are to make the round trip with their friends. Mrs. Lillie lectured here on Wednesday evening, also twice on Sunday, and Mr. Emerson supplemented the exercises with tests from the platform.

Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant, the gifted English lady whose eloquence stirred the souls of the large audiences who heard her in halls and churches in this city, is to speak in Detroit, Sunday and Monday, June 3rd and 4th, probably in Unitarian and other churches, on "Religious Progress in England, Condition of Working Women," etc. The JOURNAL'S Detroit readers should not miss hearing her.

During the year 1887, the society for furnishing night lodging for the poor in Paris, received 68,896 persons. Amongst the number we find eighty five actors, fifty-two public singers, twenty-five gymnastical teachers, thirty-five musicians, eleven pianoforte professors, one hundred and thirty-six school teachers, sixty-nine students, thirty two architects, sixteen literary men, eight newspaper reporters. So much for liberal professions.

Another religious crank has made his appearance in the upper end of Clark county, Ind. Who he is, whence he came, or where he goes nobody seems to be able to tell. He made his appearance a few days ago and claimed to be a new edition of John the Baptist—a forerunner and a prophet. He said that he could see a hand invisible yet to most men, and hear a voice unheard by others. He scared some people by telling them that the world would collapse the first month of the coming year.

A special to a daily paper last week from St. Louis, Mo., says: "Mrs. Abbie Cutter, a famous faith-cure healer of Boston, was found dead in bed at the Planter's House. She was brought here by a man named John Hamilton to effect a cure in his family. She had engaged a theatre to lecture in to-morrow night. It is not known whether it is a case of suicide or not. The woman left behind on slates a lot of letters purporting to be from the spirit land. Among these letters are some from Dr. Livingstone, the explorer, Dr. Warren and others."

Of the seven hundred and eighty young men under twenty-one years of age sent to the Eastern Pennsylvania Penitentiary during one year, seven hundred and fifty five had no trades, though five hundred and seventy-two were graduates from schools. Mere book education, it is evident, is no protection to society against crime. Boys unfitted for any kind of manual work, naturally drift into the easiest occupations they can find, and there is nothing easier than drifting into no occupation and thence into crime.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Poetic Genius of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

G. B. STEBBINS.

The increasing number of persons who have gained enjoyment and benefit from the prose writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson are beginning to discover the wealth of his poetic genius. His prose is indeed poetic, while his rhyme sometimes halts in a quaint way and then moves on with new harmony and perfectness. Insight, a subtle sense of the beauty of nature, an intuitive rapport with the inner life of all things, reverence for man, wealth of historic illustration, so woven in as not to hold pedantic prominence, broad views, spiritual healthfulness, the revealing of noble truths, and the most delicate word-painting characterize his poems. A few extracts must suffice. In "Each for All" he says:

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton tolling his bell at noon
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse and lists with delight,
While his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to the neighbor's creed has lent,
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

"The Problem" tells how the great words and works of man everywhere come from some overmastering inspiration, some flood-tide of inner-life and light, some divine communion:

Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame;
Up from the burning core below—
The canticles of love and woe;
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

With healthful joy and graceful thanks is spring greeted in his "May Day:"

Daughter of heaven and earth, coy spring
With sudden passion languishing;
Teaching barren moors to smile,
Painting pictures mile on mile.
* * * * * * *
Spring is strong and virtuous,
Broad-sowing, cheerful, plenteous;
Quickening underneath the mould
Grains beyond the price of gold.
* * * * * * *
Hither rolls the storm of heat,
I feel its finer billows beat;
Like a sea which me infolds
Heat with viewless finger moulds;
Swells, and mellows and matures,
Paints, and flavors, and allures,
Fires gardens with a joyful blaze
Of tulips, in the morning rays.
The dead touched log bursts forth into leaf,
The weak blade whispers of the sheaf.

His delight in the common things of nature is shown in "The Humblebee," thus addressed:

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion;
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June.

We are told in "The Snowstorm" how "announced by all the trumpets of the sky arrives the snow;" and how, in the farm-house,—

All friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In tumultuous privacy of storm.

He owned a hundred acres of woodland hills and broken valleys, a mingled growth of native pines and oaks and underbrush, nearly enclosing Walden pond, and kept it in primeval wildness as much as possible. It was his favorite resort, two or three miles from the Concord home, giving a good walk and a quiet retreat. Under the old forest trees and near that lovely sheet of deep blue water his friend Thoreau had freedom to build his hut and try forest simplicity in his six months' stay there. I once spent a week on the verge of Walden pond, and found that Thoreau's retreat was well chosen.

Nature was beautiful all about him, and society and sympathy were close at hand.

In "My Garden" Emerson pictures this chosen place of pilgrimage:

If I could put my woods in song
And tell what's there enjoyed,
All men would to my gardens throng
And leave the cities void.

My garden is a forest ledge
Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge.
Then plunge to depths profound.
* * * * * * *
Canst thou copy in verse one chime
Of the wood-bell's peal and cry,
Write in a book the morning's prime,
Or match with words that tender sky?

In "Woodnotes" Thoreau is well described:

And such I knew, a forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
A lover true, who knew by heart
Each joy that mountain dales impart;
It seemed that nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place,
In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
Under the snow, between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come in the very hour
It opened in its virgin bower,
As if a sunbeam showed the place,
And told its long-descended race.
It seemed as if the breezes brought him;
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him;
As if by secret sight he knew
Where, in far fields, the orchis grew.

In "Threnody" after the transition of his beautiful child, we find tenderest affection, with unfailing hope and trust in the life beyond:

I see my empty house,
I see the trees repair their boughs;
And he, the wondrous child,
Whose silver warble wild,
Outvalued every pulsing sound
Within the air's cerulean round,—
The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom,—
The gracious boy, who did adorn,
The world whereinto he was born,
And by his countenance repay
The favor of the loving day,—
Has disappeared from the day's eye.
* * * * * * *
What is excellent
As God lives is permanent;
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,
Heart's love shall meet thee again.

Reading "The Sea Shore" one seems to see the rocky New England coast, carved by the heavy beat of the waves, and to breathe the pure sea air, and feel the majesty and beauty of the ocean:

I make your sculptured architecture vain,
Vain beside mine. I drive my wedges home,
And carve the coastwise mountain into caves.
Lo! here is Rome, and Nineveh, and Thebes,
Karnak, and Pyramid, and Giant's Stairs,
Half-piled or prostrate; and my newest slab
Older than all thy race.

Behold the sea,
The opaline, the plentiful and strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July;
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth, and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath.
* * * * * * *
I with my hammer pounding evermore
The rocky coast, smite Andes into dust,
Strewing my bed; and in another age,
Rebuild a continent of better men,
Then I unbar the doors; my paths lead out
The exodus of nations; I disperse
Men to all shores that front the hoary main.

Emerson was not a dainty student feeling on delicate fancies but too timid and selfish to speak a brave word or praise heroic acts. He loved and reverenced all true heroism, and could dedicate his noblest poems to justice and freedom. In the "Boston Hymn," read in Music hall, January 1, 1863, he said:

The word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

My angel—his name is Freedom—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.
* * * * * * *
I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great,
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state.
* * * * * * *
I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave;
Free be his heart and hand henceforth
As wind and wandering wave.

O, North! give him beauty for rags,
And honor, O, South! for his shame,
Nevada! coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

Elsewhere, inspired by the same noble zeal, he asks:

For what avail the plough or sail,
Or land, or life, if freedom fail?

We are told, too, that

"He serves all men who dare be true."

Comment or commendation are needless. A small volume holds the golden verses of this true poet. Like gold they will not decay or grow dim, but will be prized in coming ages.

Detroit, Mich., May 24th, 1888.

The Lord of Hosts King of America.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the *Voice* (a N. Y. temperance paper of May 17th) report of the prohibition meeting in the Metropolitan Opera House, I observed the following: "Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts of this city prayed that the Lord of Hosts might be made king in American politics as he is in Christian hearts," etc.

In the New York *Pioneer* of May 5th, under the head of "Keystone Prohibitionists," we find their platform reported, which declares "Pennsylvania to be a Christian State and that the prohibitionists accept Almighty God as the supreme ruler of nations, and the Scriptures as their code of laws for their government."

We doubt both the truth and expediency of any such utterances, and do not believe they will be approved by the best informed and most sincere and rational thinkers of this age, and am of opinion that those who advance them have reflected little upon their logical consequences. If they are to be literally understood and practically carried out, there are many thousands of temperance people in the United States who will not stand and vote upon such a platform.

The "Lord of Hosts" made King in American politics! "The Scriptures as the code of laws for our government!" Preposterous! Do these people live in the backwoods of blindness and darkness?

The only "Lord of Hosts" we know according to the letter of the Scriptures is the Lord who, as commander-in-chief, led the Israelites under his generals, Moses, Joshua, *et. al*, with slaughter and devastation against the tribes of Palestine then in possession of the land, and who, as far as we can learn, were as good as those who thus invaded and conquered them by horrible butchery—at least were human beings, children of the Infinite Father, entitled to humane and considerate treatment.

Yes, the same "Lord of Hosts" (for the preachers have never disowned him) was he who ordered Saul through the prophet Samuel, to "utterly destroy Amalek," to "slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass," (1 Sam. 15; 3).

We are told in the Bible that this God is "without variableness or shadow of turning."

Do we want him made king in American politics,—to carry out in our fair land the bloody and savage "scripture code of laws" as therein abundantly illustrated?

Oh! no (we suppose you will answer); we want the Christian Bible code. No, we don't want that either. The Christian code is, "Love your enemies"; "resist not evil." Do we love the saloon keeper? Not very much! If he entices one of our sons into drunkenness, will we hand over to him the second son? Not if we can help it. We want a firm and humane resistance of evil; the code of force lawfully applied and tempered with wisdom and love. No "Bible code" carried to either extreme. Better stick to the constitution of the United States. It embodies some of the wisdom acquired by nearly two thousand years of additional experience.

If you put such a "Lord of Hosts" into the Constitution he will make trouble should he order his generals to slay the rumsellers, "man and woman, infant and suckling, camel and ass." Better try and out-vote them in as peaceable a manner as possible, and as is lawfully provided.

It has been suggested that orthodoxy was trying to strengthen its failing hold upon the minds of the people by riding into the political power on the sincere desire of reformers to destroy intemperance. We know not how far this may be true; but we know that there are thousands of earnest temperance reformers, who dare not ignore the revealments of science, history and true scholarship; neither have they lost all sense of logical consistency and right reason, as many seem to have done; but are inevitably driven to entertain slight respect for the "Lord of Hosts" found pictured in the Bible.

Nay more! They doubt much whether some of the basic dogmas of orthodoxy—the "Parasitism"* in the life and merits of Jesus of Nazareth, and the Idol-worship of him—whether these do not strike as deep and deadly a poison at the root of the moral stamina and soul-health of Christian believers, as does the drinking habit injure those who are mastered by it. At any rate, these thousands of cultured men will not support by their votes any organization that favors the weakening of secularism, or the strengthening of sacerdotal power and prestige.

If the organized power of the "saloons" is to be overcome, it must be by the union of all true temperance reformers; and therefore we say, by all means, let every distracting and doubtful issue be set aside.

If a true faith be entertained in an all-pervading and benevolent Divine Power, that rules all things in the spirit of wisdom and love, for the development of ultimate good, we must realize that this power is now at the head of all laws and constitutions, and that only such will remain permanent under the law of growth, as tend to accord with the over-ruling will.

J. G. J.

*See "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" by Henry Drummond, F. R. S. E.; F. G. S.

Not a Supplement.

Some weeks ago the publisher of the *Golden Gate* mailed as a supplement to that paper a four-page circular of the California Camp Meeting. Since then the publisher of the JOURNAL has received a proposition to do the same thing for another camp. He replied that it was clearly a violation of the law to do this and consequently he must decline. The law is clear and explicit as to what constitutes a supplement entitled to be mailed and as "second class" matter. No publisher can consistently plead ignorance or a misunderstanding. It is not to be expected that people not in the publishing business should be familiar with what is necessary to make a supplement a legitimate enclosure to "second-class" matter and entitled to be mailed at the rate of one cent per pound, and no reflection therefore rests upon the JOURNAL'S correspondent. This explanation is here made so that the officers of the various camps will understand why the JOURNAL declines to circulate circulars as supplements, and also to prevent those who may have thought of making such a proposal from so doing.

In his attempt to sustain the legitimate drama and desire to return to the now nearly obsolete practice of maintaining a first-class theatre with a first-class stock company, Mr. McVicker of this city is entitled to the enthusiastic thanks and active support of all true lovers of art. If the present comedy season at "McVicker's" shall encourage a permanent return to the old practice it will be another step toward one of the many needed reforms with which Chicago is wrestling. Theatre goers are growing tired of the vicious "star" system, where a pack of incompetents and dummies are used as a background on which to display a solitary actor, even though that actor be really a star; and if managers will only co-operate and exhibit some nerve in withstanding the demands of the gallery, the parquette may yet be entertained as of yore. The company now at McVicker's Theater is an excellent and even one, and has during the past three weeks done honest, artistic work. Moths or a Cup of Gold, and School for Scandal are billed for the current week. Next week will be given up to Ladies Day at Our Club and The Critic.

The Lookout Camp Meeting of Spiritualists, near Chattanooga, Tenn, will be held during the entire month of July. The Association owns the camp ground, hotel, cottages, tents, pavilion, etc. There are numerous springs of pure and mineral waters upon the grounds—also many noted wonders of nature. The views of the valleys extend into the States of Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama, with distant views of Kentucky, the Carolinas, Virginia, Mississippi, etc. Up the rugged sides and along the rocky crest run two railroads—one an incline and narrow gauge and the other a broad gauge tramway (now being constructed) that will connect at Union Depot in Chattanooga with trains from all parts of the country.

Mrs. Maud Lord Drake made this office a call last week. She is stopping for the present in the city.

Orthodoxy vs. Spiritualism.

Orthodoxy versus Spiritualism, is an answer to the sermon of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage against Spiritualism, by Hon. A. H. Dailey. Although this was delivered in May, 1884, it is especially appropriate at this time, after the tirade of Talmage delivered April 29th, on the same subject. Judge Dailey is a fair-minded believer in Spiritualism, and states facts and truths that cannot be gainsaid. Thousands of copies of this tract should be distributed to vindicate the cause so dear to many hearts. Price only five cents. For sale at this office.

LYMAN C. HOWE
Declares Thacher's System of Healing by Magnetic Appliances a Fraud.

Mr. Howe is a warm friend of Dr. C. I. Thacher, the manufacturer and advocate of magnetic appliances, Central Music Hall, Chicago, whose advertisements have often appeared in the JOURNAL. Mr. Howe is frequently witty, as well as wise, and in a letter to Dr. Thacher he gives his opinion of the "Magnetic Shields," which is not calculated to harrow the feelings of his Chicago correspondent or lessen confidence in the magnetic claims of his magnetic friend. The JOURNAL gives the letter which reads as follows:

DR. THACHER: *Dear Sir;* Your Magnetic Shields have some merit, but on the whole I am inclined to call them a fraud. They soothe and revitalize the nerves, put new life into the blood, warm cold feet, build up the debilitated and consumptive, create a row among the old sinners in the constitution and keep stirring them until they enter upon a war of extermination, or commit suicide to escape; put neuralgia and rheumatism *hors du combat*, make a weak man vigorous and saucy and cure family-quarrels where they originate in bad blood or depraved nerves; but they don't mend cork legs or glass eyes, nor cure warts on an evil temper. They should be a specific for total depravity, alcoholism and especially for debilitated pocketbooks. Here is where they fail. If you can improve them so that you can guarantee a perfect cure for financial fits, consumptive bank accounts and religious hydrophobia your future is made. Then as your best advertising card I would advise you to cover the Brooklyn Tabernacle and its pastor, and if you cure him you need pay for no more printer's ink.

Yours for health, LYMAN C. HOWE.

Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography. By M. A. (Oxon.) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four eessays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents,

The Watseka Wonder. A narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum. Also a case of Double Consciousness. These cases are wonderful psychic and physio-psychological studies and have attracted world-wide attention by their authenticity and startling phenomena. Price, 15 cents.

The following works are by Giles B. Stebbins: Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. These chapters are selected with great care from the Hindu, Vedas, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Talmuds, Bible, Plato, Luther, Milton, Max Muller, Lucretia Mott, T. Starr King, Parker, Emerson, Denton, Tuttle, and many other authentic sources. It is a most valuable collection and is a work that has received enconiums from high authority. Cloth bound, price reduced from $1.50 to $1.00 postpaid.

After Dogmatic Theology, What? Materialism or Spiritual Philosophy and Natural Religion. The aim of this work is to state materialism fairly, and to hold it as inconsistent. A wide range of ancient and modern proof of the higher aspects of the God idea in history is given. Cloth, 150 pages; only 60 cents, postpaid.

Poems From the Life Beyond and Within. Voices from many lands and centuries saying: "Man, thou shalt never die." The compiler has gathered these poems from ancient Hindostan, Persia, Arabia, Greece, Rome, and Northern Europe, and from the great poets of the centuries in Europe down to some of the best words of living men and women, closing with inspired voices from the spirit land. Cloth, price, $1.50, postpaid.

The American Protectionist's Manual. This work is especially sought after at this time when the tariff question is discussed by all stanch American citizens. A subject that has entered as a vital question into the politics of America deserves careful thought and serious attention and the statements in this work are offered as a help to all classes. A chapter on protection and free trade will enlighten many that are at present groping for light on this all absorbing subject. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper cover, 50 cents, postpaid.

A sound body and a contented mind are necessary to perfect happiness. If you wish to possess these, cleanse your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is perfectly safe to take, and is a thoroughly reliable, highly concentrated, and powerful blood purifier.

In Mellin's Food for infants and invalids, owing to the careful way in which it is manufactured, the whole of the starch is converted into dextrine, so that the greater part of the work of digestion is performed before the food reaches the stomach. Mixed with milk and water the Food is readily assimilated by the youngest infant or the most delicate invalid.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

CHICAGO.

A Medium's Meeting, conducted by Mrs. Belle F. Hamilton, will be held on Sunday afternoons, at 2:30 o'clock, at Gleason's Hall, 523 West Madison Street, entrance on Bishop Court. Good mediums will be present and tests given.

The Young Peoples' Progressive Society meets in Martin's Hall, corner Indiana Avenue and 22nd Street, Sunday evenings at 7:45. The best speakers are engaged.

The South Side Lyceum of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd street.

The Chicago Association of Universal, Radical, Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums' Society meets in Spirits' Liberty Hall No. 517 West Madison Street, every Sunday, at 2:30 P. M., and 7:30 P. M. The public cordially invited. Admission five cents. DR. NORMAN MACLEOD, President.

The Young People's Spiritual Society meets every Sunday evening at 7:45 P. M., in Apollo Hall, 2730 State Street. First class speakers always in attendance.
E. J. MORTON, President.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York.

The Peoples' Spiritual Meeting has removed to Columbia Hall, 878, 6th ave., (formerly at Spencer Hall W. 14th St.,) services every Sunday at 2:45 P. M., and 7:45 evening.
FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Grand Opera House, 23rd Street and 8th Avenue.—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Conference every Sunday at 2½ p. m. Admission free to each meeting

The Metropolitan Church for Humanity, Mrs. T. B. Stryker, Speaker, holds its services Sunday afternoons, at 3 o'clock, in MacGregor's new and beautiful Hall, Madison Avenue, Cor. 59th St. (Entrance, 42 E. 59th St.

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Conservatory Hall, corner Bedford Ave., and Fulton Street—Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

Brooklyn Spiritual Union—Sunday meetings at Fraternity Rooms, corner Bedford Avenue, and South 2d street Members seance at 10:30 A. M., Alpha Lyceum at 2:30 P. M., Conference at 7:30 P. M.

Johnston Building, Flatbush Ave., corner Nevins St. Conference every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.
FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall.
W. B. MILLS, President. E. J. HULING, Secretary.

St. Louis, Mo

Organized August 22nd, 1886. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Brandt's Hall, southwest corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P. M. Friends invited to attend and correspondence solicited.
H. W. FAY, Pres't, 620 S. Broadway.
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Passed to Spirit-Life.

Mr. Joy H. Brown, of Grand Ledge, Michigan, passed to spirit life May 5th, 1888 in his eighty-fourth year. He was born in Newark, N. J., and came to Grand Ledge 35 years ago. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism and labored for the cause earnestly and faithfully at all times.

Mr. Henry Clay Van Liew was born at Middle Bush, New Jersey, May 23rd, 1825; passed to higher life at South Bend, Indiana, May 7th, 1888. Mr. Van Liew was a devoted Spiritualist, and so confident was he of the reality of his belief that it seemed as though he stopped a moment before leaving the shore of time and passing to the limitless beyond to say to the loved ones on this side that all was well. He was conscious, and his mind clear to the last. The obsequies were conducted by Mrs. Richmond, of Chicago, at the late residence of the deceased, May 10th.

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With a Preface by WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

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III. Mediumship (continued): Its Foundation, Development, Dangers and Advantages.
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V. The Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Planes of the Second State.
VI. The Soul World: Its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions.
VII. Life, Development and Death in Spirit-Land.
APPENDIX.—Answers to Questions.

The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons.

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Voices From the People.

AND

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

General Gordon.

The following was written inspirationally through the hand of Mr. Robert Kneeshaw, from the subject suggested by the writer (Gordon's place in History as a Soldier, Statesman and Philanthropist), which was submitted to the audience at the A. T. S., Montreal, as a subject for discourse Sunday, April 22, 1888:

"Sleep! Gordon, Sleep! thy task is done,
Thy battle fought and victory won.
Cut off from help with foes around
Thy life, a fitting sequel found.
Nor can we deem that life in vain
That broke oppression's triple chain,
And taught the savage to adore
The white man's God, despised before.
Let bigots pout the lip of scorn
And nurse their wrath in envy born,
Thy fame, in palace and in lot
Shall live when they are all forgot.
Aye! ages yet unborn shall tell
How well thou fought and how thou fell,
Still bravely battling for the right
In desperate, but yet glorious fight.
Save this, thy end is all unknown
And on thy grave rests not a stone
To tell where one so true, so brave,
Lay resting in a warrior's grave.
'Tis better so, thy tomb is free
From morbid curiosity.
'Tis emblematic of thy worth
Unknown, unrecognized on earth;
And yet we know thy eyes of love
Still beaming from thy home above
Smile yet on him who carries on
That work, by thee so well begun.
For Emir's heart no paltry fear
Can know whilst thou art hovering near,
To cheer, to succor, and defend,
Thy servant, follower and friend."

Montreal, Canada. J. B. CLARKSON.

REV. J. H. HARTER, OF AUBURN, NEW YORK.

How He Obtained His Title, and What the Object of His Mission.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Frequently, in writing and verbally, have I been asked to answer the following questions, and if my answers are considered worthy of a place in your valuable paper, will you have the kindness to make room for them?

"Mr. Harter, we see that you are styled Minister of the Church of Divine Fragments, located wherever a fragment of humanity can be found."

"How did you receive or obtain this long title, and what is the object of your mission?"

In reply, allow me to say that in my reform work, or lecturing, I frequently have persons (who, learning that I am from Auburn, N. Y.,) come to me, requesting that I should visit and carry a message of love to a husband, father, brother or son, who is a convict in the Auburn Prison. With these requests I have often complied. Having received from a mother, in the western part of this State not only the name of a dear son confined for life in the prison, but several presents for him as tokens of a mother's affection and love for her son, though confined in prison and clad in the striped garments of a convict. Thus commissioned and with presents in hand I appeared in the office of Chaplain, Rev. Wm. Searls, D. D., (Methodist) desiring an interview with Henry H.

I was informed by the chaplain that the laws of the State prohibited me from visiting convicts in prison as I had done, he stating in substance, that "ministers of the gospel, having charge of a church, parish or congregation in the town, city or ward where the prison is located, can have access to the prison. True, you are preaching, but you are not settled. You have no church or congregation over which you preside in the city, and are thus excluded."

To this I replied by saying that Jesus was never settled over any particular church, parish or congregation, but that he "went about doing good," and in this respect as well as in others, I wished to imitate him; further saying, I am glad Mr. Searls, that you were not Chaplain of the prison mentioned in 1st Peter, 3d chapter and 19th verse—the prison Jesus visited after he was put to death in the flesh and quickened by the spirit, by which he also went and preached unto the spirits in prison; for if you had been Chaplain there you would, in all probability have said, "Jesus, you can't get in here. You are not settled over any church, parish or congregation in the town, city or ward where this prison is located. You are excluded."

Now, Mr. Searls, I wish to inform you that I am "Minister of the Church of Divine Fragments," located wherever a fragment of humanity can be found, and some of my church members are in Auburn Prison, and I desire especially now, to see Henry H. May I be permitted to see him? The convict was soon called, to whom I delivered in rich abundance the love of an affectionate, but nearly heart-broken mother.

To an inspirational impression and to the Rev. Wm. Searls, D. D. Chaplain of the State Prison, at Auburn, N. Y., must the credit be given for the long title which I have borne since the time above referred to.

Meeting again the mother of Henry H. while on a lecturing tour, I was for the second time implored by her to visit in prison the unfortunate son of a loving mother. Again standing before Chaplain Searl, in his office, I was referred to the rules and laws, serving as barriers to my visiting Henry H. in prison.

Pointing to a Bible on the shelf near by, I said, we read in that book that the "Son of man shall come in his glory and all his holy angels with him; and before him shall be gathered all nations." Now Mr. Searls, if we are both "before him," we will, without doubt, among many other words, hear him say, "I was in prison and ye visited me not." In the vast multitudes "which no man can number," he may possibly single out Harter and say, "Are you guilty or not guilty?" to which I will say, "Guilty, my Lord, guilty." Now if he should say, "Why are you guilty?" my reply will be, "My Lord, I tried to visit you when in prison, and got as far as the Chaplain, whose superior authority would not allow me to see you." It is very probable that he will then be heard to say, "Harter, come on the right with the sheep; Searls, go on the left with the goats."

At this juncture of the conference, taking my hat in hand with the view of departing, Chaplain Searls said to attendant, "Send for Henry H." The prisoner was soon before me, and with tear-drops glistening in his eyes, received the comforting and inspiring messages brought to him from one bearing to him the endearing name of mother.

"What is the object of your mission?"

In answer to this question I will reply: The improvement or amelioration of the condition of the lower classes of humanity. Believing as I do, that there is a spark of the "Divine" in every human being, wicked and sinful as he may be.

"There is a gem, however small,
(Oft-times infinitesimal)
In every heart of human kind,
Which may be polished and refined,
And fitted for a higher sphere
Than was allotted to it here,
Where on, and on, it may progress,
In wisdom and true holiness."

Though at present not a "settled minister," but like Jesus, who "went about doing good," or like the "Good Shepherd," who went after the "lost sheep till he found it," so do I seek for those who stray from the fold.

As the sick belong to the doctor till restored to health; as the ignorant pupils belong to the teacher till educated, so the wayward, wicked, sinful intemperate and ungodly, whether in prison or out, belong to my church of "Divine Fragments" till made better, when they graduate or cease to be "fragments," and in turn become "divine helpers" in the great work of reform and salvation, till all "come unto the knowledge of the truth."

Ministers of other churches usually make efforts to increase their membership, while on the other hand I am doing what I can to diminish mine. Many persons, belonging to other churches, by stumbling or becoming bad, lose their standing or membership and are expelled or thrown out, or into my church, which, like the grave takes all that comes, but the only way people can get out of "The Divine Fragment Church," is by becoming good, when they become divine helpers,—"Mighty in deed and word before God and all the people." Luke 24: 19.

Some ministers labor to keep people out of hell, while I work, mostly, to keep hell out of the people. There is a difference as to whether the fire is in the stove, or the stove in the fire—a difference whether the man is in whisky or the whisky in the man. Put a dead man into whisky and it will preserve him, but put whisky into a live man, and if it does not kill him, it will, at least, do him a great injury.

The "Hebrew children" were in the fiery furnace, but there was no fiery furnace in them. Their souls were filled with the sweetness and joys of heaven.

I regret to say that many members of other churches, in conduct, are so much like the conduct of "Divine Fragment" members, that they can only be distinguished by the label or church-mark put upon them. They look, like "fragments" and they act like "fragments." They even assist by voice and vote to keep in force laws, to license my "divine fragment" members to do that which is evil and evil only, yet claim to be followers of the great reformer, who ever "went about doing good." It seems to me that I can hear this reformer say, "Woe unto you, for you make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within are full of extortion and excess. Cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter that the outside of them may be clean also. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for you are like unto whited sepulchers which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all manner of uncleanness. Even so you also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within you are full of hypocrisy and iniquity." Matt. 33: 25-28.

Persons having the characteristics and attributes here mentioned, are evidently "divine fragments," whatever they may say to the contrary, and very much need to be converted into "divine helpers." This conversion is an individual, personal work, to induce people to unite with some church, as I do, to have them unite with honesty, with temperance, with virtue, with charity, and truth, knowing full well that a man can be good, even if he does not belong to any church organization—that the tree is not known by the leaves, the limbs, the trunk, the roots, the location, nor by the label, but by the "fruit;" so man, in the sight of heaven, is not known, loved or respected by his faith, his songs, his prayers, nor his church relationship, but by his deeds, his acts, as "actions speak louder than words."

Meeting a man recently who talked loudly in favor of Christianity, I asked him if he was a Christian? He said, "Yes, but I don't work at it now."

The world needs more workers, more 'divine helpers," more divine "doers of the word," and to this end I do labor. J. H. HARTER.

Auburn, N. Y.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Where is Spiritualism Drifting?

MILTON ALLEN.

This is an important question to all lovers of the great cause of truth. Is it phenomenal only? Or is it to be this and also to be a "setter forth of strange doctrines,"—doctrines partly correct and partly erroneous? Drifting towards occultism and Hindu magic? Or is it drifting towards a better, truer, nobler religion of humanity? At present it seems to be principally on the phenomenal plane. In this, Spiritualism is not singular. All religions have had their beginnings here. Spiritualism and Christianity are alike in this respect at least; for in the early days of Christianity it rested principally on external phenomena.

Jesus taught, it is true, as "man never taught" before; but did the people understand? They were principally looking for outward phenomena. Turning water into wine, feeding the multitudes with a few loaves and fishes, calling Lazarus forth from a supposed death, curing the blind, the deaf, the lunatic and so on. These the people could understand, for their senses were appealed to. His teachings made no very deep impression on his own immediate age. "The wonderful works" he performed, did. And the people flocked to him wherever he went for this purpose. The effect of the teachings came after. So it is now. The people mainly enquire what is done? What can I witness? And not so much yet "What is truth?" This deeper seeking of Spiritualism will come by and by.

The phenomenal has its grand use. It awakens, attracts, causes inquiry and startles people from the profound hypnotic slumber of old dogmas. More than all, it proves the fact of a life after this, and upsets many old errors about death, the resurrection, day of judgment, hell, and so on.

But shall we linger here? Is this all there is of Spiritualism? For the many the answer must be, yes. Thousands look not higher up towards the mountain top. They pass on in blissful ignorance of the grandest teachings the world has ever had. They know not of the rounded up complete system of divine religion that is to come out of this newborn babe in the manger.

There are others, a large number, who not satisfied to linger where the senses mainly are fed, pass on seeking for the fount of higher knowledge. This brings us upon the plane where theory, speculation and new dogmas reign. Here they meet with all sorts of contradictions, vagaries, absurdities, as "baseless as the fabric of a dream." As a dream may not be wholly baseless, so these may not be entirely so. The theory of reincarnation may have some basis of truth; so may occultism, Hindu magic, the theories of "shells," "elementaries," and so on.

How long can an earnest mind seeking for the highest soul food remain here? Not long. The hungering soul must have something more than fine spun theories and absurd speculations. Where shall we go for this soul food? Here is the crucial test of a system. It must either supply all the deep needs of the soul or be stamped as a failure. Can any church supply this need? Not one in all Christendom! They have all been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Need I particularize? Not now. It is not necessary.

Spiritualism, then, is the last resort as far as men can see. Can this meet all the needs of the soul? If it cannot, it, too, is a failure! It is not enough to tell us there is a future. It is not enough to tell us our friends can return and commune with us. The whole world outside of Christendom believe this, have had knowledge of it for untold ages. Spiritualism is on trial before the whole world. Is the world satisfied with it as it exists to-day? No. Is it then a failure? No! But if it stops just where it is and goes no farther, if it remain in statu quo with all its unsolved problems, its uncertain and contradictory theories, its unsatisfactory speculations, it must be pronounced an imperfect system, and we must look farther.

What has the student of Spiritualism in its various phases to say to this? Stand and deliver, is the word to-day to all systems. Thinkers of this new philosophy, let us hear from you.

Philadelphia, Penn.

Cant in Religious Talk.

There is the cant of religion and the cant of politics—one as empty and disagreeable as the other.

I remember hearing an old man pray that he might "hear the sound of a gong in the tops of the mulberry trees." I heard him pray that many times. I have no definite thought of what he meant by it. I surmise he could not tell. There was a pious sound to the words that he liked.

"Justification by faith" carries with it to-day no certain, definite meaning, except to theologians. The preacher of to-day is not talking to the theologians; he is talking to men, women, and children.

We listen to the exhortation, "Save your soul." What is the soul? I do not suppose that we have clear thoughts on that word. Does it mean "yourself"? Well, then, why not say so? The Rev. Mr. Caton remarked the other day that he did not talk about saving souls, but about saving lives. Let us think clear and speak straight.

Take up our sacred song-book and read some of the songs. I think you will notice a quantity of idle repetitions in words—God's name taken in vain and old phrases that have no meaning in them. When I hear a man say "Come to Jesus," I do not know what he means. I wish instead of using those words he would give the meaning in other and plainer words. I hear a man use the words "total depravity." I ask him to explain, and it will take him fifteen minutes to tell me that he does not mean total depravity, but something not so bad. Why use a phrase so unfortunate that it needs a long explanation? The thought is what we need, the fact.

Thought grows; it is a living thing. The growing boy must have some new clothes.—*The Rev. Myron W. Reed.*

Notes From Kansas City, Mo.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

We had a fine audience last Sunday evening and a happy glow of spiritual life and good feeling. The cause in this city is, I think, in a fairly healthy condition and steadily growing better. If there are personal differences and little jealousies they do not reach me to mar the pleasure of my work. There is a growing class who "hunger and thirst after righteousness" and exert a permanent influence for good. A goodly number of Spiritualists give their support to the Unitarian Church which supplies choice intellectual entertainment, but is dumb on the most vital question of the ages.

Dr. Thorne and wife are home from California where they spent the winter, somewhat improved in health, but far from well. He is a pungent thinker and forcible talker, with a fertile store of various information, quick, vigorous and saucy, and bigots and charlatans soon learn to fear and shun him. Mr. Campbell and Judge Esse are representative men, whose influence honors the cause, and a few more like them would establish a permanent movement that would compel the respect of the world. Col. Vanhorn and wife are home from Washington where they spent the winter, and add their influence and patronage to our meetings. Col. Vanhorn is widely known and honored as the founder and editor-in-chief of the Kansas City *Journal*, and his editorials are famous for originality, and breadth of thought, aglow with the progressive spirit of the age. Dr. Smith and family are active in sowing the good seed and helping the cause. Dr. Granville, who has been absent on business much of the time has now settled down to steady work in this city. Mr. Baker, who has been a faithful supporter of the meetings, and always purchased the JOURNAL, had the misfortune about a month ago to get his foot crushed, since which time we miss his helpful presence among us. Dr. Bowker and Mr. and Mrs. Wood have had severe trials and sickness which deprived us of their presence, but I think they are all in good condition now. Dr. Kimmell and wife enjoy the communion with the angels and are devoted. Charles Fillinore is a broad-minded investigator and a graduate from Agnostic Materialism to Spiritualism and recently paid his respects to Christian Science. Unfortunately for us his physical infirmities deprive us of his presence at the meetings which he liberally supports both morally and financially. C. W. Fairman is a "pillar in our church," whose influence and substantial aid quietly support, and whose social bearings are wholesome and independent. He and his amiable companion are faithful attendants and their presence helpful to the weak and lukewarm. Talk as we will of individual sovereignty, every movement depends much upon social magnetism and the inspiration of example. One soul thoroughly enthused will warm a hundred indifferents to life; while every apathetic dead weight must be kindled and carried by those who feel.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is doing a good work here; and those who read it once generally want more, and express appreciation and approval of its high aims and cultured thought and manifest increasing interest in its weekly visits. I close my eight months' engagement here Sunday, May 27th, and regretfully part with the many pleasant friends whose uniform kindness and good will manifest on all occasions have been a helpful tonic to my soul and will be "something sweet to think of" through all coming time.

I expect to attend the annual meeting at Sturgis, Mich., June 15th, 16th, and 17th, and give Chicago a call on my way thence. LYMAN C. HOWE.

922 Cherry Street, Kansas City, Mo.

A Cingalese Rock Fortress.

For the first time for a number of years, the Sigiri Rock, in Ceylon, has been scaled by a European, the feat on this occasion being performed by General Lennox, who commands the troops in the island. It is said, indeed, that only one European, Mr. Creasy, ever succeeded in reaching the summit. The rock is cylindrical in shape, and the bulging sides render the ascent very difficult and dangerous. There are galleries all round, a groove about four inches deep being cut in the solid rock. This rises spirally, and in it are fixed the foundation bricks, which support a platform about six feet broad, with a chunam-coated wall about nine feet high. The whole structure follows the curves and contours of the solid rock, and is cunningly constructed so as to make the most of any natural support the formation can afford. In some places the gallery has fallen completely away, but it still exhibits flights of fine marble steps. High up on the rock are several figures of Buddha, but it is a mystery how the artist got there, or how, being there, he was able to carry on his work. The fortifications consist of platforms, one above the other, supported by massive retaining walls, each commanding the other. Owing to the falling away of the gallery, the ascent in parts had to be made up a perpendicular face of the cliff, and General Lennox and four natives were left to do the latter part of the ascent alone. The top they found to be a plateau about an acre in extent, in which were two square tanks with sides 30 yards and 15 feet respectively in length, cut out of the solid rock. A palace is believed to have existed on the summit at one time, although time, weather, and the jungle have obliterated all traces of it. During the descent the first comer had to guide the foot of the next into a safe fissure, but all reached the bottom safely after two and a half hours. It is said that the amount of work expended on the galleries is incredible, and the writer of the account of the feat doubts if all the machinery of modern times could accomplish the stupendous work that was achieved here in old days by manual labor alone.—*Scientific American.*

"CATHOLIC" ALDERMEN.

A Well-Deserved Scoring in Bishop Ireland's Paper.

The action of the nineteen so-called Catholic Aldermen in Chicago in defeating an ordinance designed to protect schools and churches from the vicious proximity of saloons has entailed upon them and the Council of that city a disagreeable notoriety which can only be removed by their defeat at the next elections. The ordinance had been drawn up with the laudable object of empowering the Mayor to refuse licenses to saloons erected within 200 feet of a school or a church. Every one of the "Catholic" Aldermen voted against the proposed measure, and their opposition, coupled with that of other saloonists, secured its rejection. It is not too much to say that there is no honest and respectable man in Chicago or any other city who would not feel himself degraded by association with these Aldermen. If there is anything which recommends itself to the support of a citizen not hopelessly depraved by the saloon, it is surely an ordinance framed for the protection of school children from the contaminating influence of drunkenness. It is the impressions formed at that period of their lives which mold and give color to their character forever afterward. The curse of the Redeemer of Mankind rests upon those who demoralize young: "Wo unto whomsoever shall scandalize one of these little ones who believe in me."—*St. Paul Northwestern Chronicle (Bishop Ireland's paper).*

John Wesley on the American Revolution.

A curious and characteristic letter of John Wesley, bearing date of June 14, 1775, has been discovered by the Historical Manuscript Commission among the family papers of the Earl of Dartmouth. It is addressed to Lord Dartmouth, at that time Secretary of State for the Colonies, and is an energetic and passionate protest against the war in America. "All my prejudices," says the writer, "are against the Americans, for I am a High Churchman, the son of a High Churchman, bred up from my childhood in the highest notion of passive obedience and nonresistance. And yet, in spite of all my rooted prejudices, I cannot avoid thinking, if I think at all, that an oppressed people asked for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner which the nature of the case would allow. But waiving all considerations of right and wrong, is it common sense to use force toward the Americans? Remember Rehoboam, remember Philip II., remember Charles I."—*St. James Gazette.*

L. H. Warren writes: "I cannot do without the JOURNAL. I consider it the best spiritual paper published. The bold stand you have taken against fraud and dishonest mediums is commendable, and ought to make every honest Spiritualist stand by you in your noble work."

Cassadaga Camp, New York.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The spring of 1888 opened up with brighter prospects for Cassadaga than any former year. The improvement of the grounds in uprooting stumps and grading is especially noticeable to one who has spent the past six months away from the Island. Fifteen cottages, most of them fine in architectural adornment and finish have been built since last year, and fifteen more are to be erected before camp opens. Also a large hall, two stories, with lecture, lyceum, library and reading-room,—a want that has been long felt.

Our grand picnic and Sunday assembly, 8th, 9th and 10th of June, is being looked forward to with bright anticipations of enjoyment. Mrs. Elizabeth Waston of Cal., and Mr. J. Clegg Wright as speakers for the occasion, insure its success. Little Miss Libbie Lowe grew into the hearts of the people in this the land of her nativity, and her power to move and thrill the multitude has grown no less. No one will receive a more hearty welcome at Cassadaga Camp than the "little preacher of the Golden Gate."

Mr. Wright takes the platform at Cassadaga for the first time. His published lectures show him to be a sound reasoner and true philosopher. The North Western band will furnish music for the occasion. It is widely known as discoursing the sweetest and best of music.

The Camp meeting opens July 21st, and closes August 26th. Circulars will be ready for distribution at the Picnic.

Mr. T. J. Skidmore resigned his position as President of the Association at the last annual election and Mr. A. Gaston, of Meadville, Pa., is his successor. Mr. Archie Gaston of the same place is secretary, and either of the above parties should be addressed by any one wishing circulars or information concerning Cassadaga Camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Skidmore are indefatigable workers and take an unfailing interest in the cause. They have built a beautiful residence on the avenue overlooking the lake and make this their permanent home.

Mrs. C. Cook, of Jamestown, N. Y., is ever deserving of mention and also has a handsome cottage on the ave. In her frequent trips to the camp she comes laden with flowering shrubs and plants and to her taste and energy we owe most of the adornment on the grounds in that line. Cottagers who come early enough and those who have made permanent homes here do and will lend willing hands to help make Cassadaga all that it promises, The Camp of America. M. J. RAMSDELL.

The Late Prof. A. H. Worthen.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Will you permit a few thoughts in memory of the late Prof. A. H. Worthen, of Warren, Ill., who passed on to the higher life from his late home, May 6th, 1888, to join the partner of his life, whom he has so truly mourned for the past three years.

During nearly ten years' acquaintance with Prof. Worthen, it has been a special privilege for me to regard him as an earthly father, a person in whom I could confide and go to for counsel and advice concerning my public labors or private business; a man in whose presence one felt lifted to a higher plane of thought and action; whose very being seemed to be surrounded with grand and ennobling influences that all persons, whether sensitive or not, could but feel and recognize.

During my engagements at Cincinnati for the month of March and the anniversary in early April, it was my privilege to meet the Professor and receive his words of counsel. At the close of the anniversary, he very kindly invited me to accompany him to his home in Illinois, and spend the interim I had to spare before meeting my engagement in New York, at his house,—an invitation which I very gladly and thankfully accepted. As I am naturally inclined to look at mother nature in her geological aspect, such an opportunity to behold the elaborate and beautiful museum of geological specimens, and in the presence of one who could give the historic and needed information as I took each specimen, was not to be ignored. During the last visit the Professor spared no pains to give me every attention that I might become familiar with the special specimens I sought to learn. The days were only too few and the hours too short before the time arrived that I must say the good-by, yet in the hopes of again meeting him during the coming campmeeting, but it was not so to be.

For many years Prof. Worthen had been a consistent Spiritualist; a good man, with a rare intellect; a man of culture, honored and respected. At the time of his demise he was completing the most elaborate work on the geological survey of the State of Illinois that has ever been made, but the summons came, and he answered the call, and has gone to join the loved and loving in a brighter and purer sphere of existence. JENNIE B. HAGAN.

South Framingham, Mass.

PREACHING BY A GHOST.

The Colored Minister Who Was Hung Appears to His Congregation.

The following dispatch, under date of May 19th, Augusta, Ga., was received by the Chicago *Tribune:*

The negroes around Woodville are in a terrible state of excitement over the reported appearance of the ghost of the Rev. George McDuffie, whose hanging in Greensboro was reported last week. McDuffie was pastor of the little colored church near Woodville, Ga., and killed a deacon for having won from him the affections of Sarah Haines. There was no preaching in the little church last Sunday owing to the want of a preacher. Those who did wander toward the church, however, report that they saw the ghost of their old pastor enter the pulpit. He was dressed in a flowing white robe, and his face, while black, still had the appearance of perfect transparency. He preached long and earnestly, warning his old hearers to beware of women. Monday night a great crowd gathered around the church, but several of the deacons declared that Brother George would not appear to please Godless sightseers, but to those who were faithful he would certainly make himself known. The faithful were asked in and the others excluded, when, suddenly, a noise as of the flapping of wings was heard, and the congregation with heads bent to the ground heard once more the beloved voice of their pastor. Every night since, so the partisans of McDuffie declare, he has appeared in the church, and he promises to make it warm for any preacher who attempts to succeed him. The negroes have quit work and loiter around the church, each one trying to outvie the other in wonderful tales about McDuffie.

A MODERN LAZARUS.

Return to Life of a Man Whose Coffin Had Been Lowered Into the Grave.

A latter-day Lazarus has temporarily returned to life at a place called Esparron in the department of the Haute-Garonne, France. He was an elderly man, name Bade, whose death had been duly certified by the local doctors. Preparations were made for his burial, and the coffin containing his body was actually lowered into the grave, when a hollow voice was heard uttering moans between the four boards. Then followed several distinct knocks on the inside of the coffin lid. Most of the people who were standing around the grave were terrified and ran away as if they were pursued by a battalion of "bogies." The cure, the croque-morts, and the sexton showed, however, no signs of trepidation, and one of the funeral fraternity of mutes went for the Mayor, while another boldly and rather practically shouted down to the supposed dead man, "Attends un peu mon vieux." ("Wait a bit, old man.") When the Mayor arrived the coffin was opened and the man was taken out, but the fright was too much for him. All the town was soon talking of the "Modern Lazarus," whose resurrection was regarded as a miracle; but, after having hovered for a day or two between time and eternity, the venerable villager at last departed from the precincts of the cheerful day in real earnest.

A Dream That Came True.

According to the Philadelphia *Times*, Thomas Mauk, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., dreamed two years ago that he found a pot of money concealed in a certain tumble-down building on one of the back streets. The dream made such an impression upon him that he determined to buy the property, which he lately succeeded in doing for $300. The other day, in making some repairs, he found an old pot in the flue with nearly $5,000 in it.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Henry T. Coxwell, the balloonist, is seventy years of age, and has made 700 voyages in the air.

There are now twenty-two crematories in Europe, where more than 1,400 incinerations took place last year.

The Russian military maneuvers are to take place this year at Odessa in August, and the Emperor will be present.

A gambler is reported to have lost over $100,000, all his property, at a faro bank in Denver one day last week.

The Ameer of Afghanistan is said to be meditating a journey to England to call on the Empress of India this summer.

A circular fan into which sweet-scented grass is bound by tiny ribbons wafts perfumed breezes upon beauty's cheek.

In Japan every unmarried woman wears a scarlet skirt. This she discards and stains her teeth black when she marries.

Of the 2,100 inmates of the New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men during the past ten years, only five have died.

The price to be paid by the Manhattan Club for the Stewart palace in New York is $800,000, which is much below the cost.

The slaughter of alligators in Florida seems to increase. More than 1,600 alligator hides were sold at Fort Ogden in one week lately.

A young woman at Beloit, Kan., was recently paid the bounty on the scalps of nine young wolves which she captured while herding cattle.

A Paris journal asserts that an English ex-hangman has been hired by an American manager for a lecture tour in the United States, and is to receive $40,000 over his expenses.

The Congregational association of Ohio has passed resolutions condemning President Cleveland for the recent orders forbidding the use of the vernacular in the Indian schools.

A family consisting of two men, one woman and two children have taken up their abode in a mammoth hollow sycamore tree on the banks of the Kanawha River in West Virginia.

Mr. Gladstone's review of Colonel Ingersoll's attack upon revealed religion has been so much in demand that twenty-two editions of the May number of the *North American Review* containing it have been issued.

In Scotland recently a man was fined half a guinea for going to church on Sunday and while one of the worshipers was bending at prayer demanding from him two days' wages alleged to be due his son.

Cardinal Gibbons and thirteen archbishops meet in Baltimore early in June to decide what the attitude of the church shall be toward the Knights of Labor, the American Federation of Labor, and the Anti-Poverty society.

At the last Queen's drawing-room the costumes of the American ladies were much more sober than those of the English. Yellow and pink seemed to be the London fashion, while chiefly white or black were chosen by the Americans who were presented.

In one of his recent lectures Prof. Felix Adler denounced the project of building a great cathedral in New York by the Episcopalians, declaring that the money could be more profitably devoted to the saving of lives in the tenement-house districts.

Edward Jackson dug some curiosities from a mound in his garden near Greensboro, Ga., a day or two ago. In the mound were pieces of old pots, artistically carved, made from different colored mud. Pieces of a collar-bone and other parts of a human skeleton were also excavated.

The future of Montana is contained in the following prophecy by a cashier of a bank in Helena: "We have four things to depend on in Montana—agriculture, cattle raising, horse raising and mining. There are twenty-seven millionaires living in Helena, and we ain't going to be a one-crop State."

The province of Quebec, Canada, is said to be the most Catholic part of the globe. Out of a total population of 1,549,000, the Catholics number about 1,485,000. Directing this religious body are 1 cardinal, 2 archbishops, 7 bishops, 1 apostolic prefect and 1,546 priests and religieuses. There are 907 churches, 21 seminaries and colleges, 232 convents, and 69 hospitals.

In New York a panel in some of the elevated cars has been hired by some pious people for the proclamation of scripture texts. In Philadelphia the same practice exists in some of the street cars, which are further supplied with tracts, some of them bearing the same relation to good religious literature that a dime novel does to a tale of Walter Scott.

General Boulanger has chosen an emblematic flower, which he begs all his friends to wear. It is the clove pink. Certainly it has the merit of a more pungent odor than the Royal lilies or the Imperial violets, and it is perhaps as dignified a posy as Kaiser Wilhelm's cornflowers or the Austrian Kaiser's daisies. But punning critics say the cornflower would have been the most appropriate for Boulanger.

Two thousand emigrants left Liverpool for Canada in one week this year, and the next week six additional steamers with a capacity of 4,500 had to be put on, and they were all filled, and many passengers had to remain over for another week for lack of room. The rate of emigration has been maintained at almost the same point ever since, it is said, and the record of the season will be unprecedented.

A Maine newspaper says that the price of lumber in New York regulates the price of stumpage in Maine. If spruce is worth $15 a thousand, the Maine man figures this way: Lumber $15 in New York; freight and insurance about $3 a thousand; rafting and milling, $4; cutting and hauling, $4. This leaves $4, and that would be the price of stumpage. If lumber is worth $16, stumping is $5 in Maine.

A Hudsonville, Mich., merchant by the name of Wolf, who did not believe his safe to be burglar-proof, tied a card to the door knob and wrote upon it: "Please do not blow open; combination not on. Respectfully yours, L. M. Wolf." The other morning he came down and discovered "Thanks" written upon the other side of the card. Then he yanked the safe open and found that $76.38 in cash and papers valued at $1,500 had been stolen. However, he saved the safe.

Margaret Andrews Oldham, the new Southern poet, is an attractive little woman, whose years are not much beyond a score and a quarter. She has a pretty, intelligent face, with a shapely nose, large blue eyes, expressive mouth, and a shell pink complexion. She inherits her literary inclination from her father, who was a college president, while her mother is at the head of an educational institution. Her husband is a journalist and writer, and her brother is a lawyer-editor.

In the current number of the *Critic* Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale seems inclined to support Dr. Marcou's theory that the Vespucius was nicknamed Americus, precisely as General Gordon was called "Chinese" and Stanley "Congo." Dr. Marcou holds that the word America comes from Amerique, the name of a mountain chain in Costa Rica, and believes that Vespucius may have been so called because he had "America on the brain." Dr. Hale's suggestion that the controversy will undoubtedly run on for a couple of hundred years longer is very pertinent.

A citizen of Rockland, Me., made a bargain with a butcher to kill and sell his fat cow on commission. The butcher took the cow, and the first offer he received for the meat was from the owner, who did not recognize the carcass. He bought three-quarters of the meat at a low price, and sold it at a small profit; and the next day got the other quarter, after beating the butcher down. When he settled with the butcher for his own cow he was angry because the meat sold so cheaply, but he was speechless when he found out that he'd bought his own beef and sold himself.

An account of heroic self-denial comes from Indiana. In Clark county a Methodist minister, called upon a certain merchant in one of the villages and with tears in his eyes acknowledged his inability to pay a small debt. Inquiry elicited the fact that the preacher was sick three months last fall and was reduced to the necessity of the strictest economy to get through the winter and pay his bills. He actually wintered his horse and cow on $2.50 each, and the food for himself and wife per week did not exceed 25 cents. This is probably the closest housekeeping ever attempted by a white man. The poor fellow, however, is feeble, but he has almost all his debts paid.

Voices From the People.

AND

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

General Gordon.

The following was written inspirationally through the hand of Mr. Robert Kneeshaw, from the subject suggested by the writer (Gordon's place in History as a Soldier, Statesman and Philanthropist), which was submitted to the audience at the A. T. S., Montreal, as a subject for discourse Sunday, April 22, 1888:

"Sleep! Gordon, Sleep! thy task is done,
Thy battle fought and victory won.
Cut off from help with foes around
Thy life, a fitting sequel found.
Nor can we deem that life in vain
That broke oppression's triple chain,
And taught the savage to adore
The white man's God, despised before.
Let bigots pout the lip of scorn
And nurse their wrath in envy born,
Thy fame, in palace and in lot
Shall live when they are all forgot.
Aye! ages yet unborn shall tell
How well thou fought and how thou fell,
Still bravely battling for the right
In desperate, but yet glorious fight.
Save this, thy end is all unknown
And on thy grave rests not a stone
To tell where one so true, so brave,
Lay resting in a warrior's grave.
'Tis better so, thy tomb is free
From morbid curiosity.
'Tis emblematic of thy worth
Unknown, unrecognized on earth;
And yet we know thy eyes of love
Still beaming from thy home above
Smile yet on him who carries on
That work, by thee so well begun.
For Emir's heart no paltry fear
Can know whilst thou art hovering near,
To cheer, to succor, and defend,
Thy servant, follower and friend."

Montreal, Canada. J. B. CLARKSON.

REV. J. H. HARTER, OF AUBURN, NEW YORK.

How He Obtained His Title, and What the Object of His Mission.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Frequently, in writing and verbally, have I been asked to answer the following questions, and if my answers are considered worthy of a place in your valuable paper, will you have the kindness to make room for them?

"Mr. Harter, we see that you are styled Minister of the Church of Divine Fragments, located wherever a fragment of humanity can be found."

"How did you receive or obtain this long title, and what is the object of your mission?"

In reply, allow me to say that in my reform work, or lecturing, I frequently have persons (who, learning that I am from Auburn, N. Y.,) come to me, requesting that I should visit and carry a message of love to a husband, father, brother or son, who is a convict in the Auburn Prison. With these requests I have often complied. Having received from a mother, in the western part of this State not only the name of a dear son confined for life in the prison, but several presents for him as tokens of a mother's affection and love for her son, though confined in prison and clad in the striped garments of a convict. Thus commissioned and with presents in hand I appeared in the office of Chaplain, Rev. Wm. Searls, D. D., (Methodist) desiring an interview with Henry H.

I was informed by the chaplain that the laws of the State prohibited me from visiting convicts in prison as I had done, he stating in substance, that "ministers of the gospel, having charge of a church, parish or congregation in the town, city or ward where the prison is located, can have access to the prison. True, you are preaching, but you are not settled. You have no church or congregation over which you preside in the city, and are thus excluded."

To this I replied by saying that Jesus was never settled over any particular church, parish or congregation, but that he "went about doing good," and in this respect as well as in others, I wished to imitate him; further saying, I am glad Mr. Searls, that you were not Chaplain of the prison mentioned in 1st Peter, 3d chapter and 19th verse—the prison Jesus visited after he was put to death in the flesh and quickened by the spirit, by which he also went and preached unto the spirits in prison; for if you had been Chaplain there you would, in all probability have said, "Jesus, you can't get in here. You are not settled over any church, parish or congregation in the town, city or ward where this prison is located. You are excluded."

Now, Mr. Searls, I wish to inform you that I am "Minister of the Church of Divine Fragments," located wherever a fragment of humanity can be found, and some of my church members are in Auburn Prison, and I desire especially now, to see Henry H. May I be permitted to see him? The convict was soon called, to whom I delivered in rich abundance the love of an affectionate, but nearly heart-broken mother.

To an inspirational impression and to the Rev. Wm. Searls, D. D. Chaplain of the State Prison, at Auburn, N. Y., must the credit be given for the long title which I have borne since the time above referred to.

Meeting again the mother of Henry H. while on a lecturing tour, I was for the second time implored by her to visit in prison the unfortunate son of a loving mother. Again standing before Chaplain Searl, in his office, I was referred to the rules and laws, serving as barriers to my visiting Henry H. in prison.

Pointing to a Bible on the shelf near by, I said, we read in that book that the "Son of man shall come in his glory and all his holy angels with him; and before him shall be gathered all nations." Now Mr. Searls, if we are both "before him," we will, without doubt, among many other words, hear him say, "I was in prison and ye visited me not." In the vast multitudes "which no man can number," he may possibly single out Harter and say, "Are you guilty or not guilty?" to which I will say, "Guilty, my Lord, guilty." Now if he should say, "Why are you guilty?" my reply will be, "My Lord, I tried to visit you when in prison, and got as far as the Chaplain, whose superior authority would not allow me to see you." It is very probable that he will then be heard to say, "Harter, come on the right with the sheep; Searls, go on the left with the goats."

At this juncture of the conference, taking my hat in hand with the view of departing, Chaplain Searls said to attendant, "Send for Henry H." The prisoner was soon before me, and with tear-drops glistening in his eyes, received the comforting and inspiring messages brought to him from one bearing to him the endearing name of mother.

"What is the object of your mission?"

In answer to this question I will reply: The improvement or amelioration of the condition of the lower classes of humanity. Believing as I do, that there is a spark of the "Divine" in every human being, wicked and sinful as he may be.

"There is a gem, however small,
(Oft-times infinitesimal)
In every heart of human kind,
Which may be polished and refined,
And fitted for a higher sphere
Than was allotted to it here,
Where on, and on, it may progress,
In wisdom and true holiness."

Though at present not a "settled minister," but like Jesus, who "went about doing good," or like the "Good Shepherd," who went after the "lost sheep till he found it," so do I seek for those who stray from the fold.

As the sick belong to the doctor till restored to health; as the ignorant pupils belong to the teacher till educated, so the wayward, wicked, sinful intemperate and ungodly, whether in prison or out, belong to my church of "Divine Fragments" till made better, when they graduate or cease to be "fragments," and in turn become "divine helpers" in the great work of reform and salvation, till all "come unto the knowledge of the truth."

Ministers of other churches usually make efforts to increase their membership, while on the other hand I am doing what I can to diminish mine. Many persons, belonging to other churches, by stumbling or becoming bad, lose their standing or membership and are expelled or thrown out, or into my church, which, like the grave takes all that comes, but the only way people can get out of "The Divine Fragment Church," is by becoming good, when they become divine helpers,—"Mighty in deed and word before God and all the people." Luke 24: 19.

Some ministers labor to keep people out of hell, while I work, mostly, to keep hell out of the people. There is a difference as to whether the fire is in the stove, or the stove in the fire—a difference whether the man is in whisky or the whisky in the man. Put a dead man into whisky and it will preserve him, but put whisky into a live man, and if it does not kill him, it will, at least, do him a great injury.

The "Hebrew children" were in the fiery furnace, but there was no fiery furnace in them. Their souls were filled with the sweetness and joys of heaven.

I regret to say that many members of other churches, in conduct, are so much like the conduct of "Divine Fragment" members, that they can only be distinguished by the label or church-mark put upon them. They look, like "fragments" and they act like "fragments." They even assist by voice and vote to keep in force laws, to license my "divine fragment" members to do that which is evil and evil only, yet claim to be followers of the great reformer, who ever "went about doing good." It seems to me that I can hear this reformer say, "Woe unto you, for you make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within are full of extortion and excess. Cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter that the outside of them may be clean also. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for you are like unto whited sepulchers which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all manner of uncleanness. Even so you also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within you are full of hypocrisy and iniquity." Matt. 33: 25-28.

Persons having the characteristics and attributes here mentioned, are evidently "divine fragments," whatever they may say to the contrary, and very much need to be converted into "divine helpers." This conversion is an individual, personal work, to induce people to unite with some church, as I do, to have them unite with honesty, with temperance, with virtue, with charity, and truth, knowing full well that a man can be good, even if he does not belong to any church organization—that the tree is not known by the leaves, the limbs, the trunk, the roots, the location, nor by the label, but by the "fruit;" so man, in the sight of heaven, is not known, loved or respected by his faith, his songs, his prayers, nor his church relationship, but by his deeds, his acts, as "actions speak louder than words."

Meeting a man recently who talked loudly in favor of Christianity, I asked him if he was a Christian? He said, "Yes, but I don't work at it now."

The world needs more workers, more 'divine helpers," more divine "doers of the word," and to this end I do labor. J. H. HARTER.

Auburn, N. Y.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Where is Spiritualism Drifting?

MILTON ALLEN.

This is an important question to all lovers of the great cause of truth. Is it phenomenal only? Or is it to be this and also to be a "setter forth of strange doctrines,"—doctrines partly correct and partly erroneous? Drifting towards occultism and Hindu magic? Or is it drifting towards a better, truer, nobler religion of humanity? At present it seems to be principally on the phenomenal plane. In this, Spiritualism is not singular. All religions have had their beginnings here. Spiritualism and Christianity are alike in this respect at least; for in the early days of Christianity it rested principally on external phenomena.

Jesus taught, it is true, as "man never taught" before; but did the people understand? They were principally looking for outward phenomena. Turning water into wine, feeding the multitudes with a few loaves and fishes, calling Lazarus forth from a supposed death, curing the blind, the deaf, the lunatic and so on. These the people could understand, for their senses were appealed to. His teachings made no very deep impression on his own immediate age. "The wonderful works" he performed, did. And the people flocked to him wherever he went for this purpose. The effect of the teachings came after. So it is now. The people mainly enquire what is done? What can I witness? And not so much yet "What is truth?" This deeper seeking of Spiritualism will come by and by.

The phenomenal has its grand use. It awakens, attracts, causes inquiry and startles people from the profound hypnotic slumber of old dogmas. More than all, it proves the fact of a life after this, and upsets many old errors about death, the resurrection, day of judgment, hell, and so on.

But shall we linger here? Is this all there is of Spiritualism? For the many the answer must be, yes. Thousands look not higher up towards the mountain top. They pass on in blissful ignorance of the grandest teachings the world has ever had. They know not of the rounded up complete system of divine religion that is to come out of this newborn babe in the manger.

There are others, a large number, who not satisfied to linger where the senses mainly are fed, pass on seeking for the fount of higher knowledge. This brings us upon the plane where theory, speculation and new dogmas reign. Here they meet with all sorts of contradictions, vagaries, absurdities, as "baseless as the fabric of a dream." As a dream may not be wholly baseless, so these may not be entirely so. The theory of reincarnation may have some basis of truth; so may occultism, Hindu magic, the theories of "shells," "elementaries," and so on.

How long can an earnest mind seeking for the highest soul food remain here? Not long. The hungering soul must have something more than fine spun theories and absurd speculations. Where shall we go for this soul food? Here is the crucial test of a system. It must either supply all the deep needs of the soul or be stamped as a failure. Can any church supply this need? Not one in all Christendom! They have all been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Need I particularize? Not now. It is not necessary.

Spiritualism, then, is the last resort as far as men can see. Can this meet all the needs of the soul? If it cannot, it, too, is a failure! It is not enough to tell us there is a future. It is not enough to tell us our friends can return and commune with us. The whole world outside of Christendom believe this, have had knowledge of it for untold ages. Spiritualism is on trial before the whole world. Is the world satisfied with it as it exists to-day? No. Is it then a failure? No! But if it stops just where it is and goes no farther, if it remain in statu quo with all its unsolved problems, its uncertain and contradictory theories, its unsatisfactory speculations, it must be pronounced an imperfect system, and we must look farther.

What has the student of Spiritualism in its various phases to say to this? Stand and deliver, is the word to-day to all systems. Thinkers of this new philosophy, let us hear from you.

Philadelphia, Penn.

Cant in Religious Talk.

There is the cant of religion and the cant of politics—one as empty and disagreeable as the other.

I remember hearing an old man pray that he might "hear the sound of a gong in the tops of the mulberry trees." I heard him pray that many times. I have no definite thought of what he meant by it. I surmise he could not tell. There was a pious sound to the words that he liked.

"Justification by faith" carries with it to-day no certain, definite meaning, except to theologians. The preacher of to-day is not talking to the theologians; he is talking to men, women, and children.

We listen to the exhortation, "Save your soul." What is the soul? I do not suppose that we have clear thoughts on that word. Does it mean "yourself"? Well, then, why not say so? The Rev. Mr. Caton remarked the other day that he did not talk about saving souls, but about saving lives. Let us think clear and speak straight.

Take up our sacred song-book and read some of the songs. I think you will notice a quantity of idle repetitions in words—God's name taken in vain and old phrases that have no meaning in them. When I hear a man say "Come to Jesus," I do not know what he means. I wish instead of using those words he would give the meaning in other and plainer words. I hear a man use the words "total depravity." I ask him to explain, and it will take him fifteen minutes to tell me that he does not mean total depravity, but something not so bad. Why use a phrase so unfortunate that it needs a long explanation? The thought is what we need, the fact.

Thought grows; it is a living thing. The growing boy must have some new clothes.—*The Rev. Myron W. Reed.*

Notes From Kansas City, Mo.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

We had a fine audience last Sunday evening and a happy glow of spiritual life and good feeling. The cause in this city is, I think, in a fairly healthy condition and steadily growing better. If there are personal differences and little jealousies they do not reach me to mar the pleasure of my work. There is a growing class who "hunger and thirst after righteousness" and exert a permanent influence for good. A goodly number of Spiritualists give their support to the Unitarian Church which supplies choice intellectual entertainment, but is dumb on the most vital question of the ages.

Dr. Thorne and wife are home from California where they spent the winter, somewhat improved in health, but far from well. He is a pungent thinker and forcible talker, with a fertile store of various information, quick, vigorous and saucy, and bigots and charlatans soon learn to fear and shun him. Mr. Campbell and Judge Esse are representative men, whose influence honors the cause, and a few more like them would establish a permanent movement that would compel the respect of the world. Col. Vanhorn and wife are home from Washington where they spent the winter, and add their influence and patronage to our meetings. Col. Vanhorn is widely known and honored as the founder and editor-in-chief of the Kansas City *Journal*, and his editorials are famous for originality, and breadth of thought, aglow with the progressive spirit of the age. Dr. Smith and family are active in sowing the good seed and helping the cause. Dr. Granville, who has been absent on business much of the time has now settled down to steady work in this city. Mr. Baker, who has been a faithful supporter of the meetings, and always purchased the JOURNAL, had the misfortune about a month ago to get his foot crushed, since which time we miss his helpful presence among us. Dr. Bowker and Mr. and Mrs. Wood have had severe trials and sickness which deprived us of their presence, but I think they are all in good condition now. Dr. Kimmell and wife enjoy the communion with the angels and are devoted. Charles Fillinore is a broad-minded investigator and a graduate from Agnostic Materialism to Spiritualism and recently paid his respects to Christian Science. Unfortunately for us his physical infirmities deprive us of his presence at the meetings which he liberally supports both morally and financially. C. W. Fairman is a "pillar in our church," whose influence and substantial aid quietly support, and whose social bearings are wholesome and independent. He and his amiable companion are faithful attendants and their presence helpful to the weak and lukewarm. Talk as we will of individual sovereignty, every movement depends much upon social magnetism and the inspiration of example. One soul thoroughly enthused will warm a hundred indifferents to life; while every apathetic dead weight must be kindled and carried by those who feel.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is doing a good work here; and those who read it once generally want more, and express appreciation and approval of its high aims and cultured thought and manifest increasing interest in its weekly visits. I close my eight months' engagement here Sunday, May 27th, and regretfully part with the many pleasant friends whose uniform kindness and good will manifest on all occasions have been a helpful tonic to my soul and will be "something sweet to think of" through all coming time.

I expect to attend the annual meeting at Sturgis, Mich., June 15th, 16th, and 17th, and give Chicago a call on my way thence. LYMAN C. HOWE.

922 Cherry Street, Kansas City, Mo.

A Cingalese Rock Fortress.

For the first time for a number of years, the Sigiri Rock, in Ceylon, has been scaled by a European, the feat on this occasion being performed by General Lennox, who commands the troops in the island. It is said, indeed, that only one European, Mr. Creasy, ever succeeded in reaching the summit. The rock is cylindrical in shape, and the bulging sides render the ascent very difficult and dangerous. There are galleries all round, a groove about four inches deep being cut in the solid rock. This rises spirally, and in it are fixed the foundation bricks, which support a platform about six feet broad, with a chunam-coated wall about nine feet high. The whole structure follows the curves and contours of the solid rock, and is cunningly constructed so as to make the most of any natural support the formation can afford. In some places the gallery has fallen completely away, but it still exhibits flights of fine marble steps. High up on the rock are several figures of Buddha, but it is a mystery how the artist got there, or how, being there, he was able to carry on his work. The fortifications consist of platforms, one above the other, supported by massive retaining walls, each commanding the other. Owing to the falling away of the gallery, the ascent in parts had to be made up a perpendicular face of the cliff, and General Lennox and four natives were left to do the latter part of the ascent alone. The top they found to be a plateau about an acre in extent, in which were two square tanks with sides 30 yards and 15 feet respectively in length, cut out of the solid rock. A palace is believed to have existed on the summit at one time, although time, weather, and the jungle have obliterated all traces of it. During the descent the first comer had to guide the foot of the next into a safe fissure, but all reached the bottom safely after two and a half hours. It is said that the amount of work expended on the galleries is incredible, and the writer of the account of the feat doubts if all the machinery of modern times could accomplish the stupendous work that was achieved here in old days by manual labor alone.—*Scientific American.*

"CATHOLIC" ALDERMEN.

A Well-Deserved Scoring in Bishop Ireland's Paper.

The action of the nineteen so-called Catholic Aldermen in Chicago in defeating an ordinance designed to protect schools and churches from the vicious proximity of saloons has entailed upon them and the Council of that city a disagreeable notoriety which can only be removed by their defeat at the next elections. The ordinance had been drawn up with the laudable object of empowering the Mayor to refuse licenses to saloons erected within 200 feet of a school or a church. Every one of the "Catholic" Aldermen voted against the proposed measure, and their opposition, coupled with that of other saloonists, secured its rejection. It is not too much to say that there is no honest and respectable man in Chicago or any other city who would not feel himself degraded by association with these Aldermen. If there is anything which recommends itself to the support of a citizen not hopelessly depraved by the saloon, it is surely an ordinance framed for the protection of school children from the contaminating influence of drunkenness. It is the impressions formed at that period of their lives which mold and give color to their character forever afterward. The curse of the Redeemer of Mankind rests upon those who demoralize young: "Wo unto whomsoever shall scandalize one of these little ones who believe in me."—*St. Paul Northwestern Chronicle (Bishop Ireland's paper).*

John Wesley on the American Revolution.

A curious and characteristic letter of John Wesley, bearing date of June 14, 1775, has been discovered by the Historical Manuscript Commission among the family papers of the Earl of Dartmouth. It is addressed to Lord Dartmouth, at that time Secretary of State for the Colonies, and is an energetic and passionate protest against the war in America. "All my prejudices," says the writer, "are against the Americans, for I am a High Churchman, the son of a High Churchman, bred up from my childhood in the highest notion of passive obedience and nonresistance. And yet, in spite of all my rooted prejudices, I cannot avoid thinking, if I think at all, that an oppressed people asked for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner which the nature of the case would allow. But waiving all considerations of right and wrong, is it common sense to use force toward the Americans? Remember Rehoboam, remember Philip II., remember Charles I."—*St. James Gazette.*

L. H. Warren writes: "I cannot do without the JOURNAL. I consider it the best spiritual paper published. The bold stand you have taken against fraud and dishonest mediums is commendable, and ought to make every honest Spiritualist stand by you in your noble work."

Cassadaga Camp, New York.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The spring of 1888 opened up with brighter prospects for Cassadaga than any former year. The improvement of the grounds in uprooting stumps and grading is especially noticeable to one who has spent the past six months away from the Island. Fifteen cottages, most of them fine in architectural adornment and finish have been built since last year, and fifteen more are to be erected before camp opens. Also a large hall, two stories, with lecture, lyceum, library and reading-room,—a want that has been long felt.

Our grand picnic and Sunday assembly, 8th, 9th and 10th of June, is being looked forward to with bright anticipations of enjoyment. Mrs. Elizabeth Waston of Cal., and Mr. J. Clegg Wright as speakers for the occasion, insure its success. Little Miss Libbie Lowe grew into the hearts of the people in this the land of her nativity, and her power to move and thrill the multitude has grown no less. No one will receive a more hearty welcome at Cassadaga Camp than the "little preacher of the Golden Gate."

Mr. Wright takes the platform at Cassadaga for the first time. His published lectures show him to be a sound reasoner and true philosopher. The North Western band will furnish music for the occasion. It is widely known as discoursing the sweetest and best of music.

The Camp meeting opens July 21st, and closes August 26th. Circulars will be ready for distribution at the Picnic.

Mr. T. J. Skidmore resigned his position as President of the Association at the last annual election and Mr. A. Gaston, of Meadville, Pa., is his successor. Mr. Archie Gaston of the same place is secretary, and either of the above parties should be addressed by any one wishing circulars or information concerning Cassadaga Camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Skidmore are indefatigable workers and take an unfailing interest in the cause. They have built a beautiful residence on the avenue overlooking the lake and make this their permanent home.

Mrs. C. Cook, of Jamestown, N. Y., is ever deserving of mention and also has a handsome cottage on the ave. In her frequent trips to the camp she comes laden with flowering shrubs and plants and to her taste and energy we owe most of the adornment on the grounds in that line. Cottagers who come early enough and those who have made permanent homes here do and will lend willing hands to help make Cassadaga all that it promises, The Camp of America. M. J. RAMSDELL.

The Late Prof. A. H. Worthen.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Will you permit a few thoughts in memory of the late Prof. A. H. Worthen, of Warren, Ill., who passed on to the higher life from his late home, May 6th, 1888, to join the partner of his life, whom he has so truly mourned for the past three years.

During nearly ten years' acquaintance with Prof. Worthen, it has been a special privilege for me to regard him as an earthly father, a person in whom I could confide and go to for counsel and advice concerning my public labors or private business; a man in whose presence one felt lifted to a higher plane of thought and action; whose very being seemed to be surrounded with grand and ennobling influences that all persons, whether sensitive or not, could but feel and recognize.

During my engagements at Cincinnati for the month of March and the anniversary in early April, it was my privilege to meet the Professor and receive his words of counsel. At the close of the anniversary, he very kindly invited me to accompany him to his home in Illinois, and spend the interim I had to spare before meeting my engagement in New York, at his house,—an invitation which I very gladly and thankfully accepted. As I am naturally inclined to look at mother nature in her geological aspect, such an opportunity to behold the elaborate and beautiful museum of geological specimens, and in the presence of one who could give the historic and needed information as I took each specimen, was not to be ignored. During the last visit the Professor spared no pains to give me every attention that I might become familiar with the special specimens I sought to learn. The days were only too few and the hours too short before the time arrived that I must say the good-by, yet in the hopes of again meeting him during the coming campmeeting, but it was not so to be.

For many years Prof. Worthen had been a consistent Spiritualist; a good man, with a rare intellect; a man of culture, honored and respected. At the time of his demise he was completing the most elaborate work on the geological survey of the State of Illinois that has ever been made, but the summons came, and he answered the call, and has gone to join the loved and loving in a brighter and purer sphere of existence. JENNIE B. HAGAN.

South Framingham, Mass.

PREACHING BY A GHOST.

The Colored Minister Who Was Hung Appears to His Congregation.

The following dispatch, under date of May 19th, Augusta, Ga., was received by the Chicago *Tribune:*

The negroes around Woodville are in a terrible state of excitement over the reported appearance of the ghost of the Rev. George McDuffie, whose hanging in Greensboro was reported last week. McDuffie was pastor of the little colored church near Woodville, Ga., and killed a deacon for having won from him the affections of Sarah Haines. There was no preaching in the little church last Sunday owing to the want of a preacher. Those who did wander toward the church, however, report that they saw the ghost of their old pastor enter the pulpit. He was dressed in a flowing white robe, and his face, while black, still had the appearance of perfect transparency. He preached long and earnestly, warning his old hearers to beware of women. Monday night a great crowd gathered around the church, but several of the deacons declared that Brother George would not appear to please Godless sightseers, but to those who were faithful he would certainly make himself known. The faithful were asked in and the others excluded, when, suddenly, a noise as of the flapping of wings was heard, and the congregation with heads bent to the ground heard once more the beloved voice of their pastor. Every night since, so the partisans of McDuffie declare, he has appeared in the church, and he promises to make it warm for any preacher who attempts to succeed him. The negroes have quit work and loiter around the church, each one trying to outvie the other in wonderful tales about McDuffie.

A MODERN LAZARUS.

Return to Life of a Man Whose Coffin Had Been Lowered Into the Grave.

A latter-day Lazarus has temporarily returned to life at a place called Esparron in the department of the Haute-Garonne, France. He was an elderly man, name Bade, whose death had been duly certified by the local doctors. Preparations were made for his burial, and the coffin containing his body was actually lowered into the grave, when a hollow voice was heard uttering moans between the four boards. Then followed several distinct knocks on the inside of the coffin lid. Most of the people who were standing around the grave were terrified and ran away as if they were pursued by a battalion of "bogies." The cure, the croque-morts, and the sexton showed, however, no signs of trepidation, and one of the funeral fraternity of mutes went for the Mayor, while another boldly and rather practically shouted down to the supposed dead man, "Attends un peu mon vieux." ("Wait a bit, old man.") When the Mayor arrived the coffin was opened and the man was taken out, but the fright was too much for him. All the town was soon talking of the "Modern Lazarus," whose resurrection was regarded as a miracle; but, after having hovered for a day or two between time and eternity, the venerable villager at last departed from the precincts of the cheerful day in real earnest.

A Dream That Came True.

According to the Philadelphia *Times*, Thomas Mauk, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., dreamed two years ago that he found a pot of money concealed in a certain tumble-down building on one of the back streets. The dream made such an impression upon him that he determined to buy the property, which he lately succeeded in doing for $300. The other day, in making some repairs, he found an old pot in the flue with nearly $5,000 in it.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Henry T. Coxwell, the balloonist, is seventy years of age, and has made 700 voyages in the air.

There are now twenty-two crematories in Europe, where more than 1,400 incinerations took place last year.

The Russian military maneuvers are to take place this year at Odessa in August, and the Emperor will be present.

A gambler is reported to have lost over $100,000, all his property, at a faro bank in Denver one day last week.

The Ameer of Afghanistan is said to be meditating a journey to England to call on the Empress of India this summer.

A circular fan into which sweet-scented grass is bound by tiny ribbons wafts perfumed breezes upon beauty's cheek.

In Japan every unmarried woman wears a scarlet skirt. This she discards and stains her teeth black when she marries.

Of the 2,100 inmates of the New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men during the past ten years, only five have died.

The price to be paid by the Manhattan Club for the Stewart palace in New York is $800,000, which is much below the cost.

The slaughter of alligators in Florida seems to increase. More than 1,600 alligator hides were sold at Fort Ogden in one week lately.

A young woman at Beloit, Kan., was recently paid the bounty on the scalps of nine young wolves which she captured while herding cattle.

A Paris journal asserts that an English ex-hangman has been hired by an American manager for a lecture tour in the United States, and is to receive $40,000 over his expenses.

The Congregational association of Ohio has passed resolutions condemning President Cleveland for the recent orders forbidding the use of the vernacular in the Indian schools.

A family consisting of two men, one woman and two children have taken up their abode in a mammoth hollow sycamore tree on the banks of the Kanawha River in West Virginia.

Mr. Gladstone's review of Colonel Ingersoll's attack upon revealed religion has been so much in demand that twenty-two editions of the May number of the *North American Review* containing it have been issued.

In Scotland recently a man was fined half a guinea for going to church on Sunday and while one of the worshipers was bending at prayer demanding from him two days' wages alleged to be due his son.

Cardinal Gibbons and thirteen archbishops meet in Baltimore early in June to decide what the attitude of the church shall be toward the Knights of Labor, the American Federation of Labor, and the Anti-Poverty society.

At the last Queen's drawing-room the costumes of the American ladies were much more sober than those of the English. Yellow and pink seemed to be the London fashion, while chiefly white or black were chosen by the Americans who were presented.

In one of his recent lectures Prof. Felix Adler denounced the project of building a great cathedral in New York by the Episcopalians, declaring that the money could be more profitably devoted to the saving of lives in the tenement-house districts.

Edward Jackson dug some curiosities from a mound in his garden near Greensboro, Ga., a day or two ago. In the mound were pieces of old pots, artistically carved, made from different colored mud. Pieces of a collar-bone and other parts of a human skeleton were also excavated.

The future of Montana is contained in the following prophecy by a cashier of a bank in Helena: "We have four things to depend on in Montana—agriculture, cattle raising, horse raising and mining. There are twenty-seven millionaires living in Helena, and we ain't going to be a one-crop State."

The province of Quebec, Canada, is said to be the most Catholic part of the globe. Out of a total population of 1,549,000, the Catholics number about 1,485,000. Directing this religious body are 1 cardinal, 2 archbishops, 7 bishops, 1 apostolic prefect and 1,546 priests and religieuses. There are 907 churches, 21 seminaries and colleges, 232 convents, and 69 hospitals.

In New York a panel in some of the elevated cars has been hired by some pious people for the proclamation of scripture texts. In Philadelphia the same practice exists in some of the street cars, which are further supplied with tracts, some of them bearing the same relation to good religious literature that a dime novel does to a tale of Walter Scott.

General Boulanger has chosen an emblematic flower, which he begs all his friends to wear. It is the clove pink. Certainly it has the merit of a more pungent odor than the Royal lilies or the Imperial violets, and it is perhaps as dignified a posy as Kaiser Wilhelm's cornflowers or the Austrian Kaiser's daisies. But punning critics say the cornflower would have been the most appropriate for Boulanger.

Two thousand emigrants left Liverpool for Canada in one week this year, and the next week six additional steamers with a capacity of 4,500 had to be put on, and they were all filled, and many passengers had to remain over for another week for lack of room. The rate of emigration has been maintained at almost the same point ever since, it is said, and the record of the season will be unprecedented.

A Maine newspaper says that the price of lumber in New York regulates the price of stumpage in Maine. If spruce is worth $15 a thousand, the Maine man figures this way: Lumber $15 in New York; freight and insurance about $3 a thousand; rafting and milling, $4; cutting and hauling, $4. This leaves $4, and that would be the price of stumpage. If lumber is worth $16, stumping is $5 in Maine.

A Hudsonville, Mich., merchant by the name of Wolf, who did not believe his safe to be burglar-proof, tied a card to the door knob and wrote upon it: "Please do not blow open; combination not on. Respectfully yours, L. M. Wolf." The other morning he came down and discovered "Thanks" written upon the other side of the card. Then he yanked the safe open and found that $76.38 in cash and papers valued at $1,500 had been stolen. However, he saved the safe.

Margaret Andrews Oldham, the new Southern poet, is an attractive little woman, whose years are not much beyond a score and a quarter. She has a pretty, intelligent face, with a shapely nose, large blue eyes, expressive mouth, and a shell pink complexion. She inherits her literary inclination from her father, who was a college president, while her mother is at the head of an educational institution. Her husband is a journalist and writer, and her brother is a lawyer-editor.

In the current number of the *Critic* Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale seems inclined to support Dr. Marcou's theory that the Vespucius was nicknamed Americus, precisely as General Gordon was called "Chinese" and Stanley "Congo." Dr. Marcou holds that the word America comes from Amerique, the name of a mountain chain in Costa Rica, and believes that Vespucius may have been so called because he had "America on the brain." Dr. Hale's suggestion that the controversy will undoubtedly run on for a couple of hundred years longer is very pertinent.

A citizen of Rockland, Me., made a bargain with a butcher to kill and sell his fat cow on commission. The butcher took the cow, and the first offer he received for the meat was from the owner, who did not recognize the carcass. He bought three-quarters of the meat at a low price, and sold it at a small profit; and the next day got the other quarter, after beating the butcher down. When he settled with the butcher for his own cow he was angry because the meat sold so cheaply, but he was speechless when he found out that he'd bought his own beef and sold himself.

An account of heroic self-denial comes from Indiana. In Clark county a Methodist minister, called upon a certain merchant in one of the villages and with tears in his eyes acknowledged his inability to pay a small debt. Inquiry elicited the fact that the preacher was sick three months last fall and was reduced to the necessity of the strictest economy to get through the winter and pay his bills. He actually wintered his horse and cow on $2.50 each, and the food for himself and wife per week did not exceed 25 cents. This is probably the closest housekeeping ever attempted by a white man. The poor fellow, however, is feeble, but he has almost all his debts paid.

The Heavenly Rest.

They built 'em a church up in Probityville,
'Twar finished 'bout two year ago.
It sorter peeps down from the top of a hill
On the village that cuddles below.
It's got a peak-roof an' a tidy white frame
An' a cup'la whar swallers do nest,
An' it 'pears like it just war desarving its name—
The "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

Maria's a member; we hain't got no hoss,
But she didn't mind walkin', she said,
When it come to git help for to lighten her cross
An' rations o' spirit'al bread,
An' sartan as Sund'y come 'round she was thar,
An' she allers come hum seemin' blest
With a song in her heart for her seasons o' pra'r
At the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

One Chris'mas she tuk me along, an' I vum
Ef my sinful ol' heart didn't fill
To the brim when they told of the Savior that come
To crown us with peace an' good will.
An' then, when the organ rolled out with a 'sa'm
That I'd hearn mother sing, why it jest
Seemed to meller my soul an' I felt a sweet ca'm
In the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

I went right along arter that, for the a'r
Seemed the same for the poor as the rich,
For allers they'd beg the Good Father to spar'
'Em from envy an' malice an' sich;
An' when they'd be singin' 'bout blessin' the ties
That bound 'em in love, I confessed
Ef thar was a sweet haven on earth to my eyes
'Twar the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

It's strange how original sin took a holt
Of th at flock, but it sartinly did;
It seemed pretty soon like a frisky young colt
Thro' thar Garden of Eden had rid;
Sister Guile got offended at Sister Ferdun
For somethin'—it couldn't be guessed—
An' both started factions determined to run
That "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

They fit at the start in a mild sorter way,
Still smilin' an' prayin' the same,
But each of 'em strivin', hows'ever, to lay
Some plan 'gainst the t'other one's aim.
The one wanted this, an' the t'other one that,
An' twixt 'em they worked sich a pest
That the Spirit o' Evil jest came out an' sat
On the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

The choir, of course, gave the circus a lift
An' stirred up a terrible fuss,
The bass an' the treble they somehow got miffed
An' the rest had their grudges to nuss.
They warbled right on, but shucks! Ef the style
Of thar feelin's in song they'd expressed
They'd a-draw the hull town about twenty-two mile
From the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

The Dominie poured all the ile that he had
On the turbylent waves, so to speak,
But he might as well tried for to dove-tail a shad
With a bowlder in Scuppernong Creek.
The more he sought peace, why the more he found spleen,
Till at last he declared he'd be blessed
Ef he didn't think Satan had tuk out a lien
On the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

It's sad! mighty sad! It's a sort of a smirch
On religion, they'll say, don't you see?
An' besides, we'd been lookin' at that little church
As a sym'tom of what is to be.
But it's jest as Maria remarks—when we go
From this world, havin' acted our best,
The Lord won't permit us poor critters to know
That kind of a Heavenly Rest.

—*Wade Whipple.*

Fauna of the Tomb.

Concerning this subject, Mr. P. Megin said at the meeting of November 14 of the French Academy of Sciences: "It is generally believed that the buried cadaver is devoured by worms as in the free air, and that such worms grow spontaneously. We know, however, that these so-called worms are the larvæ of insects which arise from eggs deposited upon the cadavers. They consist of diptera, coleoptera, lepidoptera, and arachnidæ, and we find that the time chosen by these organisms for the depositing of their eggs varies in accordance with the degree of decomposition undergone by the cadaver. The time varies from a few minutes to two or even three years after death; but the period of appearance is so regular and constant for each species that we may, by an examination of the debris which they leave, decide upon the age of the cadavers, that is to say, ascertain with accuracy the time of death.

Dr. Talmage.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

After the Rev. Talmage, a few weeks ago in this city, delivered a violent attack against Spiritualism and Spiritualists, the word "scandalous" has been upon the lips of all Spiritualists, and a great many other people who are not. Ladies here and in Baltimore have been writing to Talmage; among other things they have told him, they would not like to enter spirit life with his conscience. Talmage on the theory of the "mad-dog cry," lectured here last night on the "school of scandal," in order to divert attention as much as possible from himself. After all T. is as good a man as his prototype, John Calvin, who caused the death of Servetus. We are now expecting to hear of the explosion of Talmage from "spontaneous combustion."

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Are you sad, despondent, gloomy?
Are you sore distressed?
Listen to the welcome bidding—
"Be at rest."
Have you aches and pains unnumbered,
Poisoning life's Golden Cup?
Think not there's no balm in Gilead, and
"Give it up."
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Sir Provo Wallis, the senior Admiral of the British navy, is 100 years old.

Mrs. Cleveland has been presented by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Monroe County, N. Y., with an elegant microscope and accessories in recognition of her temperance views.

Henry Dean of Sydney, Australia, is visiting relatives in Putnam, Conn. He has been in Australia for forty years, and has made a large fortune in agricultural pursuits. His ranch is 400 miles square, and contains 80,000 sheep, besides cattle and horses. By the drouth last year he lost 40,000 sheep.

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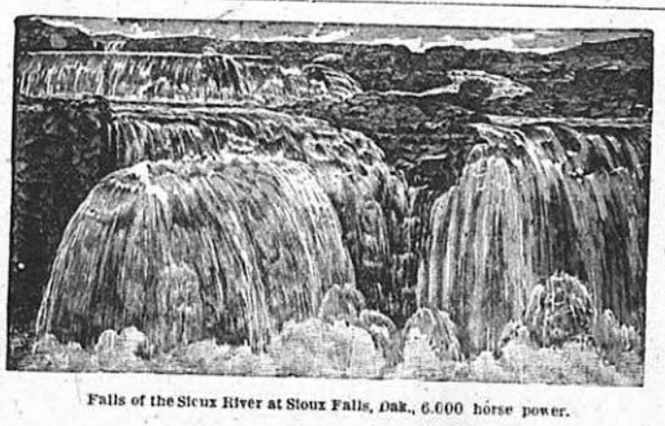
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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Review of Modern Spiritualism Reviewed.

J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

In the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for May 19th is the report of an anniversary address delivered before the Ladies' Aid Society of Boston by Charles Dawbarn. I presume that the report is correct, as Mr. Dawbarn carefully prepares all his lectures, and has them in manuscript. I take it that this is published under his authority and complete endorsement. I assume that every position taken in the discourse he has well matured and thought out, and thus places it before us a contribution to what I might call the literature and philosophy of modern Spiritualism. I have not a word to say about my friend Charles Dawbarn. All my attention and interest are centered in this address. It contains a great many things which are very excellent; some things which are half true; some things which are misleading; and some things which are positively erroneous. It is styled a "Review of Modern Spiritualism," but it does not review modern Spiritualism. Probably this title was given to it merely to distinguish it from some other lecture, and was never intended to be descriptive of its contents. It might have been called "A Discourse on Some Speculative and Ethical Aspects of Modern Spiritualism." A review of it, it is not. The name is a misnomer. The address is rabid and fierce, the lecturer fearless. Some propositions are boldly taken, with the assurance that grave philosophers were all agreed upon them, and words are used which ought to have been carefully defined, as they are differently used by great thinkers and writers; and a great deal is said solely upon the personal authority of the speaker. These are great defects that spoil its intrinsic value. A great part of the address is taken up in the affirmation of matters which are purely transcendental. Propositions are launched without evidence, and conclusions declared without a shadow of a syllogism to support them, upon subjects which learned men have treated with great gravity and reverential moderation. He makes the mistake of being sarcastic when modesty would have been more fitting, and modest when sarcasm would have been appropriate. It was not necessary for Mr. Dawbarn to say: "I propose to leave our Spiritualist orators to chant their anthems to-day," as much as to say, "I am laden with more precious grain." But this is almost hypercriticism, and I pass on. Mr. Dawbarn says: "Therefore morality is the one all-important point; that is to say, our conduct toward each other; and I want to show you that morality and religion have nothing to do with each other."...."Modern Spiritualism in its very essence deals with morals, not religion, and proclaims the gospel of true manhood as distinct from every other gospel that would lean upon God."

A tyro in ethical philosophy knows that morals and religion are distinct, and can be defined apart. We have learned treatises on moral science and profound disquisitions upon religion. Religion and morality are not the same thing, but there are certain points where they touch and amalgamate. It is difficult to see the action of one without seeing the presence of the other. The Christian moralist founds morals upon the authority of a divine revelation; the philosophical deist upon reason, and the school of Bentham upon the "greatest happiness for the greatest number." This address does not tell us what morality is; upon what it is founded, nor what are the exact connections between it and modern Spiritualism. We find no definition of modern Spiritualism. What does he mean by Modern Spiritualism? He has left us in the dark entirely as to what he means by it. What can he mean by the term religion? He does not tell us, and that was the very thing he ought to have done. True manhood is a loose phrase in this connection and ought to have been defined; and then what does he mean by universal law? "Morality," he says, "means our conduct toward each other." Probably he meant to say this: "Morality is good or right conduct toward each other." Conduct means all the individual acts toward each other.

There is conduct that is good; conduct that is bad; and indifferent conduct,—conduct neither good nor bad. Morality, then, is right conduct between man and man. What is right conduct? What does modern Spiritualism tell us about good and bad conduct? What new thing has Spiritualism brought into ethical science? There was a science of morals before modern Spiritualism. There was a system of morals before Seneca as there was a philosophy before Marcus Aurelius. When we see a good mowing machine, we mean a machine that cuts grass well. It is made of parts, and every part works as it was intended by the maker, to one end, to cut grass well. When I say a bad watch, I mean a watch which will not keep time; it may be silver or gold.

In the formation of society, the framing of such laws as would lead individuals to pursue a course of right conduct was difficult, because the right adjustment of the different parts of society was a complicated problem. Law is the oral or written standard of moral authority; and sometimes, as in Russia, the law is the will of the Czar, who is absolute sovereign, and in the republic of the United States law in theory is the expression of the will of the people, the people being absolute sovereign. This law is the standard of right and wrong

Mr. Dawbarn talks of universal law. I do not know what he means. What is that law? What is the difference between Jehovah and universal law? Universal law is Mr. Dawbarn's substitute for God. He cannot worship universal law; it cannot hear prayer; it is not a fountain of honor; it makes no distinction between good and evil; it is a general term. I suppose that, in the absence of his definition it signifies the mechanical process which nature impresses upon our experience in the development of all phenomena. If I used the words in that combination, that would be about what I would mean. Universal law is neither good nor evil. That is good which pleases me, and that is evil which displeases me or hurts me. Morality is, then, that code of conduct which will make the most people happy when practiced by any community. And what will make people happy? Every organ in the body performing its functions correctly, and every organ of the mind performing its functions correctly. The supreme happiness, then, is the machine of society working correctly—the watch keeping good time. Burke says, "Law is beneficence acting by rule." John Stuart Mill, one of the greatest authorities upon the word law that I could quote says: "It is the custom wherever they can trace regularity of any kind to call the general proposition which expresses the nature of that regularity a law." Universal law, then, is universal regularity in the development of all phenomena in nature.

Mr. Dawbarn says, "That modern Spiritualism comes as a revelation of the universal law of life." I cannot see that modern Spiritualism does any such thing. It has thrown no light upon the nature of life which is new to us. We believed before the advent of modern Spiritualism that life appeared by a process of regularity or creation upon the earth. The Darwinian hypothesis of the process of evolution affirms this. The affirmation of the direct creation of life, or separate creations of different forms of life at different cosmic periods, denies the regularity of the universal law of life. The doctrine of the universal law of life is simply unproved. Mr. Dawbarn makes no attempt to prove this proposition. Does he assert it solely upon his personal authority? Again, life as force; does modern Spiritualism reveal anything regarding the nature and character of the varied actions of this force-life? If so, what? Mr. Dawbarn ought to have stated what. Modern Spiritualism has not made a revelation. It is not a revelation. It is a great study of certain physical and psychic phenomena in nature, which can be best understood on the hypothesis that they are produced by departed disembodied men and women.

In the present state of human knowledge regarding these phenomena we have no standard of certitude of the intellectual and moral conditions in the life beyond. We have no reliable data by which we can form any statistical, sociological knowledge of the Spirit-world. Swedenborg's heaven and hell are theological revelations. Andrew Jackson Davis is a second edition of Swedenborg deteriorated; so long as the human mind is constituted as it is we cannot get a revelation of the statistical conditions of spirits, because the mind can only sense that which becomes objective body and palpable to the senses. Spiritualism gives no universal law of life, either for this part here or the part beyond. It is not a moral system, but it is indifferent. It is neither good nor bad in itself, like astronomy. Practical working Spiritualism has adopted from philosophy a moral system on one side, and from Christianity on the other side. Spiritualism is divided into two great sects: Rational Spiritualism and Christian Spiritualism. Spiritualism proper consists of phenomena, in themselves neither good nor bad, neither rationalistic nor Christian. If I be an atheist I adopt the fact of Spiritualism to my atheism; if a Christian I follow the same process.

The controversy between Christianity and infidelity of course becomes the leading controversy of Spiritualism. It is natural; it must be so. The phenomena of Spiritualism pin us right down to the issues raised in the problems of Christian theology. There is a problem unsettled in the general discussion: What amount of credibility is due to what are called the utterances of spirits touching matters beyond the province of immediate human experience? It is but the testimony of a witness we can not look in the eye, and which is self-contradictory. I disbelieve Christian theology because it is not consistent with human knowledge and reason, not because I am a Spiritualist, or that it is condemned by spirits. If a spirit told me that Jesus Christ was God, I would not believe him. To me it is an axiom that gods never have walked at any time this world. I would hold this axiom all the same if I were not a Spiritualist. I in like manner possess an ethical philosophy which I hold because I approve it by my reason, not because I am a Spiritualist. Now I come to the term "Religion." I mean by it worship. It is a mental and moral act of reverence to some object. For example, Jehovah was the Jewish personification of universal power and law. He is the god of a part of the human race at a certain given period of time and locality, and his personality is the totality of the ideal that people could form of the power of the mysterious universe. If he did love Jacob and hate Esau, that people believed that he was absolute sovereign. He could do no wrong. He had no moral obligations; no controlling necessities—absolute God! God could not be guilty of murder because he was under no law. If he did drown men, women and babies like young kittens, he was not cruel, because he was absolute sovereign of the universe. All men die; universal law kills every man, but I would not charge universal law with murder. Some men are fitted by nature to succeed in life; others are not; but I would not say that because of that universal law was at fault. Moral conduct or law can not be applied to God nor universal law. I do not attribute human slavery to the drunkenness of Noah or the decree of God. Two thousand years ago some races might have thought so. Men then reasoned upon their knowledge as we do, and let us not forget that they had less knowledge than we have. Judge the Jews and Christianity by the development of the human mind at the period when this people lived and when this system of religion grew.

If all men were as finely endowed as Spinoza, his ethical and philosophical system would work; but Christianity would be better for the thieves of New York. The rewards of heaven would have the tendency to tempt them to paths of virtue, and the fear of hell would retard them in their villainy. It would be a disaster, it seems to me, to take away religion from the people as a whole, because it has a vast control over personal conduct. Religion is the moral ideal or illusion; our ideal of beauty, order, power, and sublimity. Liberty would be anarchy without religion in the present state of the world. A nation that submits to Christianity is only fit for Christianity. Milk for babies and strong meat for those who can take it. A nation which can hold republican institutions is fit for them. France in '92 was not fit for a republican liberty. It tasted of liberty and went mad, and it is doubtful whether the present form of government in France can live. Certain principles belong to certain states of civilization. They have a fitness there. There is a time for Christianity. When it has done all it can for us, the world will see that its doll is stuffed with sawdust. Progress is the outcome of increased mental power and knowledge of the capacity and operations of nature.

All religions are alike in a sense: they are illusions, and these illusions take the place of knowledge upon those mysterious subjects which lie away off in the subsensible world. Mr. Dawbarn gives his lecture to prove that Spiritualism is not a religion, and makes it one before he gets through. He says: "We learn from experience that myriads of men and women remain earth bound spirits, because they have lived solely to earth life here." We have no experiences of the kind. I deny the affirmation and call for experiences. Experiences are knowledge. We have no knowledge of earth-bound spirits. All we have from spirit life comes through mediums, and it is not settled what a medium is. Is a medium a pipe? Is a medium a conditioning body through which the intelligence comes? You have no standard of certitude where you have no personal sensation; but let that pass. Let us say: "We learn from experience that myriads of men and women remain earth-bound spirits, because they have lived solely to earth life here." Then this means that the universal law of life makes the life hereafter one of consequences, in other words a place where virtue is rewarded and vice is punished. This is theological. Man is what he is from his organization and environments. His body is by hereditary law; his mental qualities are due to mechanical causes antecedent to consciousness. There are grades of men as there are grades of cattle. A man's moral state is the measure of his physical qualities; the equilibrium of his circumstances and the fitness of his acts to them. A man's choice is even determined by physical and mental antecedents. The highest moral conduct is the expression of a high organization.

Religion adds to the code of moral conduct: a future reward for obedience and punishment for disobedience. Religion holds in one hand the palm and in the other the sword. With one hand it appeals to love, honor and felicity, and with the other to fear pain and misery. Morals say, "Do right, for it is fittest for the now." Religion says, "Do right because it is also best for the after-life." Mr. Dawbarn raises his voice in solemn religious warning and says: "You live for pleasure, for money, for ambition. You may win all you seek, but you are living in an atmosphere in which no advanced spirit cares to stay." This is a religious exhortation. He holds up future consequence of disobediences. What difference, then, whether we call it universal law, or the religious force of moral law. The religious nature of the point remains the same. Man is a religious creature. Nature inspires the soul with ideals of justice, love and beauty. Art is but a branch of religion; poetry and painting are but the jets of religious power.

Universal law works for righteousness. The harmony of the universe and its dimensions, the marvels of life and mind, when I stand and look upon them they fill me with amazement and wonder at their extent and my incapacity. I add wonder and admiration to my moral code of conduct, but beyond the limit of my knowledge is the infinite something, and of that which I know it is but a continuation. I cannot put any contents into that infinite which I cannot see, but I assume that it is a continuity like that which I do see. Spiritualism brings me into relation with beings beyond me in power and intelligence. They produce phenomena in nature beyond my power to create. In mental capacity and moral nature they are beyond me. Their glory is beyond the limit of my understanding. Their continued existence means continued progress. Such beings fill me with religious aspiration. I want to know them; I want their knowledge and companionship. This is not morals but religion. Religion is that power within me that impels me to realize my ideal. Morals without religion is like a man without feet, or a man without a soul. Listen to the wise words of George Washington:

"Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion."

What would barren morality be without reverence. A civilization that kills its reverence, kills itself. A church that holds no reverence for the teacher in the pulpit is in a bad way. The curse of Spiritualism is its want of reverence. The dark circle is too often a place for wanton excitement and foolish amusements. Often anything but reverence comes there. I will pull off my hat in the presence of Gladstone. I would kneel before the majesty of a member of another world. A moral code dies without reverence. Reverence is an attribute of religion. Religion is that sentiment in my nature that makes ideals from my knowledge and ignorance. It is the main thing about any man's life.

In conclusion, then, I affirm that Mr. Dawbarn has not proved that morality is the one all important point in Spiritualism. He has broken down on the main issue and mistaken the end and character of true religion and failed altogether in logical definition.

Take the sentiment of religion away from morality and it loses half of its power and all its spiritual glory. The compass of the religion of which I speak, does not cover any dogma. Religion is not dogma. Religion is consonant with intellectual freedom, and profound reverence with progressive thought. Mr. Dawbarn starts an issue of vast importance which in my judgment strikes at the very heart of religion and morality as the great civilizing influences of the age. I do not agree with Mr. Dawbarn in this passage, "Don't throw the blame on the medium." I hold all mediums morally responsible for what is done by them or through them. "You live for pleasure, for money, for ambition. You may win all you seek, but you are living in an atmosphere in which no advanced spirits care to stay." By whose authority does Mr. Dawbarn state this? On his own? Please give the authority, "If such be your life I now give you warning. Let modern Spiritualism alone, for it will bring you curse instead of blessing. Chase no medium; hunt no test; seek no phenomena," etc. On what authority is this Jonah like talk made? I ask for proof. Spiritualism means to me certain facts which are found in nature, to be hunted for, and when found tested. A man can be a good scientist, and love money, pleasure and ambition. Indeed, a wise pursuit of these desirable objects is moral. How does the study of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism lead down to hell, if it be the universal law of life? Is hell the end of the universal law of life? What does Mr. Dawbarn know?

The Watson-Morse Picnic at Sunny Brae.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Thursday, May 10th, was a grand gala day with the Spiritualists of San Francisco and Santa Clara County. The basket picnic given that day by Mrs. E. L. Watson, at her home, Sunny Brae, seven miles from the city of Santa Clara, in honor of J. J. Morse and family, was a great success. At 8:30 A. M. a large number of San Francisco Spiritualists, including most of the more active workers at Metropolitan Temple, and a contingent from Oakland, departed by rail for Santa Clara, at which place a number of large carryalls were in readiness to convey them to Sunny Brae. Arriving at Mrs. Watson's beautiful home near noon, the San Franciscans found a vast crowd had preceded them, coming from San Jose, Santa Clara, and other localities adjacent. Altogether there were over two hundred guests upon the grounds. The loveliness and sweetness of Mrs. Watson's residence and its surroundings, including twenty-six acres of land under successful fruit cultivation by her and her son, was the subject of universal remark. I had often heard Sunny Brae described as a veritable little paradise, and upon this, the occasion of my first visit thereto, I found that its charms had not been in any manner exaggerated,—it is indeed a paradisical home of the angels, so to speak.

The contents of the lunch-baskets of the lady visitants were speedily deposited upon the long table stationed under the overspreading trees environing the central mansion, and the feast of good things thus spread out quickly became "small by degrees and beautifully less." Tea, coffee, ice-cream, and lemonade were supplied in bounteous profusion by the smiling hostess, a bevy of lovely damsels, charmingly arrayed in simple white, acting as cup-bearers or Hebes, dispensing the liquid refreshments with natural ease and grace.

Luncheon being disposed of, music, singing, croquet-playing, promenading, social converse, etc., filled up the time till 2 P. M., when the assemblage was called to order from the porch or veranda of the residence, by W. E. Coleman, President of the Temple Society, who, after a few introductory remarks, called upon J. J. Morse to say a few words. He in return was followed by Mrs. Watson. Both Mr. Morse and Mrs. Watson spoke with more than their usual eloquence and beauty, and their remarks were in keeping with the pleasurable occasion.

During the afternoon most of the visitors from San Francisco, San Jose, etc., returned to their homes; and exceedingly loth were they to depart. So enraptured were they with the beauties of Sunny Brae, and so longingly did they wish to remain, that it was with difficulty that many of them could make up their minds that they must go.

In the evening the spacious parlors of Mrs. Watson were graced with the presence of a number of the neighbors of Sunny Brae, principally young gentlemen and young ladies,—over fifty in all being present. The evening guests consisted of the friends and neighbors of Mrs. Watson without regard to their religious faith. Dancing was indulged in to some extent in the afternoon and the evening was almost wholly devoted to the terpsichorean art. At about 10:30 in the evening, ice-cream, cakes and lemonade were handed around; and shortly after midnight the dancing ceased and the guests dispersed,—a few of us remaining over night in Mrs. Watson's hospitable home.

The utmost harmony, fraternity, and good will prevailed throughout the day and evening, and every body seemed more than delighted. This was a day long to be remembered,—a day such as occurs but rarely in one's life-time,—and our heartiest thanks are due to Mrs. Watson for the privilege of thus enjoying ourselves vouchsafed to us by her on that occasion. May happiness and peace ever attend the good and noble woman!

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) Letter.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The present month with our society has been one of variety and merit as regards the speakers we were able and fortunate enough to secure. Beginning with Walter Howell, whom we heard for the last time prior to sailing for England, we were favored with two very able lectures—one on "Theosophy vs. Spiritualism." Following him came Mr. W. C. Bowen, a long time favorite here, who gave back many telling replies to Mr. Talmage's accusations against our cause and people, and drew from the audience many expressions of their appreciation for his remarks. Last Sunday we listened to Mrs. T. B. Stryker, who has officiated so long in New York for the society known as the "Church of Humanity,"—a name by the way which savors strongly of the true church universal and the true name for a unit of that church. Morning and evening she gave two excellent discourses; and while that of the morning was not much more largely attended than is usually the case, the evening audience numbered fully three hundred people.

John Slater has disappeared from Brooklyn and Avon Hall as mysteriously as he came. For four Sundays he drew away from our audience those who preferred his phenomena to our speakers; and notwithstanding he has been here so often and so long at a time I suppose there will always be those who wish to see, hear and wonder at his remarkable tests. Mr. A. H. Dailey will deliver a reply from our platform next Sunday to Dr. Talmage, and following him we close our season with Mrs. Hyzer for a six weeks' engagement. She will, as usual, inspire her audience to transcend the phenomenal plane of Spiritualism and look within themselves for that diviner manifestation of the spirit—that still small voice—that voice of God and Spirit—which ever moves upon the soul of man for his moral and spiritual unfoldment.

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DEATH—AND AFTERWARDS.

Edwin Arnold's Eloquent Plea for the Soul's Immortality.

Man is not by any means convinced as yet of his immortality. All the great religions have in concert affirmed it to him, but no sure logic proves it, and no entirely accepted voice from the farther world proclaims it. There is a restless instinct, an unquenchable hope, a silent discontent with the very best of transitory pleasures, which perpetually disturb his skepticism or shake his resignation, but only a few feel quite certain that they will never cease to exist. The vast majority either put the question aside, being absorbed in the pursuits of life, or grow weary of meditating it without result, or incline to think, not without melancholy satisfaction, that the death of the body brings an end to the individual. Of these, the happiest and most useful in their generation are the healthy-minded ones who are too full of vigor or too much busied with pleasure or duty to trouble themselves about death and its effects. The most enviable are such as find, or affect to find, in the authority of the arguments of any extant religion, sufficing demonstration of a future existence. And perhaps the most foolish are those who, following ardent researches of science, learn so little at the knees of their "star-eyed" mistress as to believe those forces which are called intellect, emotion and will, capable of extinction, while they discover and proclaim the endless conservation of motion and matter.

If we were all sure, what a difference it would make! A simple "yes," pronounced by the edict of developed science; one word from the lips of some clearly accredited herald sent by the departed, would turn nine-tenths of the sorrows of earth into disguised joys, and abolish quite as large a proportion of the faults and vices of mankind. Men and women are naturally good; it is fear and the feverish passion to get as much out of the brief span of mortal years which breed most human offences. And many noble and gentle souls, which will not stoop to selfish sins, even because life is short, live prisoners, as it were, in their condemned cells of earth, under a sentence from which there is no appeal, waiting in sad but courageous incertitude the last day of their incarceration; afraid to love, to rejoice, to labor, and to hope, lest love shall end in eternal parting, gladness in the cheerless dust, generous toils in the irony of results effaced, and hope itself in a vast and scornful denial. What a change if all these could really believe that they are cherished guests in an intermediate mansion of the universe, not doomed captives in one of its dungeons? How happy as well as fair and attractive this planet would become if it were not a doctrine, not a theory, not a poetic dream, but a fact, seen and accepted, that Death arrives not like "Monsieur de Paris" to strip the criminal, to clip his collar and hair, and lop away from him life and love and delight; but as a mother lulling her children to sleep, so that they may wake ready for play in the fresh morning; as the gentlest angel of all the ministers of man, bringing him much more than birth ever brought; and leading him by a path as full of miracles of soft arrangement, and as delicately contrived for his benefit as is the process of birth itself, to brighter heights of existence, simple in their turn and order as the first drops of the breast-milk of his mother, and neither more nor less wonderful!

PRODIGIES ALL AROUND US.

There is no new thing to say hereupon, even if one should personally and sincerely declare he was quite sure he should never cease to be. That would be worth nothing philosophically, and be rendered no whit more valuable because a man should have studied all the creeds and read all the systems and be eager to convey the assurance which none of all these can give or take away. Goodwill may recommend a conviction but cannot impart it. Yet there are reflections, apart from all conventional assertions and dogmas, which might be worth inditing, rather as suggestions to other minds than arguments; rather as indications of fresh paths of thought than as guiding along them. And the first which occurs is to represent the great mistake of refusing to believe in the continuity of individual life because of the incomprehensibility of it. Existences around us, illuminated by modern sciences, are full of incredible occurrences; one more or less makes no logical difference. There is positively not a single prodigy in the ancient religions but has its everyday illustration in nature. The transformations of classic gods and goddesses are grossly commonplace to the magic of the medusa, which is now filling our summer seas with floating bells of crystal and amethyst. Born from the glassy goblet of their mother, the young hydrozoon becomes first a free germ resembling a rice grain; next a fixed cup with four lips; then those lips turn to tentacles, and it is a hyaline flower, which splits across the calyx into segments, and the protean thing has grown into a pine cone crowned with a tuft of transparent filaments. The cone changes into a series of sea daisies, threaded on a pearly stalk; and these, one by one, break up and float away, each perfect little medusa with perfect bell and trailing tentacles. What did Zues or Hermes ever effect like that? Does anybody find the Immaculate Conception incredible? The nearest rose bush may rebuke him, since he will see there aphides, which in their wingless state produce without union creatures like themselves; and these again, though uncoupled, bring forth fresh broods, down to the tenth or the eleventh generations, when lo! on a sudden, winged males and females suddenly result and pair. Or is the Buddhist dogma of immortality in the past for every existent individual too tremendous a demand? The lowest living thing, the Protamœba, has obviously never died? It is a formless film of protoplasm, which multiplies by simple division; and the specimen under any modern microscope derives, and must derive, in unbroken existence from the amœba which moved and fed forty æons ago. The living slime of our nearest puddle lived before the Alps were made.

It is not, therefore on account of the incredibility of a conscious life after death that sensible people should doubt it. I stood last year in the central aisle of the Health Exhibition at South Kensington and observed a graceful English girl lost in momentary interest over the showcase containing the precise ingredients of her fair and perfect frame. There—neatly measured out, labelled and deposited in trays or bottles—were exposed the water, the lime, the phosphorus, the silex, the iron and other various elements, perversely styled "clay," which go to the building up of our houses of flesh and bone. As I watched her half-amused, half-pensive countenance the verse came to my mind, "Why should it seem to you a wonderful thing, though one rose from the dead?" Minerals and grasses have, so science opines, an atomic and ethereal life in their particles, and if we could only imagine them conversing elementally how skeptical they would be that any power could put together the coarse ingredients of that glass case to form by delicate chemistry of nature the peerless beauty, the joyous health, the exquisite capacities and the lovely human life of the bright maiden who contemplated with unconvinced smiles those materials of her being!

THE GREATER MARVEL.

But if passing behind such an everyday analysis of the laboratory science had dared to speak to her of the deeper secrets in nature which she herself embodied and enshrined—without the slightest consciousness or comprehension on her part—how far more wonderful the mystery of the chemistry of her life would have appeared! Some very grave and venerable F. R. S. might, perchance, reverently have ventured to whisper, "Beautiful human sister! built of the water, the flint and the lime: you are more marvellous than all that! Your sacred simplicity does not and must not understand your divine complexity! Otherwise you should be aware that, hidden within the gracious house made of those common materials—softly and silently developed there by forces which you know not, and yet govern, unwittingly exercising a perpetual magic—are tiny golden beginnings of your sons and daughters to be. You have heard of and marvelled at Iliads written on films of fairy thinness, and enclosed within nutshells? Diviner poems, in infinitely fairer characters, upon far subtler surfaces, are inscribed upon each of those occult jewels of your destined maternity. The history of all the vanished lives of those to whom, by many lines and stems, you are the charming heiress—from their utmost heights of mental reach to their smallest tricks of habit and feature; from passions and propensities to moles and birth marks—are occultly recorded in the invisible epigraph of those enchanted germs, to be more or less developed when the flame on that new altar of later life, of which you are the sacred priestess, brings to reproduction such miraculous epitomes." She would not, and could not, understand, of course; yet all this is matter of common observation, the well-established fact of hereditary by pangenesis, certain though incomprehensible. What, therefore, is there to be pronounced impossible, because of our blindness, in regard to endless continuity and successions in individuality, when out of the holy ignorance of such maidenly simplicity there can be thus subtly and steadfastly prepared the indescribable beginnings of motherhood? If one result of each human life should be to produce more or less completely a substantial, though at present invisible, environment for the next higher stage—while handing on, by collateral lives, the lamp of humanity to new hands—that would not be much more strange than the condensation of the oak tree in the acorn, or the natural sorcery of the contact of the milt and the spawn. "Miracles" are cheap enough!

Another consideration having some force is that we should find ourselves speculating about this matter at all. All the other aspirations of infancy, youth and manhood turn out more or less to be prophecies. Instincts explain and justify themselves, each by each. The body foresees and provides for its growth by appetite; the mind expands towards knowledge by childish curiosity; the young heart predicts, by the fleshy cheek and quickening pulse, that gentle master passion which it does not yet understand. There is a significance, like the breath of a perpetual whisper from nature, in the way in which the theme of his own immortality teases and haunts a man. Note also that he discusses it least and decides about it most dogmatically in those diviner moments when the breath of a high impulse sweeps away work-a-day doubts and selfishness. What a blow to the philosophy of negation is the sailor leaping from the taffrail of his ship into an angry sea to save his comrade or to perish with him! He has never read either Plato or Schopenhauer—perhaps not even that heavenly verse, "Whoso loseth his life for my sake, the same shall save it." But arguments which are as far beyond philosophy, as the unconscious life is deeper than the conscious, sufficiently persuade him to plunge. "Love that stronger is than death" bids him dare, for her imperious sake, the weltering abyss; and any such deed of sacrifice and heroic contempt of peril of itself almost proves that man knows more than he believes himself to know about his own immortality. Every miner working for life and children in a "fiery" pit; every soldier standing cool and firm in those desert-zaebas of Stewart and Graham, offers a similar endorsement of the indignant sentence, "If rats and maggots end us, then alarm! for we are betrayed."

INDIVIDUALITY.

"Well," it will be said, "but we may be betrayed!" The bottom of the sea, as the dredging of the Challenger proves, is paved with relics of countless elaborate lives, seemingly wasted. The great pyramid is a mountain of by-gone nummulities. The statesman's marble statue is compacted from the shells and casts of tiny creatures which had as good a right to immortality from their own point of view as he. Moreover, it may be urged, the suicide, who only seeks peace and escape from trouble, confronts death with just as clear a decisiveness as the brave sailor or dutiful soldier. Most suicides, however, in their last written words, seem to expect a change for the better, rather than extinction; and it is a curious proof of the propriety and self-respect of the very desperate, that forlorn women, jumping from Waterloo Bridge, almost always fold their shawls quite neatly, lay them on the parapet, and place their bonnets carefully atop, as if the fatal balustrade were but a boudoir for the disrobing soul. In regard to the argument of equal rights of continuous existence for all things which live, it must be admitted. If the bathybia—nay, even if the trees and the mosses—are not, as to that which makes them individual, undying, man will never be. If the life be not as inextinguishable in every egg of the herring, and in every bird and beast, as in the poet and the sage, it is extinguishable in angels and archangels. What then is that varying existence which can survive and take new shape, when the small dying sea-creature drops its flake of pearl to the ooze, when the dog-fish swallows a thousand trivial herring fry, and when the poet and the sage lie silent and cold?

The reason why nobody has ever answered is that each stage of existence can only be apprehended and defined by the powers appertaining to it. Herein lurks the fallacy which has bred such contempt for transcendental speculations, because people try to talk of what abides beyond, in terms of their present experience. It is true they must do this or else remain silent; but the inherent disability of terrestrial speech and thought ought to be kept more constantly in view. How absurd it is, for example, to hear astronomers arguing against existence in the moon or in the sun because there seems to be no atmosphere in one, and the other is enveloped in blazing hydrogen! Beings are at least conceivable as well fitted to inhale incandescent gas, or not to breathe any gases at all, as to live upon the diluted oxygen of our own air. Embodied life is, in all cases, the physiological equation of its own environing condition. Water and gills, lungs and atmosphere, co-exist by correlation; and stars, suns and planets may very well be peopled with proper inhabitants as natural as nutbushes, though entirely beyond the wit of man to imagine. Even here, in our own low degrees of life, how could the oyster comprehend the flashing cruises of the swordfish, or he conceive the flight and nesting of a bird? Yet these are neighbors and fellow lodgers upon the same globe. Of that globe we build our bodies; we speak of agitating its air; we know of no light save those few lines of its unexplored solar spectrum to which our optic nerves respond. We have to think in terms of earth experience, as we have to live by breathing the earth envelope.

ILLUSIONS.

We ought to be reassured, therefore, rather than disconcerted by the fact that nobody can pretend to understand and depict the future life, for it would prove sorely inadequate if it were at present intelligible. To know that we can not now know is an immense promise of coming enlightenment. We only meditate safely when we realize that space, time and the phenomena of sense are provisional forms of thought. Mathematicians have made us familiar with at least the idea of space of four and more dimensions. As for time it is an appearance due to the motion of the heavenly bodies, and by going close to the North Pole and walking eastward a man might, astronomically, wind back again the lost days of his life upon a reversed calendar. Such simple considerations rebuke materialists who think they have found enough in finding a "law," which is really but a temporary memorandum of observed order, leaving quite unknown the origin of it and the originator. Even to speak, therefore, of future life in the terms of the present is irrational, and this inadequacy of our faculties should guard us from illusions of disbelief as well as of belief. Nature, like many a tender mother, deceives and puts off her children habitually. We learn from Galileo, not from her, that the earth went round the sun; from Harvey, not from her, how the heart worked; from Simpson, not from her, how the measureless flood of human anguish could be largely controlled by the ridiculously simple chemical compound of C_2HCl_3 or "chloroform." Men must be prepared therefore to find themselves misled as to the plainest facts about life, death and individual development. We still inherit the depressing world feuds of the past long after they have sufficiently taught their lessons of human effort and brotherhood; and we shall live in the gloom of ancestral fears and ignorances when the use of them in making man cling to the life which he alone knows has for ages passed away. But all the time, it is quite likely that in many mysteries of life and death we resemble the good knight Don Quixote when he hung by his wrists from the stable window, and imagined that a tremendous abyss yawned beneath his feet. Maritornes cuts the thong with lightsome laughter, and the gallant gentleman falls—four inches! Perhaps nature, so full of unexplained ironies, reserves as blithesome a surprise for her offspring, when their time arrives to discover the simplicity, agreeableness and absence of any serious change in the process called "dying." Pliny, from much observation, declared his opinion that the moment of death was the most exquisite instant of life. He writes, "Ipse discessus animæ plerumque fit sine dolore, nonnunquam etiam cum ipsa voluptate." Dr. Solander was so delighted with the sensation of perishing by extreme cold in the snow that he always afterwards resented his rescue. Dr. Hunter, in his latest moments, grieved that he "could not write how easy and delightful it is to die." The late Archbishop of Canterbury, as his "agony" befell, quietly remarked, "It is really nothing much, after all!" The expression of composed calm which comes over the faces of the newly dead is not merely due to muscular relaxation. It is, possibly, a last message of content and acquiescence sent us from those who at last know—a message of good cheer and of pleasant promise, not by any means to be disregarded. With accents as authoritative as that heard at Bethany it murmurs, "Thy brother shall live again!"

EXPERIENCE AND TERMINOLOGY.

The fallacy of thinking and speaking of a future life in terms of our present limited sense knowledge has given rise to foolish visions of "heaven" and made many gentle and religious minds thereby incredulous. As a matter of observation, no artist can paint even a form in outline outside his experience. Orcagna, in the Campo Santo at Pisa, tried to represent some quiet original angels, and the result is a sort of canary bird with sleeved pinions and a female visage. Man never so much as imagined the kangaroo and ornithorhynchus till Captain Cook discovered their haunts. How, then, should he conceive the aspect of angels and new embodied spirits, and why should he be skeptical about them because his present eyes are constructed for no such lovely and subtle sights? We can perceive how very easily our senses are eluded even by gross matter. The solid block of ice, whereon we stood, is just as existent when it has melted into water and become dissipated as steam, but it disappears for us; the carbonic acid gas, which we could not see, is compressed by the chemist into fleecy flakes and tossed from palm to palm. St. Paul was a much better philosopher than the materialists and skeptics when he declared "the things not seen are eternal." But these invisible, eternal things are not, on account of their exquisite subtlety, to be called "supernatural." They must belong in an ascending but strictly connected chain, to the most substantial and to the lowest, if there be anything low. The ethereal body which awaits us must be as real as the beef-fattened frame of an East End butcher. The life amid which it will live and move must be equipped, enriched and diversified in a fashion corresponding with earthly habits, but to an extent far beyond the narrow vivacities of our present being. We need to abolish utterly the perilous mistake that anything anywhere is "supernatural," or shadowy, or vague. The angelic Regent of Alcyone—if there be one—in the heart of the Pleiades, is "extra-natural!" for us; but as simple, real and substantial to adequate perceptions as a Chairman of Quarter Sessions to his clerk.

Remembering, then, that the undeveloped cannot know the developed, though it may presage and expect it; remembering that bisulphide of carbon is aware of actinic rays invisible to us; that selenium swells to light which is lost to our organism; that a sensitized film at the end of the telescope photographs a million stars we did not see; and that the magnetic needle feels and obeys forces to which our most delicate nerves are insensible—it seems within the range, and not beyond the rights of the imagination to entertain confident and happy dreams of successive states of real and conscious existence, rising by evolution through succeeding phases of endless life. Why, in truth, should evolution proceed along the gross and palpable lines of the visible and not also be hard at work upon the subtler elements which are behind—moulding, governing and emancipating them? Is it enough with the Positivists to foresee the amelioration of the race? Their creed is certainly generous and unselfish; but since it teaches the eventual decay of all worlds and systems, what is the good of caring for a race which must be extinguished in some final cataclysm any more than for an individual who must die and become a memory? If death ends the the man, and cosmic convulsions finish off all the constellations, then we arrive at the insane conception of a universe possibly emptied of every form of being, which is the most unthinkable and incredible of all conclusions. Sounder beyond question was the simple wisdom of Shakespeare's old hermit of Prague, who "never saw pen and ink, and who very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is, is!'"

BIRTH AND DEATH.

If so very sensible a recluse had gone deeper into that grand philosophy of common sense we might fancy him saying to the niece of his Majesty, "First of all the plain fact is this, fair Princess! that we are alive, and far advanced in the hierarchy of such life as we know. We cannot indeed fly like a bird, nor swim like a dog-fish, nor hunt by smell, like a hound, but—vanity apart—we are at the top of the tree of visible earth-life." If there has been a vast past leading to this, the individual remembers nothing. Either he was not; or he lived unconscious; or he was conscious, but forgets. It may be he always lived, and inwardly knows it but now "disremembers;" for it is notable that none of us can recall the first year of our human existence. Instincts, moreover, are memories, and when the newly hatched chick pecks at food must certainly have lived somehow and somewhere long before it was an egg. If to live forever in the future demands that we must have lived in the past, there is really nothing against this!" "End and beginning are dreams;" mere phases of our earthly foolish speech. But taking things as they seem nobody knows that death stays—nor why should it stay—the development of the individual. It stays our perception of it in another; but so does distance, absence or even sleep. Birth gave to each of us much; death may give very much more, in the way of subtler senses to behold colors we cannot here see, to catch sounds we do not now hear, and to be aware of bodies and objects, impalpable at present to us, but perfectly real, intelligibly constructed, and constituting an organized society and a governed, multiform state. Where does Nature show signs of breaking off her magic, that she should stop at the five organs and the sixty odd elements? Are we free to spread over the face of this little earth, and never freed to spread through the solar system and beyond it?

Nay, the heavenly bodies are to the ether which contains them as mere spores of seaweed floating in the ocean. Are the specks only filled with life and not the space? What does nature possess more valuable in all she has wrought here than the wisdom of the sage, the tenderness of the mother, the devotion of the lover and the opulent imagination of the poet, that she should let these priceless things be utterly lost by a quinsy or a flux? It is a hundred times more reasonable to believe that she commences afresh with such delicately developed treasures, making them the groundwork and stuff for splendid farther living by the process of death, which, even when it seems accidental or premature, is probably as natural and gentle as birth; and wherefrom, it may well be, the new-born dead arises to find a fresh world ready for his pleasant and novel body, with gracious and willing kindred ministrations awaiting it, like those which provided for the human babe the guarding arms and nourishing breasts of its mother. As the babe's eyes opened to strange sunlight here, so may the eyes of the dead lift glad and surprised lids to "a light that never was on sea or land"; and so may his delighted ears hear speech and music proper to the spheres beyond, while he laughs contentedly to find how touch and taste and smell had all been forecasts of faculties accurately following upon the lowly lessons of this earthly nursery! It is really just as easy and logical to think such will be the outcome of the "life which now is," as to terrify weak souls into wickedness by mediæval hells, or to wither the bright instincts of youth or love with horizons of black annihilation.

Continued on Eighth Page.

Some Strange Phases of Spiritualism In India.

The following article has been written by an English gentleman, whose long residence in India, high social position, and eminent intellectual powers have given him a complete mastery of the opinions, customs and beliefs of the singular and interesting people of whom he writes. We shall not attempt to mar the force of the narrative by any comments of our own, except to add that although the writer, for special reasons, withholds the authority of his name, no well informed readers will be disposed to doubt the strict veracity or authenticity of the narrative:

Englishmen in India are apt to look upon the symbols of worship used by the Hindus with contempt. The rigorous laws of the government, as a rule, prevent all active desecration, but cannot check the tendency to depreciate and ridicule those objects which the people venerate, by calling them "stocks and stones."

In vain do learned Brahmans assure them that the stone is naught; it is the indwelling deity that is worshiped; deity and emblem are laughed to scorn, and those Hindus who have received a university education, and acquired the materialistic tone of thought—which goes with the teachings of western nations—begin to share the opinions of their conquerors.

Occasionally, however, the reality of the unseen dwellers in one of their uncouth idols, manifests itself by an unaccountable outbreak, which awes them into belief, and gives them an uncomfortable proof that matter is not all.

Driving late one afternoon into the beautiful cantonment of Banspur (it is to be understood that all names of persons and places are fictitious), glad to be at the end of a long and tedious journey, I noticed by the roadside, in the dry ditch—dug to carry off the monsoon floods—a garland of flowers on a stone. From the patch of red on the latter, I saw it was "sacred;" and a few days later examined it. It was a rude idol, lying against the side of the drain; there was no altar near; a few faded flowers lay on and about it, and it seemed to lie in an unusual position, intended—save for the marks of reverence—to be thrown away.

My attention being roused, I learned the circumstances which surrounded the fallen idol.

It had formerly been placed on a rude altar in the clump of trees which stood on a waste piece of ground between the road and the English church hard by. A British engineer sergeant, wanting materials for the foundation of some public building, ordered his men to demolish the altar to furnish the same. The natives refused this work, dreading the vengeance of the god. The enlightened Englishman had no such prejudices; he overturned the idol, and threw down the upper part of the masonry, which his coolies then removed and used.

That same night the sergeant's two children fell ill, and, in spite of every attention, died. The father and mother had hardly realized this fearful stroke when they, too, were smitten with severe illness. Being ordered away from the station by the staff surgeon, as the only chance of saving their lives, they left with all practicable speed, but died before they reached the next cantonment. The story soon spread, and the Pujari, or Brahman priest who had attended the idol and been shocked by its overthrow, came timidly forward and resumed his humble service of flowers, and lit a lamp before the idol as it lay in the ditch. He dare not move it again, but waited for some indication of the wishes of the offended deity.

About this time I left Banspur, and did not return for many years, when inspection duty led me there for a day or two. As I drove in to camp I looked to the side of the road for the idol, it was gone. I made inquiries, but my stay was brief and busy, and I could learn nothing of the cause of its absence. Years after it came to my knowledge in a singular way. A relative of mine had been engineer in charge of the cantonment when I left it. Meeting him the other day in England, he referred to the idol, and, to my astonishment, told me that shortly after I left, he had been ordered by the general commanding to remove it, as being an eyesore. On his ordering the native mistri, or foreman, to take it away, the old man told him the story that I have given above, and begged him to have nothing to do with it. But in the military world orders must be obeyed. My cousin had the idol removed, and he himself was shortly transferred to another station. There his baby boy sickened and died, the only one out of a large and healthy family that he has lost. The parents do not know whether to consider the death of this deeply mourned infant as a sequence or a coincidence; but I do not think he would share in the thoughtless derision with which most Anglo-Indians would treat the claims of a Hindu idol to respect.

NARRATIVE NUMBER TWO.

The above was not the only instance that came under my notice of the powers of the despised Hindu gods. The male actors in the following story were well known to me; the native ladies I did not know, as they had not thrown off the trammels of Moslem seclusion which still hamper Hindu society.

In a large city, which I will call Kalbai, lived a Hindu gentleman, whom I will name Purushotam Dharmanathji, who held an important and confidential post under the English Government, and being a wealthy and influential man, was one of the "upper ten" of his caste. Though the caste system confers a nominal equality on all within its pale; and though all the men can theoretically marry any of their fellow caste men's daughters, yet practically the wealthier and more cultured families marry among themselves; and the marriage of a maiden of such a family with the son of a humbler household would be considered a mésalliance. Purushotam had been prosperous in his family as in all his affairs; his sons were well-to-do professional men, who had distinguished themselves at the Kalbai university, and had married well; and his daughters had also married their social equals, to whom their sufficient dowers had come as a scarcely necessary added opulence.

But in their happy lot Purushotam's wife found one bitter drawback; Hindu ladies are proud of their full black hair, and she had proudly combed back the redundant tresses of her daughters, and decked them for their weddings with jessamine blossoms, and the quaint, rich gold jewels which form so important a part of a Hindu bride's outfit. But her youngest daughter, Savitri, was bald! She was like a widow, whose shaven head is the last and most conspicuous symbol of the degradation which falls to a Hindu widow's sad and lonely lot. Often did Anandibai lament with Purushotam that their darling suffered from such a disfigurement, which doubtless punished the transgressions of a previous birth. She took her daughter to the hajams, or barbers, who knowing the wealth of the family, put forth all their skill, and applied all the unguents and simples which are their traditional resort in such cases. All in vain! Savitri remained bald. Then she consulted the European hairdressers, who tried all their infallible oils with as little success.

SAVITRI'S MARRIAGE.

But time was passing. It was incumbent that Savitri should be married, for Hindu society tolerates no old maids, while no eligible husband could be found for a girl in her predicament. So Anandibai called in the Vaids and Haqims, the Hindu and Moslem physicians, who still practice their old-world pathology, but are gradually making way for the graduates of the English universities in India. They exhausted their quaint pharmacopœia without effect. Savitri remained bald. Then her sons urged Anandibai to go to the European doctors. They had themselves given up all faith in the native schools of medicine, and ceased to believe in any thing but European science. To a Hindu lady, the idea of consulting an English gentleman on medical matters is terrible, indeed, but a mother's love takes no denial. Savitri's scalp was blistered, and all the remedies of English science applied—still without result. Then the family gave in. A young man of the same caste, but on a much lower social level, was found, who, in consideration of a large dower, agreed to marry her, and the anxious parents celebrated the wedding with sad hearts, relieved at all events that the disgrace of an unmarried grown-up daughter was averted from them. Their son-in law made himself acceptable to them, and the family gradually accepted the situation.

Some time after Savitri's marriage, a good deal of wonder was excited among the native society in Kalbai, by the arrival of a holy man from the Panjab, whose knowledge and insight were astonishing. People who went to him were told their inmost thoughts, their family secrets, their half-forgotten past. Lost treasures were found, diseases were healed, golden advice given—such were the tales that aroused Anandibai's attention, and set her wondering whether the holy man could tell her how to take away Savitri's blemish. When she told her sons of her desire, they were shocked at the idea of her going to such a "mountebank." "Dear mother," they said, "you have done all that you could; what was to be, was to be; Savitri is married; school yourself to bear what is sent." But the mother's heart was not to be put off so. Friends kept on mentioning some fresh wonder of the Panjabi gosaen, and at last, taking some cocoanuts and other simple offerings, she went to his reception, laid them before his seat, and told him her trouble. He listened, with eyes shut, as one in a trance, and when she had done said, "Go to the Lady Amba, and pay the vow you owe."

THE LADY AMBA.

As he spoke, it suddenly flashed upon her memory that before Savitri was born, the mother had made a vow to Ambabai, the tutelary goddess of the family, that, if all went well with her, she would make certain offerings at her shrine. From that day to this the vow had vanished from her mind as if it never had been made; and with the sense of ingratitude, and duty neglected, the overpowering thought rushed upon her that this stranger had told her of the unpaid debt which she herself had forgotten. She went home as one in a dream, and announced, amid the laughter and remonstrance of her skeptical sons, that she must go and pay her long over due debt at once. In vain they urged her to bury the past; what could Amba do where European science had failed? Her daughter was married; "she had surely spent too much money already in a wildgoose chase," and so on. But the mother was not to be gainsayed; she prepared the gift she had vowed and forgotten; also a propitiatory offering over and above, to placate the goddess, and a present for the Pujari at the shrine; summoned her daughter, and in a day or two after her marvellous reminder, left for the temple.

THE TEMPLE AND THE GODDESS.

Twenty miles from Kalbai they alighted at the station of Pahira, and hiring a bullock cart, jolted slowly along the cross country road six miles to the village, in which the "mother's" temple stood. Here she explained matters to the Pujari, laid her daughter's disfigured head upon the Lady Amba's altar, explained her fault, deposited the gift she had vowed, and the supplementary offering that she had brought, and with Savitri made the usual circumambulations round the temple. They then retraced their weary way to Pahira, got into the train, and returned home safely. Within a month, Savitri's head was black with a thick growth of hair, which in due time grew to her knees, and excelled even her sisters' luxuriant tresses. Her husband, no doubt, thought that it must be the reward of his virtues in a previous birth; her educated brothers thought it was the result of the English doctors' pills, potions and blisters, which had somehow remained latent in her system; and her sisters thought it hard that their virtuous pre-existence had not been adequately recognized; but Anandibai had no doubt that the hand of the stern yet kind "mother" goddess had been shown, and trembled, and was grateful accordingly.

CONCLUSION.

It has often struck me, when my study of Spiritualism has led me to the knowledge of such occurrences as the above, how foolish it is of the average Christian missionary to ignore the gods of the Hindus and to treat them as nonentities. If facts were not beneath their notice, and they would condescend to study more facts, they would find that each idol was the symbol of a spiritual verity, whose reality they must acknowledge and face before they could give their own message with any effect. To deny facts within the knowledge of a man intellectually one's equal, with a view to convert him to one's religion, appears to be a wildly ineffective mode of approach. And if Christian missionaries are to succeed in India, they must go to the despised Spiritualists and sit at their feet to learn the details of the problem that they have set themselves to solve.

ALPHA.

To those who may peruse the above narrative and reiterate with the *know all, educated* Englishmen in India—"What stuff!" "What effect can be produced by desecrating a pack of stone idols?"—we would say, be so good as to study the experiences of an accepted spiritualistic authority a little nearer home than India—namely, the Baron de Guldenstubbe. In Mr. Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," and the Baron's own elaborate French work on Spiritualism, scores of cases are cited in which it is shown that papers containing written questions deposited on the tombs of celebrated personages were left, and, under the most crucial test conditions, answers written by the spirits of those to whom these monuments were dedicated, were invariably found, placed and written by no mortal hands on the tombs or statues in question. Baron de Guldenstubbe writes many chapters to show by what philosophic connecting links the spirits can be reached and communicate with earth. He also proves, by multitudes of test facts, that no links are so potent as pictures, statues, tombs, altars, or any religious monuments designed and executed in honor of the departed. All the Hindu "gods and goddesses" were—it may be believed—once illustrious men and women who lived on earth, passed to the higher spheres, are still the friends and patronesses of their countrymen and earthly worshipers, and hence, have the most intimate links of association with earth through the shrines and stone monuments dedicated to their memory.—*The Two Worlds.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

ARNOLD ON EMERSON.

A Brief Criticism Upon the English Critic.

I heard the lecture of Matthew Arnold given in this city a few years ago, prompted to that hearing by the special wish of a friend, and by a desire to hear and see an English writer of some repute, and of whom I thought well. At our first hearing and sight of a person we take his measure and form our estimate. My estimate of Arnold was not the result of any unfriendly prejudice. To me, he was a well educated person, in the literary sense, but not in a comprehensive knowledge of men and of affairs. His moral tone was healthy, his aims good. He was clear within a certain range, but not broad, and had not the weight of presence that goes with a great personality, and makes itself felt in the words and writings of some men. I respected his acquirements, but could not realize any sense of his largeness or eminent and lasting influence. A tinge of insular British conceit was visible, made more absurd by the singular awkwardness of his platform manners and speech.

I came out of the lecture room tolerably satisfied, yet not at all inspired or made strong.

Going home I thought over his estimate of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and decided to look over the books of our great countryman, with whose writings I was somewhat familiar, and the charm of whose personal presence and fine simplicity as I had seen him at his own home and elsewhere had made a lasting impression on my mind. From notes then made these views are given which the lapse of time has not modified.

The Englishman counts Emerson as a man of singular and remarkable gifts and merits, yet not fit for a place among the really great philosophers and thinkers—rates him as excellent, but second rate in matters of high thought and gives him a lower place and a narrower range than do many others. I extract a few brief sentences from Emerson, as helps to show the incorrectness of Arnold's estimate.

In his address at the Cambridge divinity school in 1838 is this noble ideal of moral philosophy, reaching into the region of religion: "Man ought. He knows the sense of that grand word, though his analysis fails entirely to render account of it. When.... he attains to say, 'I love the Right. Truth is beautiful within and without forevermore. Virtue I am thine: save me: use me: thee will I serve....that I be not virtuous but virtue'—then is the end of creation answered, and God is well pleased....He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed, is by the action itself contracted. Who puts off impurity thereby puts on purity.....If a man dissembles he deceives himself, and goes out of acquaintance with his own being. A man, in view of absolute goodness, adores with humility." This is intuitive morals culminating in a reverence that uplifts and never degrades.

In a Boston lecture in 1842 he said, "The idealism of our day acquired the name of transcendentalism from the use of the term by Immanuel Kant of Koningsberg, who replied to the skeptical philosophy of Locke, which insisted that there was nothing in the intellect which was not previously in the experience of the senses, by showing that there was a very important class of ideas, or imperative forms, which did not come by experience, but through which experience was acquired; that these were intuitions of the mind itself; and he denominated them transcendental forms." Here is a clear definition of the transcendental philosophy which he advocated; yet with him intuition and experience were allies and co-workers, the first discovering and lighting up the new path, and the second making it smooth and safe.

Fine and clear intuition and a practical Yankee common sense were united in him, and each helped the other. A word from an essay on self-reliance shows this. "If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises they lose all heart. If a young merchant fails men say he is ruined. If the finest genius studies at college and is not within a year installed in an office in the cities or suburbs of New York or Boston, it seems to himself and his friends that he is right in being disheartened, and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad comes from Vermont or New Hampshire, who tries all the professions in turn, who teams it, peddles, keeps school, preaches, edits a paper, goes to congress, buys a township, and so forth in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls."

Advocating sincerity, and the conquering power of genuine effort, he says: "Pretension never feigned an act of real greatness. Pretension never wrote an Iliad nor drove back Xerxes; nor christianized the world, nor abolished slavery. As much virtue as there is, so much appears; as much goodness as there is, so much reverence it commands. ....The high, the generous, the self-devoted sect will always instruct and command mankind. Never was a sincere deed utterly lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground, but there is some heart to greet and accept it unexpectedly. A man passes for what he is worth....There is confession in the glances of our eyes; in our smiles, salutations and grasp of hands. His sin bedaubs him, mars all his good impression. Men know not why they do not trust him, but they do not. His vice glasses his eye....and writes, O fool! fool! on the forehead of a king."

Writing on "The Over Soul," his great word—a high spiritual philosophy—is:

"Let man then learn the revelation of all nature and all thought to his heart; this, namely, that the Highest dwells with him; that the sources of nature are in his own mind, if the sentiment of duty is there. But if he would know what the great God speaketh, he 'must go into his closet and shut the door,' as Jesus said.

God will not make himself manifest to cowards. He must greatly listen to himself, withdrawing himself from all the accents of other men's devotions. Even their prayers are hurtful to him until he has made his own. Our religion vulgarly stands on numbers of believers. Whenever the appeal is made—no matter how indirectly—to numbers, proclamation is then and there made that religion is not. He that finds God a sweet enveloping thought to him never wants his company. When I sit in that presence who shall dare to come in? When I rest in perfect humility, when I burn with pure love, what can Calvin or Swedenborg say? The faith that stands on authority is not faith. The reliance on authority measures the decline of religion, the withdrawal of the soul."

Respect for the forms that others may use, which does not dim his reverence for the soul's voice, which he holds as above creeds and forms, is seen in his fine poem, The Problem, in which he says:

"I like a church, I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the soul:
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowled churchman be."

The whole scientific philosophy of evolution is stated and made larger by his wealth of intuition in other poems.

Mount Monadnock is made to tell the story of its massive rocks and to say:

"For the world was built in order
And the atoms march in tune,
Rhyme the pipe and time the warder;
The sun obeys them, and the moon,
Orb and atom, forth they prance
When they hear from far the tune;
None so backward in the troop,
When the music and the dance
Reach the place and circumstance,
But knows the sun-creating sound,
And, though a pyramid, will bound."

He gives us his idea of man, as higher than earth or animal, as follows:

Monadnock is a mountain strong,
Tall and good my kind among,
But well I know no mountain can,
Zion or Meru, measure with man,
For it is on zodiacs writ,
Adamant is soft to wit."

In Woodnotes the old pine tree breathes its music.

"To the open ear it sings
Sweet the genesis of things,
Of tendency through countless ages,
Of star dust and star pilgrimages,
Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
Of the old world's subsiding slime,
Of chemic matter, force and form,
Of poles and powers, cold, wet and warm,
The rushing metamorphosis
Dissolving all that fixture is,
Melts things that be to things that seem,
And solid nature to a dream."

But he is not content with the superficial methods of science; his insight goes back of force and law and sees that a guiding intelligence must be. We are told:

"Ever fresh, the broad creation,
A divine improvisation,
From the heart of God proceeds,
A single will, a million deeds.
Once slept the world an egg of stone,
And pulse and sound and light was none,
And God said, 'Throb!' and there was motion,
And the vast mass became vast ocean.
* * * * * * * * *
He is the heart of every creature,
He is the meaning of each feature;
And his mind is the sky,
Than all it holds more deep, more high."

These few rich extracts have something of philosophy in them, something of the higher thought that sways the world.

Emerson's writings have an influence among the leading thinkers of our day far wider and deeper than those of Arnold, and have done and promise to do far more to shape and guide the world's thought. Is not Arnold's criticism of Emerson a plain case of the lesser trying to measure the greater by his own narrow standard and failing pitifully, of course? There is, too, a shallow impertinence, a lack of respect and fitness in this whole matter. Suppose Gladstone to have just passed away in London, and that, in a few months, William M. Evarts should go there from New York and give a lecture on the great Englishman. Suppose he should say that Gladstone had some rare merits, but was not to be counted among leading statesmen, was not up to that greatness. England would ring with rebukes of the impudent Yankee; the opponents as well as the upholders of Gladstone's official policy would grow wrathful at the ill-timed utterance of such an estimate over the fresh grave of their honored countryman, and no English audience would hear it again.

This is a parallel to Arnold's lecture on Emerson in this country. To me that lecture revealed a complacent shallowness and lack of fit feeling which showed little "sweetness and light."

Mr. Arnold has come and gone, with better hearing and more deferent attention than his real merits deserve. We are a good-natured and hospitable people, sometimes failing to see how our hospitality is abused but our sober second thought will probably put the Englishman lower than he stood before coming among us. G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit Mich.

J. G. Jackson's Reply to Payton Spence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Prof. Payton Spence, in JOURNAL of April 21st, gratuitously attacked my statement of the true cause of erect vision, as made upon the standard authority of Sir David Brewster, and he introduced some seemingly very absurd ideas of his own, occupying about one column of your paper. I responded with half a column in JOURNAL of May 5th. He returns on May 26th with nearly two columns more, thus occupying in all more than double the space I will have covered after this is printed. You will hardly think it fair to close the discussion without allowing me at least room enough to put myself straight before the readers of the JOURNAL, especially as he has dragged into the matter of a simple scientific statement of fact, metaphysical notions that tend to seriously injure true psychic science.

The Professor in his last letter expresses "amazement" at my "bad temper and hard words" when his former letter "was couched" (as he says) "in the most respectful language." Was it respectful in him to jump uninvited into the review of another party, and state bluntly that a reason given on the highest optical authority "was no explanation at all"? But what vexed the "mad bull" most was his assertion that "consciousness has no up or down, no right or left, no center or circumference, no north, south, east or west in it." If that expression has any meaning it is equivalent to stating that we have no consciousness of direction up or down, right or left, north or south, east or west.

Let the readers of the JOURNAL decide for themselves whether we do not every waking minute of our lives entertain a consciousness of up and down, right and left, and all other manifest lines of direction. The sense of sight perceives the sun rising, and at the same time we attain a consciousness that it is eastward; so of its setting—so of its southing. We feel the force of gravity pressing us earthward. That sense of feeling reveals to us a consciousness of up and down. What can be more plain? Why need more words be wasted upon it?

We all know that in olden time there was a breed of metaphysicians who admitted no world of reality, but claimed everything to be only mental impression—"consciousness"—"all in the mind." Prof. Spence has got a dose from them and his head will not carry it steadily. There are in the world abundant substantive realities, and the office of our senses is to make us cognizant of them by impressing the brain in the normal and orderly manner provided. The mind's sensitive camera is sometimes abnormally impressed with images that have not the regular substantive backing (so to speak); such false images are in the mind; but they are the abnormal, not the true; they are exceptions, not the rule. Blessed are they who have the sense to discriminate between the one class and the other. It has often been said "it takes a very smart man to tell a lie and not get caught at it." It requires one equally learned and talented, to chop metaphysical logic and not "put his foot in it."

Did ever a man make a more absurd blunder than when he says: "If in my perception of the stick, the red appears at one end of it, it can not really be there, for it really is in the mind?" Yet he presumes to say of both J. G. J. and Prof. G., that he "is confident they will admit his correctness."

If Prof. Spence does not want the mud thrown back, let him not thus stick it in our mouths to swallow, or stir up the slime before us uncalled for by the question at issue.

A few more words to put things right about the original question of explaining the method of erect vision by the eye, which Prof. Spence has so needlessly led into the mists. He appears to have read up numerous authorities since writing his first letter, and discovers that other writers previous to Brewster had announced that the "line of visible direction was perpendicular to the surface of "the retina." This is very probably true as quoted; but does not weaken the fact. In Brewster's Optics, edition of 1837, by A. D. Bache, A. M., Prof. of Natural Philosophy in the University of Penn., etc., page 247, will be found this statement: "The law of visible direction above explained and deduced from direct experiment, removes at once every difficulty that besets the subject." We may readily admit that other investigators have cast doubt upon the exact perpendicularity of the lines of visible direction to the retina; but all agree that those lines cross at some central point within the eye ball. Without asserting exactly where that central crossing point may be, the object of erect vision is attained through such crossing, and there appears no special need of further dispute about the cause of it. But one idea occurs which may assist a decision concerning the exact location of said crossing point. When we look with a healthy pair of eyes at the outer world, we may observe with thoughtful wonder and admiration, how the eye balls may be rolled in their sockets without in the least affecting the steadiness of surrounding objects as to the direction in which we see them. This admirable steadiness would seem to admit of no other explanation than that the eye ball must roll concentric with the crossing point of the lines of direction, which means that those lines are perpendicular to the surface of the retina and cross in the centre of the eye, as Brewster states. This test is for physicists, not for metaphysicians, *Q. E. D.* It may not be new, but has recently occurred to this correspondent whom yourself or Bro. Tuttle (bless your hearts) has recently styled "the philosopher of Hockessin." J. G. J.

Even philosophers are prone to have the last word; and a paper never cuts off a discussion without thereby causing one of the parties to feel aggrieved that he should be denied a further hearing. Nevertheless the JOURNAL must now close this one, and trust to the good nature of the disputants for forgiveness.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Pulpit Denouncing Spiritualism.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

There seems to be an epidemic of denunciation of Spiritualism broken out among the ministers, who have nearly all taken a hand in airing their ignorance of the subject which from the importance they give it must be a veritable lion in their way. The bravery with which the ordinary minister of the gospel attacks the greatest questions of advancing civilization and science, is amusing and pitiable. Galileo spent a life time in gaining the proofs that the earth was round and revolved around the sun, but the priests of his day were able to meet him at an hour's notice with denial. Darwin, with a patience that has few parallels, accumulated the resistless mass of facts which prove the methods of evolution; the smallest country preacher can of a Saturday afternoon prepare a sermon which will demolish every vestige of the theory of the famous naturalist! It forcibly reminds me of Mrs. Partington, whose valor exceeded her discretion when the waves of the Atlantic rolled into her cabin: she met them defiantly with her mop!

Exposures of fraud; the folly of credulity, and the Seybert Commission's Report, have furnished occasion and text, and the assault is made along the whole line. Perhaps the most vindictive assault is that of Rev. Dr. Easton of Newark, N. J., who retails his billingsgate slang at a salary of $4,000 a year. It is right and proper to bring forward all just and cogent arguments against Spiritualism, in fair, honest discussion for the truth. It is able to bear the fullest investigation, and seeks the blaze of the light. But when the opposer uses the vilest epithets of condemnation, without the least attempt at argument, he simply sinks himself to the level of a blackguard. The "Rev. Dr." Easton says:

"I arraign and condemn modern Spiritualism as the vilest imposture.....The mediums are simply greedy vampires, grasping property and real estate from wealthy victims. They are proper candidates for the penitentiary. We have laws against medical charlatans; it is high time we had some to punish those who wreck men's minds and to close the doors of Spiritualists, clairvoyants and fortune-tellers."

He has no argument; a mind like his could not hold or manage an argument. He has the fiendish spirit of the old inquisitor, and with a shudder we thank fortune that we live in a country where a free people make their own laws, and the dragon of bigotry is chained.

Mediums may be greedy, but can any one point to a case where a Protestant church or minister ever refused money? I know of an instance where the Catholic church would not accept money tainted with rascality, but no instance of a Protestant church. The money of the gambler, the courtesan, and the saloonist, are taken with thanks into the greedy treasury of the Lord, and no questions asked. There are churches like Trinity, that rent their property for gambling hells, drinking places and brothels. The common practice of the ministry when called to the bed of the dying, when the intellect wavers, and fears crowd thick and fast in the mind trained to superstitious dread of death, to press the attention of the departing to church charities, college endowments, missions, home and abroad, and a great river of wealth constantly flows into the treasury of the church by this most reprehensible interference. Hence, a minister like Dr. Easton should be the last man to arraign mediums

for extorting money from their dupes. They deal with people in health, with strong minds, while the minister avails himself of the weakness of the hour of dissolution. Not that I justify one or the other, or balance one wrong with another; I only wish to trace the similarity, and the same condemnation falls on one as the other. And yet it is not the true medium on whom the condemnation falls; only the false, though Dr. Easton declares all to be false, and alike deserving the penitentiary. The false medium who extorts money should be punished, and the minister who extorts money should receive the same sentence.

Spiritualism may "lead to immorality," but could it lead to worse results than Christianity has even in the city of Newark where Dr. Easton receives $4,000 a year, and eighty-six other preachers more or less, to stay the tide of sin and lead the people to righteousness? Read what Rev. Jones says of it in the *Y. M. C. A. Messenger:*

"Newark has fifteen wards, with a total population of 150,988. She has 1,600 licensed saloons, or one to every ninety-five of her population! I find every possible attraction for both old and young in the way of beer gardens, theatres and variety shows; a corrupt city government; an open violation of just and equitable laws, a Sabbath shamefully desecrated; and an almost silent church."

Could a city having Spiritualism for its religion present a more degraded moral condition? Give the place of the eighty-seven preachers to eighty-seven of the good and true mediumistic workers, having all the backing of the wealth, position and prestige of the churches; how rapidly the old superstitions would vanish and that fortunate city be educated to a higher morality and correct conduct of life! Spiritualism is not only believing, it is doing, and by holding each one rigidly to the consequences of his own acts, without the hope of atonement by any one else, it makes noble, independent, self-poised self-sustained men and women, whose ideal is the purity and perfection of the angels.

Moore's Dilemma Again.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The importance of the points described under the above heading may justify a continuation of the subject; especially since it is assumed that the difficulties in the way invalidate the "central claim" of spirit communion. Mr. Moore's review of the situation after the various views expressed upon his "Dilemma," bears testimony to a frank, honest and generous spirit that I like, but it seems to me that he slips in his logic when he insists that the imperfect and contradictory accounts of the situation over there impeach the testimony of facts and neutralize the evidence of any spirit communion, or any exarnate individuality at all. Mr. Hart echoes the same, and charges Spiritualists with inconsistency in rejecting the Hebrew and Christian revelations, not only on *a priori* ground of antecedent incredibility but on the grounds of their discrepancies. This may be true with some; but I must ask to be excused from this charge.

If we are asked to accept the Hebrew and Christian scriptures as an infallible revelation from God, of course this puts them on a basis as wide as the poles from all the claims of Spiritualism. But in the sense of a revelation from finite spirits, through imperfect human mediums, I for one accept the Hebrew and Christian scriptures in the same way I do communications in our day, with this difference in favor of the latter, viz: We have no means of ascertaining the moral character and mental peculiarities of the mediums and witnesses of ancient phenomena and they are necessarily shadowed with the eclipse of superstition. To day the facts are submitted to rigid analysis and varied under an indefinite variety of circumstances, and proven by scientific methods; the communicants and witnesses are crossexamined, and re-crossexamined, and however widely they may vary in their accounts of things and scenes over there, the fact that they communicate is established beyond any reasonable doubt. But the authority of statements received from exarnate men can not be absolute and above question or criticism any more than the testimony of witnesses in our earthly courts. When they disagree and contradict each other the court and jury arrive at conclusions by comparing statements and estimating the truthfulness of witnesses, the chances of mistakes, imperfect memories, weak judgments, the influence of party prejudice or personal interest, and without assuming that any human testimony is infallible, they arrive at conclusions so definite as to deprive a man of liberty and life. Mr. Hart thinks we have no "rule by which spirits are differentiated into intelligent and nonintelligent!" We may not have reduced it to a formula and settled it in mathematical terms; but it seems to me too simple and apparent to need such a "rule." I have never met S. F. Moore or Wm. B. Hart that I know of. I have read articles purporting to issue from such persons, and without any specific "rule" I "differentiate" both of these gentlemen from the "nonintelligent." Can Mr. Hart understand the "rule" by which I do it? Or is that, too, one of thy "mysteries of godliness?" As he finds in my letter on the "Dilemma" "a very common form of vicious reasoning" he may not understand how I reach my conclusion in his case; but I do not think he will dispute the correctness of my "differentiation" even though the logic by which I reach it be "vicious."

Mr. Hart thinks the "fallacy" of my argument "lies in the confusion of ideas, the confounding of the nonessential with the essential in testimony or the arbitrary assumption of what is essential," and thinks he finds in it "a tacit assumption that this or that item in the testimony is all we need concern ourselves about." Now this sounds to me very much like that "vicious reasoning" complained of. The principal aim in my letter was to show that discrepancies in the reports of spirits do not invalidate the evidence of our senses or impeach the concurrent testimony of a million witnesses who have settled the fact of a mental individuality concerned in spiritual phenomena in all respects essentially human, which can not be attributed to the visible denizens of earth. We need not discuss the essential and nonessential in the revelations of spirits to settle this question. It is not dependent upon the testimony of spirits, but upon the demonstrations of character, individualized mind, endowed with consciousness, memory and the general attributes of the human mind. Upon reading Mr. Hart's letter in the JOURNAL, assuming there is no fraud practiced by the medium (I he does not need to tell me he is a human being, that he has brains, and knows how to use them, and has read the correspondence in the JOURNAL on "Moore's Dilemma." Contradictions in spiritual communications, whether essential or nonessential, if they count at all as evidence on the "central claim," are rather corroborative than against it since it is characteristic of human nature to be contradictory. If a spirit may be mistaken, or wilfully misrepresent in matters deemed nonessential (where they have full opportunity to know the facts) I do not see that the reliability of their statements is any less affected than if they misrepresent what we may deem essentials. I have heard intelligent men in this world declare that they did not know they had a heart in their body, and others positively deny that they had any body at all. The people of this country have recently been much exercised over the physical condition of James G. Blaine. He was not in heaven, but across the ocean, through whose briny bed the cable dispatches were daily received—not from him perhaps, but the cable was there and messages were sent. The health of Mr. Blaine was considered a very important question to the people of this nation. Yet statements of the most direct and contradictory character were published as coming from high authority, and for weeks the people were held in doubt and suspense upon a question which it would seem there need be no mistake about. Now I do not mean to hold that our theories of spirit life predicated upon the revelations of spirits are perfected or authoritative. The whole system in its modern form of inductive study is yet in its infancy, and we need not count many of the great questions as to the life of the future settled, or likely to be settled, in detail for a long time to come. We need not dogmatize; but we should diligently cultivate the means of knowledge offered us through the phenomena of Spiritualism and profit by the mental commerce stirring the air across the mysterious sea, and touching to new life the world in which we live. There are thousands who already stand on the table-land of spiritual truth, attuned to the melodies of the unseen world and feel the divine breathings of immortal life whispering courage and comfort in the hours of trial and on the pillow of death.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

MINERALS—BIRDS—FLOWERS.

Letter from New York, by Mrs. L. M. Child.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1842.

From childhood, I have had a most absorbing passion for flowers. What unheard of qualities of moss and violets have I trailed from their shady birthplace, to some little nook, which fate allowed me, for the time being, to call my home! And then, how I have pitied the poor things, and feared they would not be so happy, as if I had left them alone. Yet flowers ever seemed to thrive with me, as if they knew I loved them. Perchance they did; for invisible radii, inaudible languags, go forth from the souls of all things. Nature ever sees and hears it; as man would, were it not for his self-listening.

The flowers have spoken to me more than I can tell in written words. They are the hieroglyphics of angels, loved by all men for the beauty of the character, though few can decipher even fragments of their meaning. Minerals, flowers and birds, among a thousand other triune ideas, ever speak to me of the past, the present, and the future. The past, like minerals, with their fixed forms of gorgeous but unchanging beauty; the present, like flowers, growing and ever changing—bud, blossom and seed-vessel,—seed, bud and blossom, in endless progression; the future, like birds, with winged aspirations, and a voice that sings into the clouds. Not separate are past, present and future; but one evolved from the other, like the continuous, ever-rising line of the spiral; and not separate are minerals, vegetables and animals. The same soul pervades them all; they are but higher and higher types of the self-same ideas; spirally they rise, one out of the other. Strike away one curve in the great growth of the universe, and the stars themselves would fall. Some glimpses of these arcana were revealed to the ancients; hence the spiral line occurs frequently among the sacred and mysterious emblems in their temples.

There is an astronomical theory that this earth, by a succession of spiral movements, is changing its position, until its poles will be brought into harmonious relation with the poles of the heavens; then sunshine will equally overspread the globe, and spring become perpetual. I know not whether this theory be correct; but I think it is—for reasons not at all allied with astronomical knowledge. If the millenium, so long prophesied, ever comes, if the lion and the lamb ever lie down together within the souls of men, the outward world must likewise come into divine order, and the poles of the earth will harmonize with the poles of the heavens; then shall universal spring reign without the emblem and offspring of universal peace within.

Everywhere in creation we find visible types of these ascending series. Everything is interlinked; each reaches one hand upward and one downward, and touching palms, each is interclasped with all above and all below. Plainly is this truth written on the human soul, both in its individual and universal progress; and therefore it is inscribed on all material forms. But yesterday, I saw a plant called the Crab Cactus, most singularly like the animal from which it takes its name. My companion said it was "a strange freak of nature." But I knew it was no freak. I saw that the cactus and the crab meant the same thing—one on a higher plane than the other. The singular plant was the point where fish and vegetable touched palms; where the ascending spiral circle passed into each other. There is another cactus that resembles the Sea Urchin; and another like the Star-fish. In fact they all seem allied to the crustaceous tribe of animals; and from the idea which this embodies, sprung the fancy that fairies of the earth sometimes formed strange union with merrows of the sea. Every fancy, the wildest and the strangest is somewhere in the universe of God, a fact.

As the approach of different planes in existence is indicated in forms, so is it in character and uses. Among minerals, the magnet points ever to the North; so is there a plant in the prairies, called by travelers the Polar Plant, or Indian Compass, because the plane of its leaf points due north and south, without other variation than the temporary ruffling of the breeze.

If these secrets were clearly read, they might throw much light on the science of healing, and perhaps reconcile the clashing claims of mineral and vegetable medicines. Doubtless every substance in nature is an antidote to some physical evil; owing to some spiritual cause, as fixed as the laws of mathematics, but not as easily perceived. The toad, when bitten by a spider, goes to the plantain leaf, and is cured; the bird, when stung by the yellow serpent, flies to the guaco plant, and is healed. If we knew what spiritual evil was represented by the spider's poison, and what spiritual good by the plantain leaf, we should probably see the mystery revealed. Good always overcomes the evil, which is its perverted form; thus love casteth out hatred, truth overcomes falsehood, and suspicion cannot live before perfect frankness. Always and everywhere is evil overcome with good; and because it is so in the soul of man, it is and must be so in all the laws and operations of nature.

"There are influences yet unthought, and virtues,
and many inventions,
And uses, above and around, which man hath not
yet regarded.
——— There be virtues yet unknown in the wasted
foliage of the elm,
In the sun-dried harebell of the downs, and the hyacinth drinking in the meadows;
In the sycamore's winged fruit, and the facet-cut
cones of the cedar;
And the pansy and bright geranium live not alone
for beauty,
Nor the waxen flower of the arbute, though it dieth
in a day;
Nor the sculptured crest of the fir, unseen but by
the stars;
And the meanest weed of the garden serveth unto
many uses;
The salt tamarisk and juicy flag, the freckled arum,
and the daisy,
For every green herb, from the lotus to the darnel,
Is rich with delicate aids to help incurious man."

"There is a final cause for the aromatic gum, that
congealeth the moss around a rose;
A reason for each blade of grass that reareth its
small spire.
How knoweth discontented man what a train of
ills might follow,
If the lowest menial of nature knew not her secret
office?
In the perfect circle of creation not an atom could
be spared,
From earth's magnetic zone to the bindweed round
a hawthorn,
The briar and the palm have the wages of life, rendering a secret service."

I did not intend to write thus mystically: and I feel that these are thoughts that should be spoken into your private ear, not published to the world. To some few they may, perchance, awaken a series of aspiring thoughts, till the hightest touch the golden harps of heaven, and fill the world with celestial echoes. But to most they will seem an ambitious attempt to write something, which is in fact nothing. Be it so. I have spoken in a language which few understand, and none can teach or learn. It writes itself in sunbeams, on flowers, gems, and an infinity of forms. I know it at a glance; but I learned it in no school. When I go home and shut the door, it speaks to me, as if it were a voice; but amid the multitude, the sound is hushed.

This which people call the real world, is not real to me; all its sights seem to me shadows, all its sounds echoes. I live at service in it, and sweep dead leaves out of paths, and dust mirrors, and do errands, as I am bid; but glad am I when work is done, to go home to rest. Then do I enter a golden palace, with light let in only from above; and all forms of beauty are on the walls, from the seraph before God's throne, to the rose-tinted shell on the sea-shore.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILSOPHICAL JOURSAL.

AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE ROSICRUCIANS By F. Hartmann, M. D. Boston: Occult Pub. Co.. Price, $1 cloth.

This is an account of a dream-visit to a Rosicrucian Monastery, and of the topics expounded by its Adept inmates. Among these were the nature and power of Will, Psychic Locomotion, Universal Life, constitution and development of Man, the materialization of Ideas into Forms the Doctrine of Numbers, of Counterparts, and of Elementals, Organization of Nature and Mind; expediency or otherwise of Theosophical Monasteries; Basic Principles of Alchemy, etc. Two female Adepts were of the company, one of whom was Joan of Arc. Phenomena in such a region were to be expected, nor were they lacking. Silver was changed to gold, the Occult signal bell was heard, an Elemental appeared in the form of a snake; there were the dispersion of clouds, miraculous pictures, magic tables, the disappearance of a tree, and a display of water-nymphs.

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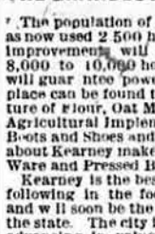
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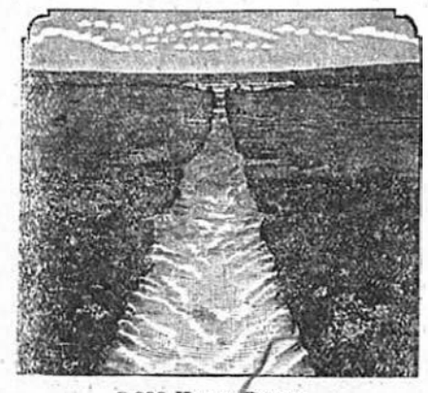
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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 9, 1888.

John Bull and the Roman Bull.

When an Irish member of Parliament—we refer to Mr. Healy—ridicules the pretensions of the "Sovereign Pontiff" amid cheers and laughter of his Roman Catholic constituents, it is evident that the Irish agitation is entering upon a rather dangerous phase not only for papal influence in Irish political affairs, but for the pope's authority in general. The majority of men are influenced powerfully by their feelings, and when the Irish come to have a settled contempt for "rescripts" like that sent from Rome a month ago by the Cardinal Committee, and published the other day, they are pretty sure to feel less respect for the authority of Rome in matters spiritual.

Some years ago when the Italian government, dispossessing the pope of his temporal power, took possession of the eternal city, the pope and the whole college of cardinals, as Mr. Healy says, declared a boycott against Victor Emmanuel and his court; and with the result only of lessening the authority of the Vatican whenever it subsequently issued an edict. From that time the spiritual authority of the pope has, in Italy, been on the wane. In France and Belgium the same results have followed. The Irish have been regarded as Rome's most faithful subjects, to be depended upon in any emergency. Did they not send a brigade of soldiers to fight against Garibaldi and the powers that questioned the divine right of papal rule?

But now the pope, for diplomatic reasons, forbids the Irish to follow, in reference to rackrenting landlords, the precedent which the Vatican authorities established when Victor Emmanuel, by the wish of the majority of the Italian people, established himself in Rome; and the Irish are in such a state of excited resentment against papal interference, that the Irish Catholic Bishops have to publish an apologetic explanation to the people to whom the rescript was intended to be addressed as a condemnation, and this after the publication of the document has been kept back a whole month!

They say that the "rescript" was intended "to affect the domain of morals only," but cautiously yet absurdly omit to state the moral questions involved, while eulogizing the Irish leaders who have been criticising the pope and the bishops in sympathy with him, and expressing their "deep and lasting gratitude to those national leaders, for the signal services they have rendered to religion and country." If this does not in effect, amount to a repudiation of the papal rescript, words have no meaning. But what else could the Irish bishops do? Only a few days previously Mr. O'Brien, a Catholic member of Parliament had told one of these bishops that his statements were false and that his conduct was cowardly; and these polated statements were approved by 20,000 members of the bishop's flock. Evidently ecclesiastical authority is on the decline even in priest-ridden and priest-cursed Ireland.

A recent event which occurred among us serves as an indication of progress:

On the evening of May 31st a mass meeting of Irish Roman Catholics was held in Chicago to "protest against papal interference in the rights of Irishmen." Resolutions were adopted which, while acknowledging the pope's spiritual authority unequivocally denounced his interference in Irish political affairs, referring especially to the recent papal "rescript." The JOURNAL has room for only two of the dozen resolutions which were carried with such an uproarious shout of approval that one of the leading speakers commented on it by saying, "Let Lord Salisbury put that in his pipe and smoke it." These two resolutions were as follows:

That we respectfully recommend to the Court of the Vatican the realm of England as an exhaustless field for the reformation of moral conditions, and that we emphatically protest against the offering up of Ireland as a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of her oppressors.

That while wishing most earnestly to avoid controversy with the venerable head of the Catholic Church and his immediate advisers, we can not permit the right of the Irish people to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to be sacrificed to the diplomatic ambitions or the alleged political necessities of the court of Rome.

The reading of the resolutions was frequently interrupted by the most tumultuous cheering and clapping of hands, the ladies present, Catholic ladies remember, joining in these enthusiastic demonstrations of approval. And it was the pope who was on trial!

The first speaker, Mr. M. P. Brady, said, in supporting the resolutions: "This rescript of the pope is based upon the presumption that the relations between the Irish landlord and his tenant are the result of a mutual contract. In this the court of St. Peter is egregiously mistaken. On this matter the holy father has been misinformed by lying scoundrels who desire the extirpation of my people and your people from the land of their home. Has it come to this that to be a devout Catholic, worthy of salvation, a man must be a dog? In this rescript I do not hesitate to say that the holy father is mistaken, and you are not bound by it. Neither am I, and I am disregarding it tonight. And by the sacred law of self-defense, Ireland has the right by necessity to disregard—disregard it at the point of the bayonet, the musket, aye, or even with dynamite."

The next speaker, Hon. P. T. Barry said: "Justice has stood on the side of Ireland and justice has not changed sides because of the rescript from Rome."

Hon. John F. Finnerty followed in a speech in which he said that the Irish in America look upon a papal rescript on a political subject much in the same way that they regard a proclamation from Mr. Balfour. He added that Henry the Second, "the murderer of Thomas a Becket," whose name is a stench in English history, came over to Ireland and selecting Nicholas Brokespeare, made him pope, [Pope Adrian IV.] and from that day the Irish had been tossed like a ball on the horns of "John Bull and the Roman bull." It was a good man that could fight one bull at a time, but no human being he said, to the great amusement of the audience, could fight two bulls at once. Two pairs of horns there were, and between them the cloven foot. They were told by the pious Catholics who refused to attend the meeting that they were not affected by the rescript. Were they not, Mr. Finnerty asked, sending money constantly to these people to pay the bloody landlords? Did not the pope know this? If not let him get instructed. God was before nations, nations were before popes and God ruled eternally. Such was the substance of Mr. Finnerty's very effective speech. The ingratitude of Rome was the burden of the thought which ran through the entire proceedings and the feeling of resentment toward the vatican authorities was very marked. These facts are for the thoughtful mind full of significance. They show that those who have yielded unquestioning obedience to ecclesiastical authority are beginning to think for themselves under the influence of the Protestant principle of the right of private judgment, which will, in time, make popes and priests things of the past.

Freedom vs. Conformity.

The immaculate Prince of Wales, it is said, is very particular about going to church regularly; and he demands that all his guests at Sandringham shall attend 11 o'clock service in the church of which he is the patron saint. Billiards and bowling, the same authority states, are always resorted to afterwards as an antidote to the fatigue of religious devotion. The religion of the sort that the Prince represents in his character and life, the most prominent feature of which that passes under the name of religion is mere conformity to the external requirements of the Established Church, is a religion without conscience, without moral ideals, without enthusiasm for truth, without sympathy for the oppressed, without regard for the chastity of woman or the rights of man, without interest in human progress; indeed, it resists almost instinctively whatever threatens to remove ceremonies and to substitute for them character and conduct. This religion pretends to be shocked by Bradlaugh's atheism and protests against the use of affirmation instead of the parliamentary oath; but it is not particularly shocked by the social horrors among those in high life, of which the *Pall Mall Gazette* once gave a glimpse. The exposure made the Prince and some of his chums squirm; but the business of the procuress and the social infamies implied receive no check from the religion which the Prince represents, because this religion has no heart, no conscience, nothing but conformity to appeal to, and is therefore impervious to reason and humanity. The religious establishment is a curse to England. A churchman said to a Positivist, "I support the Episcopal religion because it is established. Get your d——d religion established and I will support that." What the free soul delights in is freedom to think, untrammeled by authority, not to conform to the words and ceremonies of establised religions from which the spirit has long since departed. He who is worthy to be called a man, and not a mere automaton, wishes to walk in hitherto untrodden paths, to enter new fields, to hold communion with nature direct, and not simply to find out what isestablished and conform to it with the idea that such conformity is religion, the test of character, and something that will "cover a multitude of sins." Many noble souls may be found in the established church, but not because of the principle here condemned, which binds to church men of the type of the Prince, who so far as can be judged from his career, is destitute of all that is truly religious in any high sense of the word.

MRS. WATSON AT McVICKER'S.

A Noble Woman's Eloquent Plea Before a Large Audience Representing the Culture, Fashion and Wealth, and Rational Spiritualists of Chicago.

Not since Col. Ingersoll lectured in McVicker's Theater has that splendid auditorium been so crowded to listen to an address as it was last Sunday night to hear Elizabeth Lowe Watson; but the resemblance between the two audiences ceases after that is said. Viewing both audiences from a proscenium box one could not help being struck with the marked contrast. More than three-fourths of Col. Ingersoll's were men; men whose faces indicated that to them this sensuous world bounded their desires and yielded them all the happiness they aspired to; strong faces, hard ones, many sensual; some thoughtful and earnest, but few noble and attractive. As the eloquent orator rolled out the red-hot lava of invective, the smoke of coarse jest, exaggeration and virtuperative misrepresentation mingled with now and then a sentence of pathos and patriotism, the vast audience mingled with the output roars of tumultuous applause to sweeten the offering which was ascending from the agnostic altar to please the nostrils of the materialist's fetich. The fetich was illuminated by the oratorical fireworks and gratified with the noise and smoke. The orator with true quixotic ardor h un a muck with theological windmills, and the hydra-headed Sancho Panza who filled the house to suffocation had cheered the doughty knight and furnished provender for his Rosinante. That was all! Men and women left the auditorium with no nobler aspirations, no sweeter spirit nor greater content than possessed them upon entering.

From the same point of observation last Sunday evening, what a contrast was the sea of upturned faces! The vast audience was made up evenly of men and women, if either sex predominated it could only have been determined by count. There was not a face to be afraid of in the throng, not one that would cause a timid girl to shrink in nameless fear; there were hundreds that showed culture, noble ambition, love of humanity, aspiration and high endeavor; there were faces in which soul-hunger had traced its lines, and others with pleading, expectant, hopeful look. Here and there was a fair-minded agnostic with a critical, but not unfriendly expression. Society ladies whose names appear in the elite directory, grace the roll of attendants at fashionable gatherings, and strengthen the patron's list of hospitals and charity organizations were liberally scattered through the audience, flanked by lawyers, doctors, ministers, bankers and merchants. Some of these were Spiritualists and all were interested in hearing the fair speaker who had but the Sunday before left her flower-embowered and vine-clad cottage in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley.

Mrs. Watson after being presented to the audience made a preliminary statement explanatory of her mediumship, and this enabled her hearers to intelligently observe the sharp contrast between her personality during these remarks and that presented by her when the regular exercises of the evening began. For an hour, with face illuminated by a heavenly light, with voice and manner dignified yet frank, tender and earnest, the speaker stood an incarnation of angelic grace, wisdom and love, and poured forth a stream of logic, affirmations of spiritual truth, hope and comfort for all receptive souls which thrilled her audience and held the multitude entranced.

In print her discourse may prove discursive and not read as well as some the JOURNAL has published, that remains to be seen; but warmed by the fire of her soul and graced by perfect manner and delivery its effect was magical. It is not probable that a single listener left the house without feeling stronger of purpose and more determined to probe the psychical side of life, to the end that it should advantage his usefulness and happiness.

No announcement of the lecture was made except in the JOURNAL until Saturday morning, and then only briefly in three daily papers. As soon as it was learned in newspaper circles that the speaker was a guest of the editor and endorsed by the JOURNAL, reporters from leading dailies besieged the office seeking opportunity to interview her. The fact that the JOURNAL vouched for her as a woman and a speaker was enough to insure the good will of the daily press. If possible the lecture will be reproduced in the JOURNAL. Below are specimens of the treatment accorded Mrs. Watson by the Chicago press.

The Chicago *Herald*, the leading democratic paper of the West, to which position it has been raised in a very few years by the ability, integrity and energy of its managers, published on Sunday morning an interview with Mrs. Watson. Only two paragraphs of the column can find space here:

Elizabeth Lowe Watson, of San Francisco, one of the ablest "inspirational" speakers in the United States, will deliver a free lecture at McVicker's Theatre this evening. She was here three years ago and made quite an impression. She is a Spiritualist of the most advanced school, but the philosophy which she teaches is entirely free from those delusive theories held by many who claim the recognition of the rabble. Mrs. Watson is a person of independent resource, who owns a charming home near San Francisco, and whose talents have never been prostituted for the amusement of the curious or the impertinent. Her work is largely on the sociological plane.

A representative of the *Herald* met Mrs. Watson at the residence of Colonel John C. Bundy, editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, yesterday, and was encouraged to ask some plain questions traversing a field of work and line of thought which the lady has made peculiarly her own. Of Mrs. Watson's sincerity there cannot be the slightest question. She undoubtedly has experienced all that she claims for her philosophy.

Prefacing an excellent abstract of the lecture, appeared the following in Monday morning's *Herald*:

To an audience that crowded McVicker's Theatre in every part Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson last night lectured on "Psychics and Religion." It is doubtful whether any Chicago lecturer has ever been honored by the attention of an audience more representative of the culture and thought of this community. There were present clergymen, lawyers, doctors, editors, merchants, artists, musicians and men and women whose intellectual verdict is entitled to the highest consideration. It is not too much to declare that such verdict was highly favorable. Mrs. Watson is a speaker of rare power. There is about her manner and matter nothing of the clap-trap of the adventurer or the method of an insincere advocate. The service last night was modeled on those which the lady conducts each Sunday in the Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco—some vocal and instrumental music, an invocation and an address. Colonel John C. Bundy, editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, introduced the lecturer, who declared that she made no claim to supernatural wisdom. She said she did believe in the power of disembodied spirits to make their identity manifest to their friends here. She was not "controlled," nor was she a machine for the operation of outside spirit intelligence. Mrs. Watson began by a beautifully worded tribute to the power and goodness of nature.....

The *Inter-Ocean*, the only stalwart republican morning paper in town, sent a reporter to interview Mrs. Watson; below we quote the opening and closing paragraphs of a column given to the matter by that paper on Sunday morning:

The time was when the name, "spiritual medium," brought to mind a strange, eccentric looking creature—short-haired, wild-eyed and emotional. In Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson, one sees the representative of the modern school, the gentle woman in voice, appearance and manner, sweet, sympathetic and persuasive, teaching a doctrine which, as she presents it, is certainly full of hope, comfort and encouragement. Mrs. Watson was called upon yesterday afternoon, at the residence of John C. Bundy, editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and gave a most interesting account of her experience as a medium.

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In regard to her doctrines, Mrs. Watson said: "Spiritual philosophy, as I understand it, not only robs life and death of their horror, but it reveals the fact that we are the product of all the past, and there are infinite possibilities within us, with an eternity in which to develop them. That, to me, is more than all the rest, because it reconciles us to much that, otherwise, would be unendurable in life, and is a promise to the least of us." Mrs. Watson's subject to-night at McVicker's Theater, is "Psychics and Religion," a comprehensive theme that will call into play all her peculiar gifts. While all cannot subscribe to her belief, yet what she will say will, without doubt, be extremely interesting and well worth hearing.

The *Inter-Ocean* for Monday had a fine abstract of Mrs. Watson's lecture, occupying a column. The *Daily Globe* and the *Evening Journal* also referred to the lecture in complimentary terms. The *Times* in so far as it attempted to quote Mrs. Watson did its work correctly, but with its customary vicious style of journalism it decorated the account after the fashion in vogue with ten-dollar-a-week bummers, who write for papers read by the rabble. With the exception of the *Times*, Mrs. Watson and her lecture received respectful and dignified treatment from the Chicago press. The magnificent audience of fifteen hundred people gathered on brief notice is indicative of the kindly interest toward Spiritualism when presented through a channel that has the confidence of the public, as the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has frequently demonstrated.

The Question of Oaths.

John Bright wrote in 1883: "On the question of oaths probably there is nothing in the New Testament more especially condemned and forbidden than oaths. To those who do not care about the New Testament this fact will be of no weight. The practice of swearing to the truth of anything makes two kinds of truth or truthfulness. If oaths are of any avail, by so much as they make truth more certain by so much they lessen the value of any ordinary statement, and diminish the probability of its truth. If ignorant persons are not sworn, they think they may tell lies with impunity, and their lying is made to a large extent blameless in their eyes. I think oath and oath taking have done more than any other thing to impair and destroy a regard for truth."

John Bright's words are worthy of consideration by those who imagine that the judicial oath promotes truth-telling. The JOURNAL holds, and in this it is supported by the testimony of the ablest jurists in England and America, that the oath tends to make men, as the above extract says, undervalue the obligation of telling the truth when not under oath. Besides it offers a premium upon hypocrisy. A law which makes oath-taking a condition of giving testimony in a court of justice—and there is such a law in force in several States of the Union—punishes sincerity and truthfulness by favoring the man who lies in saying he believes when he does not, and imposing disabilities upon the man who scorns to falsify in regard to his convictions for gain to himself or to others.

National and Possibly "Natural."

The prospect of a holiday seems to have demoralized the JOURNAL'S proof readers last week so badly, that they made the title of a leading editorial read "Natural Control of Railways," instead of National, etc. While National control may be the most natural, and for that reason inevitable in good time, yet it was not the JOURNAL'S intention to mangle the title of Mr. Taylor's essay in *The Forum*, which formed the basis of the editorial. Under the circumstances it was quite natural for the editor of the JOURNAL to hold a séance for instruction and admonition with his proof readers. It takes some religion and more philosophy to gaze unperturbed upon such a work of carelessness when too late to correct it, and to admonish the responsible parties, but let it be recorded that thus it was done.

GENERAL ITEMS.

J. Madison Allen's engagement at Peoria, Ill., will be continued through the month of JUNE.

The name of the medium mentioned by Miss Hull in the interesting narrative concerning her connection with the celebrated Jumel case, is Mrs. Sarah A. West, who now resides at 250 Fountain street, Providence, Rhode Island. It was through her mediumship that Miss Hull became convinced of the continuity of life and spirit communication.

The Cincinnati Press Club has established permanent quarters during the Centennial at the Exposition buildings in that city, and will dedicate them Saturday evening, the 9th inst. The editor of the JOURNAL acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to be present and take part in reception and banquet on the occasion and hopes to be able to accept. The great benefit to journalists, and indirectly to the public, of Press Clubs, is readily seen by all who are familiar with their objects. The one in this city has done a vast amount of good and was never so prosperous and popular as now.

The Spiritualists of Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, will hold their fifth annual camp meeting at Fraser's Grove, Vicksburg, Mich., July 4th to August 13th. Frazer's Grove is a beautiful body of oak timber, forty acres in extent, adjacent to the village of Vicksburg, the crossing of the C. & G. T. and G. R. and I. railways. It is easy of access, being only one-half mile from town, carriages running to the grove from the village and union depot at all hours of the day or evening. The following speakers have been engaged: W. H. Blair, Mrs. Shepard Lillie, Hon. L. V. Moulton, Mrs. Sarah Graves, Helen M. Gougar and D. M. King.

A dispatch from Ishpeming, Mich., to the Philadelphia *Press*, states that May 19th, Mrs. Charlotte Erickson, a Scandinavian woman forty years of age, with several children, was taken to the asylum at Marquette, hopelessly insane from religious excitement. So violent has she been for several days that the united efforts of two men were barely sufficient to restrain her. Her ravings could be heard for blocks. Mrs. Erickson is the eighth woman in as many months who has been crazed by religious excitement in this section through the exhortations of female Swedish evangelists. They have been preaching the doctrine of fire and brimstone exclusively. Talmage won't be likely to mention this, but it would be well to have his attention called to the fact.

Francis William Newman and his brother John Henry, the cardinal, have been separated by their religious beliefs for forty years. Both are remarkable men. The former married and devoted himself to philology, history, religion and philosophy. He made grammars of obscure tongues and wrote books replete with evidences of wonderful scholarship and full of courageous thought. He was shut out from Oxford as a freethinker, as his brother was excluded for catholicism. He contributed largely to prepare the minds of the scholarly classes for the acceptance of the views of Darwin, Wallace and cotemporaneous radical thinkers generally. He was one of those who prepared the ground for good seed which was planted by others and from which has resulted a golden fruitage. All honor to such intellectual pioneers.

A dispatch from Columbia, S. C., says: "The first instance in South Carolina of a resort to the 'faith cure,' is reported from Timmonsville where it resulted in the death of Annette Maness, a bright girl twelve years old, the daughter of respectable and intelligent parents. About three weeks ago Annette was stricken with the measles, which finally developed into a dangerous type of dysentery. A regular physician attended her and soon had the disease under control. At this juncture along came a short-haired young woman from the north, calling herself Miss Mattie Gordon, lecturing on prohibition and holiness, and claiming to be a faith healer. Miss Gordon appeared at the girl's bedside and soon induced her to drop the doctor's medicine and adopt the faith remedy. The mother protested, but the child, encouraged by Miss Gordon, refused to take the doctor's medicine. As a consequence the disease took a firmer hold, and with nothing to check it raged with more violence than ever. Day after day the victim continued to sink. Finally the family recalled the regular physician, but it was too late, and the unfortunate girl died. When last heard from Miss Gordon was in Charleston conducting a 'Holiness' revival."

At a late conference in this city the Rev. Mr. Westergren endeavored to explain the difference between fanaticism and holiness. In his opinion most of these so-called holiness movements, faith cure and similar fads, are the direct outgrowth of fanaticism. The Rev. J. L. Foster said that fanatics were running riot in nearly all the suburbs and outlying churches. He had a man arise in one of his prayer meetings recently and announce with great vehemence that he believed a certain woman to be the Lord Jesus Christ, and urging that they all fall down and worship

her. He also cited the case of a prominent member of the Congregational church, who went daft on the subject of Mormonism. Rev. J. Arnold said he was pastor of a church for one year which was made up wholly of holiness fanatics. In their meetings they would go wild, and shout, sing, pray, faint, yell, froth at the mouth, or writhe on the floor in paroxysms. They proclaimed their sinless perfection on the streets and everywhere, and were guilty of the most audacious fanaticism. One year satisfied him. The church afterward fell to quarreling among themselves and disbanded. Will Brother Talmage kindly make a note of this ministerial testimony and oblige the JOURNAL?

City readers and visitors who desire to patronize a first-class Turkish Bath, are informed that a new one has been fitted up at the Southern Hotel, 22nd street and Wabash avenue. It is in charge of Mrs. Dr. G. C. Somers, who, for many years, with her husband, so satisfactorily conducted a similar establishment in the Grand Pacific Hotel. Russian, an, electro-thermal, sea-salt, and other medicated baths, are also given. Mrs. Somers is a graduate of a leading medical college and an expert in her specialty of treatment by baths. Mrs. Somers' establishment is open for ladies during the forenoon, and to gentlemen in the afternoon until ten P. M. Sundays for gentlemen only from seven A. M. to one P. M.

Dr. and Mrs. C. I. Thacher, of Aberdeen street, gave a reception in honor of Mrs. E. L. Watson on Friday evening of last week. A brilliant company of advanced thinkers were present, among whom were represented several of the numerous schools of "Christian Scientists." Though differing widely on minor points there was the most cordial fraternal feeling exhibited. Dr. Thacher, whose wit and wisdom are proverbial, opened the way for an informal discussion of moot questions with one of those profoundly wise little speeches for which he is noted, and then called upon Mrs. Watson who responded with her accustomed grace and skill. She was followed by Rev. Mr. Adams in a beautiful little speech full of kindness and breadth of sentiment. Dr. Avery added to the interest of the evening by recounting some of his experiences, and Lyman C. Howe very appropriately closed the conversation with one of his always excellent disquisitions.

The Young People's Progressive Society may feel elated over their closing meeting for the season at McVicker's Theater last Sunday evening. So large an audience has not been seen at a Spiritualist lecture in this city for the past twenty years. The JOURNAL is informed that next fall the Y. P. P. S. intends to inaugurate a lecture season with the best obtainable talent and continue it through the winter.

Mary Shelton Woodhead who sang at Mrs. Watson's lecture gained fresh laurels and new friends on that evening.

Intolerance of Catholics.

The following paragraph is taken from the *Catholic Review:*

A person who signs himself "A New Subscriber," asks: "May I attend a lecture by Dr. McGlynn?" Certainly not. To do so would be to show disrespect to the Church, to encourage him in his sad course, and to give scandal to all good Catholics. Let that unfortunate man alone. Pray for him, but stay away from the meetings at which he speaks.

"Pray for him, but stay away from the meetings at which he speaks." Assume that he is wrong, and hear nothing that may weaken confidence in the assumption. You may not understand the merits of the discussion, but the Church has pronounced against him and it is your duty to stand by the Church, whether you yourself have any opinions on the subject or not. Your duty is primarily to yield obedience to the priestly hierarchy, not to think and to follow your own convictions. Your eternal happiness depends upon your submission to the Church. Disobedience means damnation. Was there ever a device better adapted to destroy all independence and freedom of thought and to make men cringing slaves? The Catholic Church is an anomaly in our American civilization; it is the enemy of intellectual freedom, of true manhood and of human progress.

The Views of Swedenborg.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

After reading in the JOURNAL Professor Elliott Coues' grand lecture on spiritual matters, which in my humble opinion is the most scientific ever delivered on Spiritualism, magnetism and kindred subjects, I collected a few thoughts or ideas from the writings of Swedenborg, which I think will serve as a key to open some of the mysterious natural and spiritual phenomena presented to the public in the above lecture.

ALFRED A. GREEN.

San Francisco, Cal.

DIARY OF SWEDENBORG.

In everything of nature inwardly there is something acting from the spiritual world; unless this were so, nothing in the natural world would actuate the cause and effect; that which is from the spiritual world in natural things is endeavor, on the ceasing of which action or motion ceases.

It may be said of thought that it goes forth or proceeds when it becomes speech, and of the will when it becomes action.

No one either in heaven or hell thinks, speaks, wills and acts from himself, but from others. Sensual men are cunning and dexterous in acting and reasoning.

In the natural world, that which acts and reacts is called force, and also endeavor, but in the spiritual world that which acts and reacts is called life and will.

In everything created by God there is reaction; in life alone is there action, and reaction is excited through the action of life; this reaction appears as if it were of the created thing, from the fact that it exists when it is actuated.

From the action alone done by the hands, the angels with a man know his whole quality; note hence the science of palmistry.

Heaven and hell,—two opposites that act against each other, from whose action and reaction there result equilibrium.

The spiritual impels nature to act, as a living thing impels a dead one.

The soul acts in the body and into it, but not through it, and the body acts from itself from the soul.

No happiness of life without active life. The reason why the angels are God's ministries, is that they may be in active life and thence in happiness.

Active thought is the speech of man's spirit. Desire is the activity of life itself, and from the activity of life comes power.

Forms are substances, forces are their activities. Prior things continually decrease in activity and expansion even to ultimates, when their activity and expansion ceases in ultimates.

The activity of love produces the sense of delight; its activity in heaven is with wisdom, and its activity in hell is with insanity. In all conjunction by love there must be action, reception and reaction; the delicious state of a wife's love is acting or action, the state of a husband's wisdom is recipient or reception, and is also reacting or reaction according to perception, and this reaction is perceived by wives with delight in the bosom.

Life is the inmost activity of the love and wisdom that are in God, and are God. Activity itself, regarded in itself is not creatable. Sound, which is the activity of the atmosphere, is not creatable; neither is heat, which is the primary activity. It is from creation that where there are actives, there are also passives; if the actives were creatable like the passives, there would have been no need of a sun. The natural sun consists of created substances, the activity of which produces fire.

The actives of life are called celestial things, and the passions spiritual things. That no effect can exist in the universe without an active and a passive, thus without a marriage. All actives are changes of state and variations of form. In the Hebrew language, powers are meant by the same term as activity.

He who commits actual evil induces upon himself a nature thence. Man draws with him into the other life from actual sins, innumerable evils and falsities. No one is punished there for hereditary evils, but for the actual evils that he has himself committed. Evil spirits and genii are only allowed to operate into those things which a man has actually acquired. The evil that a man has contracted by actual life and confirmed in thought even to faith and persuasion, cannot be amended, but remains forever. Actual evil is acquired by thoughts without act. Man should guard against any evil going into actuality; for as soon as there is actuality, it puts on custom and habit, and passes to posterity.

CONCERNING SPEECH OF SPIRITS AND ANGELS.

It is in consequence of the correspondence of the speech of thought and the speech of the mouth, that man when he comes after death among spirits knows how to speak in a universal language; thus with spirits, whatsoever had been their language in the world; also he scarce knows any other than that he speaks there as in the world; when, nevertheless the expressions of their speech are not expressions such as man uses in the body, but are ideas, which were the ideas of his thoughts, and in an idea is a multiplicity of things; wherefore a spirit can utter more in a moment than a man can speak in a half an hour, and still there are several things, which are in the same idea, which cannot at all be expressed by bodily speech. The angels who are in heaven speak yet in another way distinct from spirits, for the angels who are in heaven have their speech from intellectual ideas, which by the philosophers are called immaterial ideas; whereas spirits have their speech from ideas of the imagination, which are called material ideas; hence in an idea of the thought of angels there are contained many more things than spirits can utter by several series of their ideas, besides many things which they cannot express at all; but when a spirit becomes an angel, he is in angelic speech; just as a man, when after death he becomes a spirit is in the speech of spirits, and for a like reason. From these considerations it may be manifest what action thought is, viz.: that it is the speech of a man's spirit.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal.

"For This Relief Much Thanks."

J. J. MORSE.

The JOURNAL for May 12th contains a noticeable article which calls for some little passing notice, not so much because of its contents, as from the position of its author in contemporary American opinion upon matters psychical. The article in question is entitled "The Signs of the Times," and is, apparently, a verbatim publication of an address delivered before the Western Society of Psychical Research, by Professor Elliott Coues, president of the American Theosophical Society.

Eliminating the opening portion of his address, relative to woman, which no doubt, his fair listeners relished highly as, indeed, they had good reason to, the main points of Professor Coues' presentment concerning Spiritualism, will, undoubtedly, produce a profound sensation, with a possible aftermath of criticism from more sources than one. Indeed, it is likely that the professor may find himself subject to a triangular fire directed by Spiritualists, Scientists and Theosophists alike. Be the above as it may the fact will remain that each class referred to can peruse this address with almost equal interest.

Probably the most important part of the matter will be in the unconditional admission of the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism. "Substantially true as alleged, are the professor's words, which is frankly made. In stating his position the Professor says:

"Let me not be misunderstood, however, and hereafter misquoted as saying that everything in Spiritualism is true, or that all the instances of the alleged phenomena are genuine; far from that! When I say that the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism are substantially true as alleged, I mean each one of the several different kinds or classes of physical manifestations, can and as a fact does occur. Granted that most public exhibitions, particularly of that strangest of phenomena, materialization, are fraudulent, knowingly, wilfully and shamefully intended to deceive; granted that most of the rest are obscure, perplexing and unsatisfactory, or unsuited to any investigation, though not intentionally fictitious; granted that yet others are illusory or delusive, and wholly misinterpreted; with all these admissions, and all these grave omissions for lack of evidence or through erroneous conclusions, yet the residuum not thus set aside is a vast array of natural phenomena which cannot be explained away—cannot be set aside, and have not yet been explained to the satisfaction of science or of average everyday common sense. We do not know, in fine, what these phenomena mean, unless, indeed, a tremendous admission again!—they mean what they say!"

That the phenomena "mean what they say, when they assert the reality of communion with spirits, is evidently what the professor means, as he states in the following excerpt:

"Do I then believe in spirits and spirit intercourse? Assuredly I do! For am I not a spirit, too, like every one of you? and do I not communicate with this visible world by my natural body, my visible apparatus of relation with the phenomenal world without being thereby shut out from my spiritual prerogative of communicating with such other spirits as I can reach, on another plane, by the spiritual body appropriate to that plane of existence? Ask me for my authority for this statement, and I point first to the ascertained facts of psychic science; but if other authority be acceptable I may quote one whom not many may be inclined to dispute when I repeat the solemn words: There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body!"

It would appear, then, that the position occupied by Professor Coues is on all fours with that in which every sober minded rational Spiritualist stands in? And that so far as facts lead us—justly and warrantedly—he is a Spiritualist. He advises us to adhere to a careful, conservative and scientific mode of procedure—in a word, to be sure of our facts, then go ahead.

Brilliant and able we have long known Professor Coues to be, and doubtless, honest withal. His recent admissions now discover him brave as well. With equal frankness let me add my testimony to a quality none too large among gentlemen of his cloth and training. Those who occupy irresponsible positions scarcely know the courage demanded for a public avowal of belief in unpopular facts. To what extent the professor will reap advantage for his apparent frankness is an open question.

The remarks concerning animal magnetism contained in the address under notice were quite in accord with the experiences of practitioners any time these fifty years past, which have also been verified in many cases by experiments made by the writer of these lines. The words of caution were none too few, or none too emphatic.

Considering to whom the address was delivered its conception and arrangement were admirably suited to the occasion, but is the Professor colossus enough to stand with feet planted, one on Spiritualism and 'tother on Theosophy? Can his admission of spirit intercourse be made to square with the states of life hereafter presented by Theosophy—that *Kama-loka* is the realm from which the Theosophs assert the great majority (possibly all?) of our alleged "communications" come from—that realm being the home of "shells," "suicides, and victims of accidents." True, the *Kama loka* affords its inhabitants *devachan* or *avitchi* (good or bad states), while as to the souls passage, by re-embodiments in this life or other worlds—up to *rupa-loka* and *arupa-loka* nothing need be said herein, except to suggest that there does not seem to be that harmony between the Professor's admissions *re* Spiritualism before the Western Society of Psychical Research, and the ideas it may be presumed he holds as President of the A. T. S? The result will be that, as no man can serve two masters, nor sit on two stools at the same time, the very interesting address under notice will fail to give earnest, rational Spiritualists, as much satisfaction as would at first reading appear, while Theosophists may possibly think their able champion is in danger of conversion from their tenets?

However, that Professor Coues has openly admitted the possibility of our facts, thereby showing that he is amenable to evidence in our direction, must "go upon the record," and to that extent at least, therefore, hereafter, he can not be counted as a foe to our facts, even if anomalous as it may seem to some of us—he yet remains a Theosoph. On this account, then, Spiritualists may, perhaps, echo the line at the head of this, and in the words of a keener mind than ours, say to the Professor: "For this relief, much thanks!"

One word more, it will be a bad and dangerous day when "authority" settles any question of fact in our ranks. If wavering Spiritualists standing on the verge of Theosophy, are tickled back to our belief through the endorsement of those eminent in outside sciences—as is Professor Coues—then have they but illy digested the lesson of our forty years, experiences, which is: Our knowledge of our facts depends upon personal observation and verification. There is no connection between the teachings of Spiritualism and Theosophy as to the interpretation of facts or the elucidation of philosophy, therefore; "Let every tub stand on its own bottom."

San Francisco, Cal.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit life at the residence of her son, John B. C. Taber, in the City of Dallas, Texas, on Tuesday the 22nd inst., aged 81 years, 4 months and 8 days, Mrs. Caroline A. Taber, wife of Dr. B. C. Taber. The deceased was born at Plympton, in the State of Massachusetts, Jan 14th, 1807. Her father was Rev. John C. Briggs, a Unitarian minister, who in the early part of the present century was well and favorably known throughout the State of Massachusetts and others of the New England States. The deceased whenever known was highly esteemed because of her daily upright life and goodness of heart. She died as she had lived a firm believer in the doctrine of Spiritualism. Besides her husband and two sons, she left a daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Thomas of Mound city. All have an abiding and cheering faith grounded on their belief, that there is no death, but simply transition from this to a much higher and more glorious life, where we shall know and recognize each other as in this life.

J. LINEGAR.

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Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four eessays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents,

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The Hon. Andrew D. White, formerly president of Cornell University, and afterwards U. S. Minister to Germany, has made a life long study of the higher educational systems and problems both of this country and of the Old World. As the result of his experience and study he has prepared a sketch of "The Next American University," which appears in the *Forum* for June. He would have a great school so organized that the most promising students of any leading American institution should have encouragement and direction, each in the prosecution of his specialty, at any American or foreign school that he chose; and that these thoroughly trained students should be maintained by this great central university to investigate important problems in American politics, industries, and social science—doing original work and building, on the broadest system that perhaps has ever been devised, a great national university in fact. Such an institution would stimulate and unify all the existing American institutions of high grade. There has recently appeared no more comprehensive or instructive plan for the advancement of the highest educational interests, not only of the United States but of the world.

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CHICAGO.

A Medium's Meeting, conducted by Mrs. Belle F. Hamilton, will be held on Sunday afternoons, at 2:30 o'clock, at Gleason's Hall, 528 West Madison Street, entrance on Bishop Court. Good mediums will be present and tests given.

The Young Peoples' Progressive Society, meets in Martin's Hall, corner Indiana Avenue and 22nd Street, Sunday evenings at 7:45. The best speakers are engaged.

The South Side Lyceum of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd street.

The Chicago Association of Universal, Radical, Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums' Society meets in Spirits' Liberty Hall No. 517 West Madison Street, every Sunday, at 2:30 P. M., and 7:30 P. M. The public cordially invited. Admission five cents. DR. NORMAN MACLEOD, President

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Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, at 128 West 43rd Street, New York.

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Johnston Building, Flatbush Ave., corner Nevins St. Conference every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.
FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall.
W. B. MILLS, President. E. J. HULING, Secretary.

St. Louis, Mo

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Parted.

HELEN M. COMSTOCK.

"O God! can it be eternal?" *
Will it reach Lethe's waters o'er
Far into the realms supernal?
Parted, to meet nevermore?

The wind-harp breathes fairy music
By lightest of zephyrs fanned;
And soul-chords thrill as sweetly
Touched by Love's magical hand.

But music is made imperfect,
If played o'er a broken string;
And Love's low notes are discordant,
If sorrow hath bidden sing.

Can life, bereft of all beauty,
Be aught but a tiresome thing?
Can hearts that live but for duty,
Blossom like flowers of spring?

Must spirits akin to sorrow,
Bear always a weight of woe?
Must souls, tho' parted forever,
Ne'er drink where sweet waters flow?

Aye! memory's fount is sparkling,
Far down in its crystal deeps,
With gems which the past has garnered,
And Love most faithfully keeps.

While these are carefully treasured,
Life surely hath much that's sweet;
While time with beauty retouches,
Rare scenes with joy so replete;

The sun-bright halo still lingers,
And lessens the heart's deep gloom;
The drooping buds of affection,
In richest fragrance rebloom.

The future may stretch all barren,
Far out o'er a trackless waste;
But still there will be oases,
With emerald beauty graced.

When life's pure waters are gushing,
So clear from their deep, cool bed,
We could drink and lave forever,
Sure angels our feet have led.

Then why, O soul! in thy sorrow,
Bow down 'neath a weight of woe?
Tho' life's greatest need be denied thee
The Father hath willed it so;

And Time, the discipline over,
Shall bring thee such perfect joy,
As only purified natures
Can sever from earth's alloy.

O no! 'twill not be eternal,
This parting that hurts so sore;
If here comes not the glad meeting,
'Twill be on a fairer shore.

Rochelle, April, 1888.

* These words: "O God! can it be eternal?" were wrung from the very soul of one who had been carried far down the sloping hillside of life, faster by grief than years, as he was about to be separated from all to him most dear.

Tuley on Religious Freedom.

Shall we have a construction by a secular court of the efficacy of infant baptism? Shall judicial interpretation be given the United States upon the soundness of the doctrine of purgatory?

It was recently held by the court of appeals in New York that a provision made by a testator for the purpose of having masses said for the repose of his soul was invalid. It is a fundamental provision that the American congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. The Catholic, like the Calvinist, may believe, unquestioned by any secular authority, in the eternal damnation of the spiritually lost. Unlike the Calvinist, he may hold that mercy has so far tempered justice that if a soul is free from mortal taint but is uncleansed of venal offense expiation may be made in purgatory, and that the period of detention in that state may be shortened by appeals for mercy from the altar upon which the sacrifice of the mass is made. Such belief exists, and conscious of the human frailty which makes the just man fall seven times a day, a human creature, apprehensive of the torment and eager for mediation, may seek to provide that after his death some portion of his estate shall be used for his eternal, as in life it was used for his temporal, welfare. It is not for a secular court in the United States to assume to decide whether or not the doctrine is absurd, the practice prep sterous. The fact remains that in the free exercise of his religion the testator proposes a means to an end which seems to him rational and desirable. Upon what ground, then, does a court assume to invalidate such provision? Upon ground purely technical and entirely at variance with the constitutional guaranty of religious freedom.

In most states the common law as it existed in England prior to the fourth year of James I. was adopted as the law of the land. During the reign of Elizabeth seven statutes known as anti-papist acts were passed by parliament. Among them was a provision that such bequests as the New York court seeks to render inoperative shall be illegal. Aside from any intrinsic interest which may be felt in the question it receives local attention from the fact that Judge Murry F. Tuley, of Cook County Circuit Court, criticises the decision of the New York court in a letter to Mr. Onahan, which has been published in an eastern print. In Judge Tuley's opinion so much of the common law as is not applicable to the changed condition of the people of the United States is not operative here, and that the guaranty of religious freedom, which is not found in the common law of England or its constitution, so changes our status that no law of Elizabeth respecting the exercise of religion can be made to apply here. The relation of the particular bequest to the exercise of religious freedom is tersely put by Judge Tuley: "The chief object sought by religion is the saving of a man's soul, and if his religion teaches him that the saying of masses may aid in the saving of that soul, how can it be said that there is a free exercise of his religion when he is not permitted to give his own money to save his own soul? He may give or bequeath his money to build churches in which it is taught that masses are necessary and effective to that end; but he can not bequeath his money to pay for the saying of such masses!"

What of the suggestion of public policy? Judge Tuley's remark is sound and sagacious: "If judges are to decide questions affecting religious beliefs or practices upon the grounds of public policy, then the guaranty of freedom of religion found in the constitution, national and state, amounts to nothing. When a judge is driven to 'public policy' as a ground of his decision I always think of the saying of Justice Burroughs, of England: 'Public policy is an unruly horse, which, if a judge unwarily mounts, ten to one he is run away with.'"—*Chicago Times.*

The *Boston Herald* (April 26th) contains a long account of a "ghost fraud." Since some unknown correspondent has sent me the paper, I presume it is considered to be of interest to my readers. I hardly think so. It is no new thing upon the earth that knaves should trade on the credulity of fools. It is not necessary either to say that Spiritualism is the happy hunting ground of the fraudulent. It has been so ever since the vagrant cheat cast his eye on the average frequenter of dark séances and marked him down as his prey. It will be so until public or promiscuous séances held in darkness, or in insufficient light, are discountenanced and discontinued. The particular case to which the *Herald* devotes so much space is no worse than those which have preceded it. It is characterized by that vulgarity, audacity and disregard for any feelings of reverence and respect for sacred things, such as may be supposed to be the common property of humanity, which, we sadly feel, Spiritualism, in this aspect of it, holds almost as a monopoly. The show from beginning to end, as the account in the *Herald* reads, seems to have been a gross parody on anything fitly called Spiritualism, and a common fraud on some very credulous people. And that is all.—"*M. A. (Oxon.)*" *in Light, London.*

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

A Chat With a Prominent Disciple—His Opinion of Theosophy and Fraud.

J. J. Morse, of London, England, who delivered the address at the funeral of the late J. L. Grover, is one of the most prominent Spiritualists in the world. For the past year he has been engaged in lecturing before the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society in San Francisco, occupying Mrs. E. L. Watson's desk owing to the latter's illness. Morse before coming to San Francisco lectured in New York, Washington, Philadelphia and Brooklyn. He also corresponds with the English journals devoted to the teachings of Spiritualism.

At present he has classes in San Francisco in which mediumship is developed.

On Tuesday evening a *Sentinel* reporter interviewed the gentleman, and asked, "What is the object of the society which you represent?"

"The object" replied the gentleman, "is the dissemination of the philosophy and teaching of Spiritualism in relation to the higher needs of human nature. There are in this country ten million Spiritualists, and in the whole world about twenty million, who are out and out believers, and many more who do not show their colors."

"What do the modern Spiritualists believe in?" asked the reporter.

"We believe in the conscious personal immortality of man, and the base of the whole is communion between the two worlds. To realize that we are dependent on what is called mediumship, which is a condition of sensitiveness that renders some people susceptible to the influence of spirits. Everybody can not be a medium, but a great majority are liable to be influenced.

"Mediumship is a thing to be very carefully and judiciously developed. It may not always prove a blessing to people, and is sometimes the reverse. The practical object that I would, as a Spiritualist, strongly emphasize, is the scientific verification of the phenomena. Let the inquirer take nothing for granted, but prove by psychic fact; by the same methodical examination as he would any fact pertaining to physical things; in fact, follow the scientific and practical method. The Spiritualist has nothing to gain by subterfuge, and considering the universal state of uncertainty and doubt concerning the future life, the immense importance of any evidence to elucidate the future is at once apparent to every thinking mind. In fact, all prejudices, either scientific or theological, should be laid aside and the question entered upon in regard to its merits simply. Professor Coues, of Washington, D. C., recently said in Chicago 'that modern Spiritualism was alike the help of religion and the despair of science,' which is truly the case.

"To my mind the present day phenomena give the strongest of support to what we call the miracles recorded in religious history, while the revelation, of what one might almost call an extra-natural, would, with its forces, present a problem to the scientific man that he is incapable of solving so long as he confines himself to merely the mechanical and chemical solution of the phenomena of the world and man.

"We are investigators and willing to learn. We do not claim that we have solved every problem in the question. It is possible that exuberant enthusiasm may at times lead us to rash conclusions, just the same as any subject in everyday life. When we make the discovery that such is the case we are always willing to rectify our frontier line."

"Do you believe in slate writing?"

"We believe in the possibility of the manifestation as expressed in slate writing, and other phenomena called spiritual. While we believe they are possible and do occur, that does not necessarily mean that they occur in every case. We are opposed to trickery and knavery of every kind—all we want is truth, and consider every medium who cheats and tricks his friends or patrons is as much deserving the attention of the law as any other swindler.

"I believe in the test mediumship of John Slater and Ada Foye, and others of similar character.

"Do you believe in theosophy?"

"I might answer that by saying yes and no. However, I believe in the good intentions of the theosophists. To be a theosophist one must necessarily be a Spiritualist, as one follows the other in the opinion of theosophists. I can't say that I believe in theosophy. Virtually, in my opinion, theosophy is builded upon the philosophy and experiences of Spiritualism, and it is but another department of a many-sided subject."

"Do you have any controversy with religious bodies?"

"Controversy with religious bodies is beside the question, as the question is one of fact, although these things occasionally occur. When that fact is settled it is for each individual to decide for himself the value and bearing of the result obtained."

Mr. Morse said that he was delighted with his visit to Santa Cruz, and considered it the prettiest place he had ever seen. Before bidding the reporter "good night" he informed him that he (the reporter) would make a good medium, as his clairvoyant abilities are largely developed, and he also had the power to heal by the laying on of hands.

Mr. Morse returned to San Francisco Wednesday morning.—*Santa Cruz (Cal.) Daily Sentinel.*

HE SAW IT IN A DREAM.

Fatal Accident on the Boston & Maine Foretold to a Railroad Man.

"Speaking about dreams, I can give you a true story of one I had once that left a lasting impression upon my mind," said David Whelton, the foreman of the Boston & Maine roundhouse, as a *Globe* reporter sat in the cosy office at Somerville the other night. "And I had rather give it to the *Globe* than any other paper," said Mr. Whelton, "for I'm a workingman, and the *Globe* stands up for our interests every time. But the dream was as follows:

"Thirty-five years ago I was working for the Boston & Maine on the Reading section. The section foreman, with whom I boarded, was my uncle, Tim Canty, who holds the same position. There were two other men in the gang, one of whom, Patrick Burns, is still alive in Reading, and will join with my uncle in vouching for the truth of my story. One night, after finishing my day's work, I retired as usual, and in my sleep had the following dream: I thought I had arisen the following morning, and while we were going to the place where we were to make some repairs in the track, on a curve about a mile and a half beyond Reading, we came upon a passenger train in the ditch. I remember how vividly the whole scene came before me, and how we at once went to work digging the dead and wounded out of the wreck and piling them on the hand-car and carrying them to the village.

"On awaking I arose and told my aunt what an impression the dream had made upon me. She laughed and told me it was unlucky to tell a dream before breakfast. I then went into the yard and told it to my uncle, and on going to work I told it to the other section hands and expressed my opinion that the dream was a presentiment of evil, but they pooh-poohed at it until we came to the curve I saw in my dream, when, on rounding it, what was our surprise to find a wreck just as I had dreamed of.

"A passenger train, drawn by the engine Hinckley, No. 19, with Joseph Langley engineer and Daniel Smart conductor, lay in the ditch. The train consisted of four passenger cars and a baggage car. There were no smoking cars in those days, and the baggage car was filled with laborers going to their work. This car was turned completely over, and the heavy flooring and trucks had pinned many of the men down, killing some and injuring others severely. I at once went back for doctors, and the rest went to work digging out the injured and piling them on the hand-car, exactly as in my dream.

"The immediate fulfilling of my dream caused a great sensation, and, as I had related it in detail to a number before we went to work, no doubt could be raised in the minds of any as to the truth of the story."

Mr. Whelton has been at work on the Boston & Maine for about 35 years, with the exception of about two years during the war, when he was in the cavalry service. He has charge of over fifty engines and oversees about a dozen men. He is one of the most trusted men on the road, and all who come in contact with him testify as to the confidence which can be placed in his veracity. This dream had made such an impression on him that he is a firm believer in the reliability of dreams in general. He can be seen any evening at the roundhouse, where he and Mr. Higgins, who has general charge of affairs, show every courtesy to visitors.—*Boston Globe.*

Materialization—A Doctor's Suggestions for Crucial Tests.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The almost invariable exposure, soon or later, of every public materializing medium, naturally occasions deep anguish of mind among all Spiritualists. It places their sacred belief in spirit-communion in so unsacred a light, that their very heart of hearts becomes painfully lacerated. Experience, sadly manifolded, discloses the existence of impostors heartless enough to literally steal heaven's livery to serve the devil (mammon) with. Is it not our duty to render repetition of such hell-begotten rascalities impossible?

I shall not dilate on this phase of this important question. My object to-day is merely to propose the application of some simple instruments that would unfailingly detect the smallest irregularity on the medium's part, plainly recording them to view. One of these is the pneumograph, which can be readily attached to the medium's chest, in a manner to record the nature of each and every respiration. The instrument is small, and would in no manner interfere with all *legitimate* motions and emotions. An even steady respiration, without "suspicious motions," is plainly shown by equally even and steady curves traced by this detective. In other words, if the medium really is the *passive* party as claimed, then the recording "curve" will be an innocently regular one. But if irregularities of the tack-drawing, veil-lifting, body-shifting and like "emotional motions" are practiced, then said "curve" (drawn by the pneumograph) will show in tell-tale "hops, skips and jumps" the true status of things in general, and of the medium in special.

Again, we might make satisfactory use of the Sphygmograph (sphygmometer), or "pulse-recorder," an instrument that truthfully marks in peculiar curves the exact nature of every heart's beat, or rather of every arterial pulsation, the same as does the pneumograph, or "respiration-recorder" of the lung's motions. It is not here to explain either instrument, or the exact manner of the use. I solely wish to call attention to the desirability of employing already existing appliances of their kind, that cannot possibly interfere with the "spirits," or their manifestations. Any medium objecting to their use, would then and there plead guilty of fraud. True media will hail as friends such trustworthy and unbiased exponents to their worth and honor. Spiritualists are sadly given to snubbing science. Why not use science's own instruments to convince science with?

DR. J. C. HOFFMAN.

Jefferson, Wis.

Defaming the Dead.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

We should always have conclusive evidence of any statement reflecting on the honesty of anyone who has passed beyond the power of self-defense in this world. An Illinois lady recently informed me that a person in her neighborhood had recently returned from California, and reported that they were told while in Santa Ana that Mrs. Mott, just before her death, said that Mr. Mott's séances were all a fraud. That she, Mrs. Mott, was a ventriloquist, and by this power had made Mr. Mott's reputation as a medium.

I am very sorry I have been unable to bring this defamation of a noble woman's character home to the proper person, and hold him or her up in their proper light before the public.

The whole idea is entirely false. I have it direct from the lips of Mrs. B. J. Salisbury who was with Mrs. Mott almost constantly during the last two days of her earthly life, and who is ready, if necessary, to make affidavit to the same, that not only did Mrs. Mott not intimate any such idea, but by many forms of expression, to her last breath, gave passive evidence of her belief in Spiritualism, and of the genuineness of Mr. Mott's mediumship. She took great comfort in the thought that she would soon join her loved children in the Spirit-world. Mr. and Mrs. Mott came direct to my house from Los Angeles; and she was removed from my house to more commodious quarters where she passed on. I am intimately acquainted with the two nurses who attended her; and I can assure the public that any one who says Mrs. Mott, on her death bed, pronounced Spiritualism a fraud, or herself as having practiced hyprocrisy for many years, is an arch enemy to Spiritualism and to truth. It reminds one of the much circulated falsehoods of the recantations of Thomas Paine, and other noted reformers.

D. EDSON SMITH.

Santa Ana, Cal., May 20th.

Predicting the Future.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I would like to ask through the columns of your valuable and ever-welcome paper, for an exposition of the views, theoretical and practical, (in a spiritualistic point of view) of the question of knowledge of future events, by our friends "gone before." Having experienced mediumistic powers for some years, and having investigated every step I have thus far traveled over the occult road, I want to know whether others have been taught the same lessons. I find many Spiritualists who deny even the possibility of a fore-knowledge, and many more fear to commit themselves on the subject. I cannot doubt the existence of such a power. That the spirits do forewarn us, I have no doubt, from, perhaps, hundreds of experiences, the effects of which were a mingling of good and bad, and of which, there are quite a number of witnesses, some of whom can vouch for the accuracy of predictions covering each and every consecutive day for a month. The most noted case was one in which the writer was shot, receiving to all appearances a death wound, March 31st, 1883, I had a vision, showing me a mine at Clifton, Arizona. Having never seen it, nor ever heard it described, I think it impossible to have received my impressions from any physical source. On getting up in the morning, I gave a minute description of my so-called "dream" to the well known gentlemen. On the morning of April 2nd, at 1 o'clock, I received the wound, and thus far I realized that I had passed through all the phases of my vision to the corresponding point, and when my mind became settled, I was visited by all of those friends who had heard my "dream," who, in almost one breath, exclaimed, "Well! Mr. Hoge, your dream came true."

If our writers, mediums, or psychic researchers can throw any light on this subject, they will oblige me.

R. W. HOGE.

Virginia City, Montana.

The Ascent to Zion.

It is necessary that men should walk step by step in ascent to Zion. From one step to another he must pass in the course of his regeneration. He becomes an angel, not all at once, but by successive stages of development. This would be the case even though there were no evils with which to contend. We must, as the text declares, go from strength to strength. It has been supposed that the process by which man is prepared for heaven is instantaneous, but no belief could be more fallacious than this. If it were true that, on account of Adam's transgression, all men rest under the ban of God's condemnation, then again it might be true that he could save such as he chose among them by an exercise of instantaneous mercy. But if he equally loves them all, desires that they shall be eternally happy and gives to each one the opportunity of becoming so, in the freedom of his own choice, then surely his method must be to lead them on from strength to strength. One of the chief pleasures of existence consists in the assurance that the future holds in store for us its own joys, to which we have not yet attained. This assurance forms the true basis of hope with all whose lives are happy and contented. The Lord's purpose in creating us that we may become angels of heaven, and so far as we are animated by the same purpose and try to co-operate with him, the desired result is accomplished. It is useful for us to know something about the various stages of spiritual progress, and especially useful to be aware that some of them at least, we have not yet experienced. Far enough are most of us from being wise as the angels are wise, or being governed by the unselfish love of others, which is the joy of their hearts; but to this state shall we likewise attain, if we walk in the ways assigned to us.—*Rev. James Reed.*

The highest recorded balloon ascent was by Glaisher and Coxwell from Wolverhampton, England, on September 5, 1862. They rose to the height of seven miles. According to Glaisher, in 3,500 balloon ascensions only fifteen deaths have occurred.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Instinct or Reason?

It has often been a puzzling question to know if birds hatch and bring up their young by instinct, or whether they employ a certain reasoning power in the construction of their nests, in the patient sitting on the eggs, in the choice of food for their young nestlings. Many anecdotes seem to prove that the generality of birds, and especially swallows, sparrows and storks employ something more than mere instinct in the conservation and rearing of their fledgling; but on the other hand, one is inclined to think that birds cannot recognize their young from the young of other birds, even of different species. A hen will bring up a whole brood of ducklings, and everyone is familiar with the desperate efforts of the foster-mother to prevent her yellow-downed charges from dabbling in the horse pond; yet one would think that the differences of form in bill and feet between ducklings and chicks would have been sufficient to give an inkling to the hen that she had been "imposed" upon.

The cuckoo knows very well her egg will be hatched and the young one brought up by the unfortunate bird whose nest has been turned into a foundling institution. These and other similar facts seem to prove that birds cannot distinguish their young, even from the young of dissimilar species. But a curious fact that has taken place in the colony of canaries that I have, has led me to think that some species of birds at least, better developed, can really distinguish their "babies." I had four hen-canaries setting at one time; one of the nests, containing three eggs, was upset by accident and only one egg escaped "poaching." The hen-bird refused to continue sitting and the next day I placed the abandoned egg in another nest where two eggs, laid at the same time, were being hatched.

The orphan-bird and his adopted brothers came to the light of day in due time, and all three were taken good care of by the parent birds. Meanwhile the first nest contained three new eggs, and I considered the canary sufficiently compensated for the loss of her first brood.

Now comes the curious part of the story. The abandoned egg had no sooner "sprouted" into an ugly little mass of open-beak fleshy-colored embryo of a bird, than the real mother, abandoning her new eggs, started forth and drove the foster mother off the nest and fed her "child" herself, disdaining the other two which did not belong to her. The foster-mother made no distinction between the three, but as I saw that a war "to the beak" had been declared between the two female birds, I had to take the youngster out of his nest, replace him in his first home, where he helped his mother in hatching out the three eggs. Both birds remained quietly each in her own corner after this.

The query now comes, was it instinct or was it reason, that enabled the canary to recognize the fledgling, which she had abandoned while in the egg, amongst the others in a strange nest?

G. D. HOME.

Paris, France.

James Fennimore Cooper.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I notice in a recent number of the JOURNAL, a paragraph from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, giving a statement of the remarks of Mr. Richard B. Kimball on the occurrence of some manifestations, in which James Fennimore Cooper, the novelist, was an actor or an investigator. After very remarkable answers had been given to several of the gentlemen present, Mr. Cooper, who was very skeptical, put the following questions and received the answers indicated:

"Is the person I inquire about a relative?"
"Yes."
"A near relative?"
"Yes."
"A man?"
No answer.
"A woman?"
"Yes."
"A daughter? a mother? a wife?"
No answer.
"A sister?"
"Yes."

Mr. C. then asked how many years since her death. Fifty knocks were plainly and distinctly given, and the number so announced by the whole company. Mr. Cooper now asked, "Did she die of consumption?" and naming several diseases. No answer was given. 'Did she die by accident?"

"Yes."
'Was she thrown from a horse?"
"Yes."

Mr. C. then discontinued his investigation and informed the company that just fifty years ago that present month he had a sister thrown from a horse and killed and that all answers in regard to her were strictly correct. The whole account was published in Capron's history of Modern Spiritualism in 1855. But one of the later evidences of the effect of Spiritualism is recorded by the great novelist in what, so far as can be ascertained, was the last time he used his pen and wrote the following, which was handed to Mrs. Underhill (the eldest of the three celebrated Fox Sisters) by the nephew of Mr. Cooper after his death:

"Tell the Fox family, I bless them. I have been made happy through them. They have prepared me for this hour."

If any priest of the old, wornout religions of the world have any better testimony to offer than this, we fail to see it. Mediums—I mean genuine ones—have much such testimony the world knows nothing of.

E. W. CAPRON.

Faith Well Rewarded.

A miscellaneous audience of probably 150 persons crowded into the little chapel at Bethany Home, No. 113 Centre avenue, last evening. The occasion was the fourth Bible reading of Miss Carrie F. Judd, of Buffalo, N. Y., who has somewhat of a reputation as an author and lecturer in the field of divine healing. "Three years ago," said the speaker, "when I was still quite new in the work, I found myself away from home without clothes enough to protect me against the weather. I considered the matter and found I could replenish my wardrobe with $15. Then I got down on my knees and prayed, 'Dear Lord, to go on with thy work I must have clothes, and therefore I ask thee for $15.' After waiting a few moments the answer came back, 'Why didn't you ask for $20, my child?' Then I thought to myself, My Father in Heaven is more generous than I give him credit for. The next day passed without any results, but my faith never wavered. The following morning there came a knock on my door. A strange gentleman was admitted. He said, 'I have heard of your work, and something has induced me to bring you this,' and he handed me an envelope. On opening it I found a crisp twenty-dollar note enclosed. And this when no one but God and myself knew of my need. That was my first real revelation. I have had many since. In fact, God has answered my every request for temporal or spiritual aid."—*Pittsburg Post.*

Mental Telegraphing by Red Men.

It is said that the Indians on the plains have always practiced a system of mental telegraphing among themselves, by means of which they communicate with each other almost instantaneously, and without messengers or signals. This mental telegraphing is by no means peculiar to the Indians on the plains of the United States. The same thing has been done by many people on the plains, and among the mountains, both of America and other countries, and is to-day, and always has been, one method of manifesting knowledge known to and practiced by many persons.

The manner in which such communications are made seems to be, and is, a great mystery. Many theories about it have been suggested, all of which fall far short of satisfying the minds of people as to how it is done. The fact that such communications are sent and received; and that they are often genuine and true, and that such is one mode of manifesting knowledge, is now almost universally conceded.—*Missouri Republican.*

Jesus after the resurrection was apprehended by some wondrous second sight.... But the resurrection of the body.... and the ascension through parting vapors.... when both these events are taken for miraculous events, are a superstition embalming of the coarser sort, an emphasis of external conceits without ground which the church must cease, or abandon if it would not lose its hold on the intelligent trust of mankind.—*Dr. C. A. Bartol, Boston.*

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The average of life is thirty-one years.

Xylonite, the new material, makes perfect artificial noses.

There are fourteen recent graduates of Yale College engaged in journalism in New York.

Two-thirds of the tobacco plants in Western North Carolina have been killed by recent frosts.

The use of cocaine as an anæsthetic was discouraged at the meeting of dentists held in Cairo, Ill.

A medical writer brands this as the most dangerous season of the year, from a health point of view.

The chief subject of conversation in country places is the summer cottages and who is to occupy them.

London has eight homes for poor working girls, where they can get three tolerable meals a day for $1 a week.

If all the land was leveled into the sea the water would flow over the entire globe with an average depth of one mile.

A barber of Newburg, N. Y., has invented a chair which registers the number of persons who sit in it during the day.

Mrs. Karl Strandt, wife of a German farmer in Plato, Ill., died the other day from the kick of a cow, received while milking.

At least 4,000 lady teachers from the country east of the Rocky Mountains are expected at the convention at San Francisco in July.

An English naval officer estimates that there are $200,000,000 in gold and silver under the sea which could be reached by good luck.

The greatest fault a Florida man recently found with Maine is that there are two months in the year that the sleighing is not very good.

A San Francisco schoolmarm punishes truants by applying mustard plasters to their backs. They are said to "draw" strongly school-ward.

Seals are ravaging the salmon in Penobscot Bay, and fishermen in turn are ravaging the seals. Thus far ten of the latter have been killed.

It was discovered at Pittsburgh, Pa., a few nights ago that five registered packages from St. Louis to Boston, had been stolen while the mail train was stopping in that city.

Seven varieties of fishes examined by naturalists of the Challenger expedition have been found to be totally blind in the deep sea, but see when inhabiting shallow water.

Paper is of surprising strength. A twisted note of the Bank of England will not tear even though three hundred and twenty-nine pounds weight is suspended from the end of it.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, born in 1690, introduced inoculation for small pox from Turkey into England and had her own daughter publicly inoculated for example's sake.

England is said to have one cow to eight and a half persons. France one cow to three and one-third and America one cow to one and two-thirds persons. America is ahead on the cow.

A youthful applicant for graduation at Lexington, Ky., being asked the other day, "What does history teach?" answered, "That the United States has never been whipped and never will be."

Recently a banking house bought $250,000 worth of gold bar, weighing about half a ton, at the assay office, New York, for exportation, and on the day before a similar amount was purchased by another firm.

Excelsior Geyser, in the National Park, Montana, is discharging a column of water sixteen feet in diameter and 300 feet high. The eruptions occur every forty-five minutes and last from three to five minutes.

An old slave has been discovered in Jonesboro, Ga., who is one hundred and eight years old, has been married nine times and is the father of 117 children. His name is Nero, and he devotes himself to preaching at camp meetings.

Maggie Riddle, of Springfield, Ohio, committed suicide by jumping into a well attached to her father's farm. She arrayed herself in her new spring dress, parasol, gloves and all, and jumped into the well, which was fifty feet deep. Disappointment in love was the cause.

In the savings banks of Rhode Island the deposits amount to $52,000,000. The population is a little more than three hundred thousand, so that the average savings represented by the deposits in the savings banks alone are about $177 per capita for every man, woman and child in the state.

Mr. Kennan gives one good idea of the enormous size of Siberia by stating in the *Century* that its territory would contain the United States, including Alaska, with all of the states of Europe, except Russia, and there would still be 300,000 square miles to spare.

A famous stock farm in Orange county, N. Y., comprises 850 acres of the finest land in the county, and on which more than $100,000 has been spent, has just been sold for $27,570 to a wealthy Englishman, who intends to import some of the best racing blood in England, and will also form herds of prize cattle.

Angus Keith, a farmer, living eight miles from Louisville, Ga., says he had a fine rain the other night, and when he looked out in the morning he was surprised to find the ground literally covered with tiny frogs. He said they covered several acres, and were in thousands. He believes they came down with the rain.

The power of various explosives has been calculated to be equivalent to the following pressures, the figures giving tons per square inch: Emmensite, a new explosive for which important advantages are claimed in addition to great power, 283; nitro-glycerine 264; explosive gelatine, 253; forcite, 250; oxonite, 240; panclastite, 203; gun cotton, 195; dynamite, 144; atlas, 133; rackarock, 117; roburite, 24; and blasting gunpowder, 23.

Oil has been "struck" in Egypt by boring in the Jebel Zeit (oil mountain), on the shore of the Red Sea, 180 miles from Suez. Petroleum has long been supposed to exist in the country, for the ancient mummy cloths were soaked in it, and the exudations from the fissures of this very mountain have been used by the natives from time immemorial as a specific for rheumatism and skin diseases.

The schooners Luther Eldridge and Emulator, of Chatham, Mass., while dragging for anchors lost in last winter's ice embargo, recently discovered off Chatham what appears to be a large iron chest. It is popularly supposed, to be full of treasure, and to have been lost by a foreign frigate, wrecked here many years ago. Failing to raise the chest with grappling irons, the captains of the schooners have engaged professional divers, with whose aid they are now trying to secure it.

Some time ago the inhabitants of a Western town elected a German named Becker for Mayor. His first act, to show his authority, was the refusal to pay the warrants of the street inspectors. The poor men did not know what to do about the matter, but their wives solved the question by threatening to call on the Mayor in a body, each armed with a cowhide, and try to persuade his Honor to sign the warrants. Becker got some information of the intended visit and quickly signed the papers.

For many years ground soapstone has been used as paint in Japan and China on surfaces that are affected by the weather. Stone obelisks covered with soapstone paint are still in excellent preservation, while the stone not so protected has long ago crumbled away. Mr. Goodall now finds that soapstone takes hold of the fiber of iron and steel better than any other substance, and hence is admirably adapted to painting iron and steel vessels. By mixing the paint with some antiseptic, it could undoubtedly be made anti-fouling as well as anti-corrosive.

Mr. Paul, of Winter Park, Fla., while out walking one Sunday afternoon, and near Lake Killarney, came across a huge alligator lying in the road. Mr. Paul seeing that the animal was very well contented, left him and went in search of a gun. After spending an hour in going from house to house, he succeeded in finding one, and, on reaching the spot the second time, found the monster where he had left him, and taking aim at him, succeeded in placing a 44-cartridge in the corner of his left eye. The 'gator was taken to Orlando and turned over to A. M. Nicholson, who is to dress his wounds and mount him into an umbrella stand. The monster measured 8 feet and 1 inch in length, and 3 feet 4 inches in circumference.

Spirit Singing.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"An article under this caption in the JOURNAL of May 26," brought to my memory an experience of Spirit singing that I, with others, listened to years ago—long before those present knew anything more of Spiritualism than its name. This is but one of many experiences that we passed through in that old homestead in the heart of the "blue grass" regions of Kentucky. It was a cold December night, the moon shining clearly, and the air crisp and frosty. Four of us, representing three generations and constituting the entire household, were gathered about the great open fireplace, with its blazing logs and bright fire-dogs. The grandmother, seventy-five years of age, was on one side of the hearth, knitting placidly, in the serene contentment of beautiful old age. Opposite her, across the hearth, her daughter—my mother—sat similarly engaged. Near the lamp sat a boy of fourteen, an orphan grandchild, while I was comfortably resting in a low rocker, watching the fire and dreaming impossible dreams. All had been perfectly silent save the sparkling and spitting of the burning hickory on the hearth, for something like an hour or more, perhaps, when we simultaneously looked at each other and three of us spoke at once, "Who is singing the hymn, Jesus, Lover of My Soul?" It was being sung by a quartette of male and female voices, in sweetest union and harmony, coming apparently from nowhere, yet wrapping us in an atmosphere of heavenly devotion, falling on our ears like a blessing of love and peace; now louder and fuller, now softer and sweeter they sang through the first verse, and every word audible. As the verse ended my mother said: "These are the voices and the singing that I told you of before, and you would not believe. Now you hear for yourselves." Grandmother calmly remarked, "It is some one passing along the public road." The singers began the second verse, each word distinctly uttered. With one accord each one arose and walked out on the veranda. We were a mile from the nearest neighbors, and could look that distance up and down the road. There was no wind stirring, and though we listened intently (and in the still cold atmosphere, the sound would have been more audible than when inside the house) we heard absolutely nothing.

We returned to our respective places, and settled in quiet with closed doors. Scarcely had we done so when the third verse of the hymn was sung with sweeter voices and harmony than possible with mortal tongues—sung as only the angels can sing, full of the very soul of love and devotion. As the voices ceased I looked up with eyes and heart full of tears to find every eye streaming. The clock chimed out ten and without comment we bade each other good night and separated. M. G. B.

A PROPHECY.

A Great Soothsayer's Peep Into the Future Which Is Now Being Verified.

The Pueblo Indians, a peaceful, orderly, and industrious race of people, who have inhabited the valley and plains of New Mexico for nobody knows how many centuries, having a tradition among them that has been handed down from remote ages, and which, as related to us by an old man of the tribe, is substantially as follow: "The great prophet told our fathers that after many ages the white man would come from the land of the sunrise and would destroy our burro trails and make in their stead long roads of iron, which should have neither beginning nor ending, and upon these he should ride in great wagons of fire, enveloped in clouds of smoke and followed by rumbling thunders. And when this should come to pass, he said, we should know it was a sign from Dios that the rains should come in the spring and early summer and the corn should grow without the acequia, that the arid plains should put forth grass, and flowers should bloom on the barren hills."

In the usual way of interpreting these mystic sayings this prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter. The white man has brought his iron road, and within the comprehension of the simple-minded Pueblo it has neither beginning nor end—it comes from the unknown and goes to the unknowable; he sees the great wagon on fire, with its clouds of smoke thundering by, but he "knows not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." Now will the remainder of the prophecy be fulfilled—will that of which this was to be the sign come to pass also? The signs of the time certainly point that way. For several years past people have remarked that "the climate was changing," and in no year has this been more noticeable than at present. March and April, driest months in the year, have this season been marked by frequent showers, and the grass is now growing luxuriantly in many places which usually show no color of green until after the "rainy season" in July and August. Who knows but that the great prophet of the Pueblos was inspired by the real divine afflatus, and that upon his shoulders had fallen the mantle of Elijah?—*Albuquerque Democrat.*

Heredity.

Let us for fifty years study heredity, and leave theology alone; and at the end of the five decades our doxology will be a victorious pæan over the vanquishing of Disease and Crime. But, in the meantime, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, we go on marrying wastrel to wastrel, consumption to consumption, intemperance to intemperance, cancer to cancer, idiocy to idiocy, and then wonder that the progeny has only body enough to nurse disease and only will sufficient to indulge in crime. We ignore the laws of existence and environment, and, with our own hands, make the whips with which Nature scourges us. We starve because we have not force enough to survive in the keen competition of "the survival of the fittest;" and, venomous as serpents and stupid as asses, we turn round upon those who are the fittest, just as reasonably as Snowdon might quarrel with the Alps because of their superior height. Do you elevate woman by setting her to the task of breeding blockheads? Are you like to improve the race by enfeebling the minds of the mothers of that race by an insidious administration of immoral Jewish fables, administered in the holy name of religion? What sort of mental and ethical stamina do you expect in a child whose mother was a religious imbecile and whose father was a moral hypocrite?—*Saladin.*

In Commendation of Prof. Coues.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I wish to say a few words in commendation of Professor Coues' paper on the "Signs of the Times." To me that essay alone is worth the subscription price of the JOURNAL for a year. He has succeeded in that difficult task, of bringing the scientific method into the realm of the soul or the psychic world. He has shed a clear light on the astral body for which there are many waiting souls.

We are anxious to have him continue the subject, and in the same scientific spirit, elucidate the doctrines of re-incarnation, the devachan condition, the animal soul, and the spiritual soul sometimes attributed to theosophy. We have had a great deal of wasted paper on the subject of re-incarnation, pro and con, generally con, by parties who know as much about it as they do of the diseases or emotions of the man in the moon. Any light with regard to re-incarnation, or "The new scenes and changes through which the soul must pass" will be hailed with pleasure. JOHN ALLYN.

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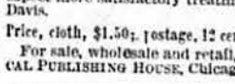
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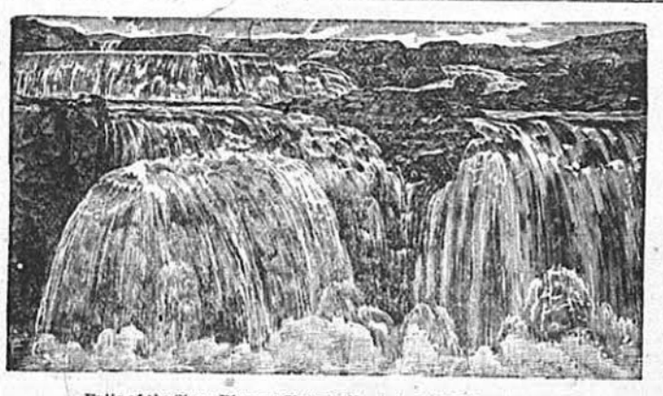
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Death and Afterwards.

(Continued from First Page.)

SHADOWS OF THE FUTURE.

Moreover those new materials and surroundings of the farther being would bring a more intense and verified as well as a higher existence. Man is less superior to the sensitive plant now than his re-embodied spirit would probably then be to his present personality. Nor does anything except ignorance and despondency forbid the belief that the senses so etherealized and enhanced, and so fitly adapted to the fine combinations of advanced entity, would discover without much amazement sweet and friendly societies springing from, but proportionately upraised above, the old associations; art divinely elevated, science splendidly expanding; bygone loves and sympathies explaining and obtaining their purposes; activities set free for vaster cosmic service; abandoned hopes realized at last; despaired of joys come magically within ready reach; regrets and repentances softened by wider knowledge, surer foresight, and the discovery that though in this universe nothing can be "forgiven," everything may be repaid and repaired. In such a stage, though little removed relatively from this, the widening of faith, delight and love (and therefore of virtue which depends on these, would be very large. Everywhere would be discerned the fact, if not the full mystery, of continuity, of evolution, and of the never ending progress in all that lives towards beauty, happiness and use without limit. To call such a life "Heaven" or the "Hereafter" is a concession to the illusions of speech and thought, for these words imply locality and time, which are but provisional conceptions. It would rather be a state, a plane of faculties, to expand again into other and higher states or planes; the slowest and lowest in the race of life coming in last, but each—everywhere—finally attaining. After all, as Shakespeare so merrily hints, "That that is, is!" and when we look into blue of the sky we actually see visible Infinity. When we regard the stars of midnight we veritably perceive the mansions of nature, countless and illimitable; so that even our narrow senses reprove our timid minds. If such shadows of the future be ever so faintly cast from real existences, fear and care might, at one word, pass from the minds of men, as evil dreams depart from little children waking to their mother's kiss; and all might feel how subtly wise the poet was who wrote of that first mysterious night on earth, which showed the unexpected stars; when—

Hesperus, with the host of Heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened on man's view!
Who could have thought such marvels lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find—
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed—
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

An Indian Spirit Gave Important Information in the Famous Jumel Will Case.

PHOEBE CHAMPLIN HULL.

Recently, while looking over old papers I came across some memoranda, which forcibly remind me of a curious experience I had some years ago, and which in these times of doubt and criticism on all spiritual matters, it may be well to make public, being a part of the unwritten history of Spiritualism, which, probably, is very abundant, did we but know it. This experience will be very interesting, clearly showing the presence of spirit-power, and its ability to give information on matters entirely beyond the knowledge of all connected, hence no mind reading possible in this case.

Your readers, many of them at least, have heard or read accounts of the famous Jumel litigation which lingered in the courts of New York City for several years; the last trial, of which my story deals, occurring about the year 1872, and which at that time created great interest and excitement. Madame Jumel (a widow) died in her famous mansion in New York City, in July, 1865, 90 years old. She possessed a large property, valued at the time at about $6,000,000. When a girl she resided in Providence, R. I., and was, during the later part of last century, a member of the family of Major Ballan, Chief of Staff and personal friend of Gen. Geo. Washington. While still unmarried and a member of this family, she gave birth to a son. This, according to record, occurred in 1794. Later, about the year 1800, she went to New York to reside, and deserted this boy, whom Mr. Ballan brought up. She there made the acquaintance of a young Frenchman, Stephen Jumel, whom she married in 1804. Mr. Jumel died in 1832, leaving no children and his wife the sole possessor of all his vast estate. Madame Jumel afterward married the noted Aaron Burr, from whom she was divorced, taking back the name of Jumel. Mr. Charles O'Conor was her attorney in divorce proceedings.

This boy of hers, to whom she had given the name of George Washington Bowen (her maiden name was Betsey Bowen) continued to live in Providence, and knew but little about his mother. After her death, about all the Bowens living in Rhode Island and Massachusetts came forward to claim her estate. In their search for the Bowen tribe, they unearthed this son who was now quite an old man, and wealthy. After these people had failed to prove their claim, this son was induced to come forward and make claim to her property on the legal ground that a natural child could inherit from the mother in absence of other children. My father who had known this boy from babyhood, and had been his friend during his life, now became the most important witness for the plaintiff, and the only living witness that could testify that this man was her son; he distinctly remembered her showing him her baby when he (father) was a mite of a lad. The case was tried two or three times, resulting in a disagreement of the jury. This last case was brought in the U. S. Court, Judge Shipman presiding. The legal talent engaged on both sides consisted of noted lawyers: Ex Judge G. I. Tucker, Levi S. Chatfield (ex-Attorney General), Chauncey Schaffer, ex-Judge Geo. F. Hoar of Massachusetts, all appearing for plaintiff, and Charles O'Conor and James C. Carter for defendant.

My father then about 80 years old, was kept on the witness stand five whole days in succession, most of the time being consumed by Charles O'Conor on cross-examination. Every effort was made to break down his testimony and test his memory, which was remarkable on all occurrences of his childhood. It was all in vain. In the after part of the trial, by the merest accident, I, who was in Providence at the time, came across the trail of detectives searching for evidence to break this testimony of father. My father and his brothers had always disputed about their ages,—it happening when all were young, that their father and mother died, and a fire just after burnt up all their effects with the records of births; this fact was being hunted down. Thoroughly aroused in defense of father, whom I considered had been treated rather inhumanly by Mr. O'Conor, I followed in the trail of these men, and found all they had discovered. I went to New York as quickly as possible and informed Mr. Tucker of what was being done. He asked, What can we do? I suggested bringing in as witnesses the oldest member of each family (my father's brothers were all dead) which would strengthen father's testimony on that point. I secured the witnesses and took them on at the proper time, and, of course, got much interested in the case myself. While attending court one day some doctor's account books were offered by the defense, containing charges showing that another family of Bowens that had a daughter of the same name as Betsey Bowen, the girl who afterwards became Madame Jumel, had lived in Providence at the same time and in same part of the city. This was intended to show that this other Betsey Bowen must be the mother of this man. After adjournment of court that day, Mr. Tucker said to me, "I must go immediately to Providence to find testimony about this other woman, for a rebuttal." He said he should employ a detective there, and asked if I would go and help them. I consented and the next morning reported to him in Providence ready for work. He gave to me the only clue known. This other Miss Bowen had married a man named Abner Metcalf, who was a leather dresser. We each spent three days in different directions. Advertisements were inserted in all the papers, with rewards for information; all the old records, account books of men in that business 70 and 80 years before, and all the old people we could find were interviewed, and not a trace could we discover of such people. Mr. Tucker gave up, obliged to return to New York. Before leaving he said to me: "I leave it in your hands. Do the best you can, but I have not much hope. Mr. O'Conor never ventured to put that evidence in until he was sure we could find nothing to rebut it." I persevered another whole day, at the end of which I felt tired out and sick, as well as discouraged. Before going home that night, I concluded to call on an aunt of mine. She had been one of the earliest trance mediums, and had one of those famous faithful Indian controls. My thought was to have him give me an examination and prescribe what I ought to do for myself when I got home for the night.

This aunt knew nothing of what I was doing or interested in, it being thought best to keep the business entirely to ourselves. I asked if she would give me an examination, to which she readily consented; and soon entranced, the Indian commenced talking to me. Instead of looking into my physical condition, he began at once on the mental, and much to my surprise told me what I had been doing. I said to him, "Yes, you are right, but I am discouraged. There are plenty of people over there on your side who know all about this business, if they know anything. I should think they might come and tell me what I want so much to know. You ought to be able to find them."

Said he: "Maybe me can. Wait; we will see."

So I waited, the medium keeping perfectly quiet and not speaking for some time. After awhile he said: "Me see, hanging right before you, a big key."

"Well, what does that mean, I asked?"

"Wait. Maybe me tell you."

"Soon he said: "Now me see this right above the key: C-h-a-c-e."

"That spells Chace," said I; "And you are on the wrong track; that is the name of the defendant in this case, only he spells his name 's-e' instead of 'c-e.'"

"No, me right, not mean that."

"Well, what do you mean," I asked.

He said: "That name is the key to what you want to find."

I asked: "Do you mean me to understand that I must find a person named Chace, who can tell me all?"

"Yes, yes."

"That is not very definite," I said, "for there must be about a thousand of them in this State. Can't you be more particular? Tell me what Chace."

"No, can't see any more."

So I had to give it up and make the most of it.

By this time I had entirely forgotten I was sick, and without stopping to explain matters to my aunt, I started off home. The next morning I enquired of father if he knew of any very old person by the name of Chace.

"Yes," he said, "there is old Bill Chace, I don't know as he is living now; it is a good many years since I saw him and he is a good deal older than I am. I knew him when I was a boy. The last I knew he lived up in North Providence."

"What was his business," I enquired.

"He used to be a leather dresser," he said.

"Ah!" I thought to myself, "Mr. Indian may be right after all."

"Off I started as soon as I had breakfasted, and making enquiries I learned where I had to go to find Mr. Chace, if alive. I hired a team and drove out to this house; on reaching there an old gentleman sat by the window looking out. He proved to be Mr. Wm. Chace, then over 90 years old. I told him I was trying to find a man or his family by the name of Abner Metcalf. Could he give me any information. I told him how long ago it was since anything had been known of them.

"Yes, I know all about him," he said. "I ought to, we were brothers-in-law. I learned my trade of leather dresser of him. He carried on the business then. I married his sister. Afterward I bought out his business, and he moved with his family to Massachusetts. He married Betsy Bowen, and they had one daughter who died. They are all dead now, died many, many years ago, and are all buried in Massachusetts," telling just where I could find their graves. There was only one other relative living who knew anything about these matters, a sister, very aged, and totally blind. She lived in Peabody, Massachusetts. I took my notes, asked the old gentleman if he was willing to give his testimony. He said, "Yes," and thanking him, I left, going at once to the telegraph office and sending to Mr. Tucker this message:

"Eureka! Will see you to-morrow morning."

At nine o'clock the next morning I was in Mr. Tucker's office, where I met the lawyers on the plaintiff's side. I told them my story and how I obtained my clue.

"Wonderful, wonderful," all said.

Application was made to the court and a Commission appointed to go to Rhode Island and Massachusetts to take the testimony, the witnesses being too aged and infirm to leave home. Mr. Levi Chatfield and clerk, Mr. James C. Carter and clerk, and myself as pilot, all went to take this testimony. The evidence when all collected proved that this Betsey Bowen had married Mr. Metcalf as early as 1792; had a daughter born in 1804, the same year Geo. Washington Bowen was born. All were dead except these few whom I had found through this spirit communication.

When Judge Hoar, of Massachusetts, summed up for the plaintiff, he spent two days going over the testimony. In that speech, when alluding to this evidence, which had been so complete he said:

"Before our learned friend, Mr. O'Conor, ever dared present this Bowen evidence in this court, he had raked Rhode Island with a fine toothed comb, and thought nothing was to be found by which we could rebut it; but our evidence is complete; it forever overthrows the idea that this plaintiff is any other than the son of Betsy Bowen, who afterward became Madame Jumel."

At last it was so admitted by the defendants. The case was lost to the plaintiff so far as the property was concerned, though he proved his birth. The Judge instructed the jury to bring in a verdict for the defendant, because Madame Jumel possessed no property when she died, therefore there was none for the plaintiff to inherit; some papers they called deeds having been put in evidence in the last days of the trial, showing that Mr. and Mrs. Jumel had transferred all their property to a third person many years before Mr. Jumel's death. The fact remained that Madame Jumel survived her husband 33 years, and all that time had retained exclusive control and possession. Let any one answer who can. Whence came this information given me in this curious way?

New York, May, 1888.

What is Theosophy?

SUSIE E. HIBBERT, 2ND DEGREE, F. T. S.

[Published with the approval of the Gnostic Theosophical Society.]

Theosophy is derived from two Greek words, *Theos*, meaning God, and *Sophia*, meaning Wisdom. Theosophia or Theosophy is the wisdom of God, or Divine wisdom. Theosophy is at once a science and a religion.

It is the science that embraces the phenomena, laws and principles of all sciences. The religion that contains the absolute truths underlying the creeds of all religions of all ages and peoples since the making of the world. It is as old as the sun; as young as the dawn. It evolves from the microcosm and explains the macrocosm. While mortal in manifestation, it is immortal in essence. "It is the light shining in the darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not." Its truth was hidden behind the veil of Isis, was closed within the sacred Lotus of the Buddha, was guarded in the temples of Greece and Rome, was carved upon the golden sun of Montezuma, and was crucified upon the cross with Jesus Christ. Theosophia—Divine daughter of God!—calls aloud to all the world in this New Cycle, and proclaims in her very name her glorious origin and certain destiny!

The ancient Initiates or adepts were the discoverers and conservators of all the sciences of ancient times, and also the guardians and teachers of all the religions of the past. To the Initiate there never was and never can be any conflict between true science and true religion. But the ancient adept gave neither his knowledge of nature, nor of the gods to the people. There was an esoteric science, and an esoteric religion jealously guarded by the few, for the few who proved themselves worthy. Only after long years of study, of pure and holy living, and of the most terrible and painful ordeals was the seeker for divine wisdom admitted to the inner sanctuary. Few are they who can be trusted with the awful powers that come from occult knowledge of the *Anima Bruta* till they have risen to the comprehension of the sublime mysteries of the *Anima Divina*. "Cast not thy pearls before swine, nor give that which is holy to the dogs." To gain admission to the higher secrets of the adepts is as difficult to day as it was in the times of Pythagoras or of Christ, though the time for revealing many secrets hidden for thousands of years is now at hand. Theosophy and theology have nothing in common. The former is knowledge making belief secure; the latter is belief based on ignorance. Theosophy teaches no creed, and seeks no converts. It explains all exoteric religions, but teaches none. It has a secret doctrine, and that he who seeks aright may find.

The mystic grasps not only the immutable and relentless laws of the material world, but also the equally unvarying, inexorable and higher laws of the spiritual universe. The adept, both ancient and modern, reads the most occult pages in the book of nature, commands forces utterly unknown to modern science, scans the hearts of men and demons, and holds converse with the Gods. The most learned cosmopolitan is at best but a citizen of the world; the adept is a citizen of the universe, and can live alike in the world of causes, and the world of effects, in the here and the hereafter. And do we mean to say that all Theosophists know the secrets of all sciences, and have the key to every mystery of the soul? No! a thousand times no! As well might one say that every philosopher is a Newton or a La Place, every naturalist a Darwin or Hæckel, every musician a Mozart or Beethoven. But our claims seem startling enough to some. They are so high, wide and deep, that Science scorns, Religion repudiates and Ignorance ignores them. But Theosophists heed none of these things. They live in time as though it were eternity, and are as sure of eternity as they are of time. Though they may have caught but the faintest echo of the divine harmony, that echo enwraps the soul in abiding calm. A great western mystic beautifully defines "reason as the eye of the mind and intuition as the eye of the soul." The Theosophist walks the paths of truth with both these windows of his being wide open, and turned to the source of all light; and knows himself a son of God returning to his Father! And also knows that in that long journey, he shall gather all knowledge, both of earth and heaven, and attain to all the joys and powers, both of men and angels! He believes in absolute love and absolute wisdom, because he knows the laws of absolute justice that rule the universe. There can be no such thing as perfect love without perfect justice. The Gnostic alone, of all men, can tell you why "It is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for one jot or tittle of the law to fail." Because he knows the law he gathers his strength for the evil days that soon must fall upon mankind, because the power now held by the classes is used to oppose and suppress the rights of the masses. As every adept can read in the astral light, he knows the future when he wills. Thus, soon you will hear voices, here and there throughout the world, giving warning of the terrible calamities now swiftly sweeping from the Unseen, to overwhelm those who doubt and oppose the justice of the living God. The mystic loves all Christs and believes in all, but for him there is no savior outside of himself. He knows the meaning of the beautiful mystery of the atonement; but the world does not know it; neither does the Church show that she knows it in the husky doctrine that reaches the masses from the Vatican.

Slowly the master entered the silent hall where his disciples walked and pondered the mysteries.

"Hast studied well the symbols, and dost thou know at last the truth," said the master.

"In part I know, and always I seek," replied the novitiate.

"Ponder well and strengthen thee, for we go a long journey and much may be revealed to thee."....

"Come!" said the master, and the student rose and followed. Soon they were in the dense gloom of a tropical forest; the towering trees enwrapped in the snaky folds of clasping vines, whose twisting fingers drew ever closer the dark roof leaves. Before them rose the dim outlines of that massive and mysterious temple, lost for ages in the heart of Yucatan. The master pushed away the heavy vines that covered deep carvings of many strange symbols engraved upon the deathless stone before the Aztec rose or the Montezumas reigned.

"Behold the temple of the living God!" said the master.

And as the student knelt a tongue of flame leaped from cross to wheel, from wheel to serpent, and he cried aloud: "They knew!—thousands and thousands of years ago they knew, and here are all the mysteries, oh! Buddha our Lord!"

"Come!" said the master, and the student rose and followed. It was night. Round them stretched in awful majesty the ruins of ancient Karnac. Terrible in grandeur loomed those giant columns, striking black shadows across the splendor of the Egyptian moon. A flock of flamingos whirled slowly in the air above, moving towards the gliding Nile. Then from the deepest shadow came a voice: "I am Hermes Trismegistus. If that which thou seekest thou findest not within thee, thou wilt never find it without thee. All is living—life is one, and God is Life."

When silence fell, a faint flame gleamed upon a broken column, and as the student bowed in awe, he saw the symbols carved deep, imperishable. The tongue of flame swept from winged globe to winged wheel; the tri-angles interlaced, were enclosed in a serpent of fire; and his heart melted within him. And he cried again. "Here they knew him!" Here he was adored! Oh! Christ ineffable, oh! mystery Divine!

"Come!" said the master, and the student arose and followed. Suddenly thick darkness held them like a pall. They could hear the sullen surge of waves that sweep stealthily in caverns. Startled bats brushed them as they moved and the damp stones proved the sea was near this entrance to the cave of Elephantas. They were approaching the oldest mystery of India. The master gently took the cold hand of his disciple as the darkness slowly lifted, and in the dimness glowered that monstrous statue—gigantic, horrible; that dual creature of stone, half man, half woman—the mystery of the ages! And as they looked, a tongue of flame shone upon the wall and there they saw the symbol most sacred—worshiped by Aryan, Egyptian, Aztec, Jew and Christian. And the master cried aloud: "Behold the temple of the Living Truth!" "The same yesterday, to-day and forever!" As he cried the flame crept from the wall and glowed over his heart, and his disciple turned and beheld his master illumined from within, and fell upon his knees and worshiped him, crying, "'Tis He! 'Tis He! He is here. His temple is within thee!" The disciple wept with joy, and bowed his head upon his breast and lo! the flame leaped from within his own heart, and he cried with a mighty voice. "'Tis He, 'Tis He! Behold, *we* are the temple of the Living God!"

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

L C Draper

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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PSYCHICS AND RELIGION.

An Address Delivered by Mrs. E. L. Watson,

Sunday Evening, June 3rd, 1888, at McVicker's Theatre, Under the Auspices of the Young People's Progressive Society.

(Stenographically reported for Religio-Philosophical Journal by James A. Abbott.)

Mr. Jno. C. Bundy in presenting Mrs. Watson said: Although only a lecture has been advertised, Mrs. Watson desires that the exercises be conducted in the manner customary at her own meetings in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco. She has also requested, in view of the fact that this fine audience is largely composed of listeners unfamiliar with Spiritualism, that before the regular service commences she be permitted to say a preliminary word by way of explanation.

PRELUDE.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I felt that, perhaps, were I to take you a little into my confidence before the regular services began, it might put me somewhat more at my ease, and you might better understand my position as an inspirational speaker. There may be those present who are unacquainted with what is called spirit mediumship, and to whom the word psychic makes no suggestion of the great truth which it involves. I wish simply to say that in coming before you as an inspirational speaker, I do not set up any claim to supernatural wisdom, nor to superior wisdom indeed; but simply say to you that I am always dependent upon the influences which accompany me to the rostrum, and that I am myself entirely unprepared to make any remarks or to enter upon any discourse. Not a sentence of my lecture do I ever know before I come to the rostrum, depending entirely upon the inspiration of the hour. And as it is necessary that I myself should be in a receptive condition, at ease before my audience, of course my inspirations vary. But I would have you understand that I do not claim I am taken possession of by a disembodied spirit and give utterance only to angelic wisdom. While I believe, from many evidences through a series of years of experience in psychical matters, in the power of disembodied intelligence to impinge upon our human sphere of thought, and leave its beams of light along the corridors of the human brain, I do not believe that any disembodied spirit is able to thoroughly represent itself through any other than its own organism. I am not controlled, and do not profess to be a spirit medium in the sense of being a machine for spiritual intelligences. But I simply claim that I do under those invisible influences what I could not do in my normal state. I am perfectly conscious during the lecture. I know every word I say, although it passes from my memory like a dream afterwards; but I am conscious of an exaltation, and when I am at my best I am carried completely away from myself, and have little consciousness of my immediate surroundings. I only ask that you give me patient hearing, and believe in my sincerity. If I am able to give one thought that shall add to the treasures of your mind, one thought that shall be to you light and good cheer in hours to come, I shall be satisfied.

INVOCATION.

Eternal Spirit, Thou whose will is manifest in universal and immutable law, Thou whose thoughts blossom in every form of beauty, whose love lies like a great white light over all Thy creation, Thou Father and Mother of all spirits, Thou who rulest over life and death, Thou who art imminent in every molecule of matter and manifest in every yearning of the immortal soul, we know that Thou dost ask of us only obedience to Thy law. Through this shall we find Thee. Through this shall we come unto perfect peace. Through this shall all shadows flee from the face of life. Thou Spirit eternal, whose tender voice is heard in every song of nature, whose powers are put forth in bud, leaf and flower, whose finger prints are on the land, sea and sky, we thank Thee for this hour with its treasures of good, with its holy hopes that kindle in the hearts of all Thy children; for the consciousness of growth which is filling the soul; for the consciousness of Thy presence in all Thy worlds. We thank Thee for all the gifts of life; for life itself, with its infinite relations. We know that we are part of Thee; that Thou dost dwell in us and we in Thee. And we pray that in this hour those who are bound in the chains of doubt and fear may be set free by the living power of Thy truth; that those who have come into this place bearing heavy burdens may feel the tender ministrations of Thine angels sent to minister unto spirits in prisons of mortal existence; that those who have lost dear ones may awaken to the truth that death is but a continuation of life, an incident in the eternal career of the human soul, and that love is as eternal as Thyself. Oh, Spirit, for those who have come into this place fearing Thy wrath and doubting Thy goodness, may it be borne in upon their consciousness that all seeming evil is good in the making; that Thou art manifest in every sorrow which visits the human soul, and that thy smile reflected in our tears of grief shall reveal to us the brighter and purer ways of life. Oh, Spirit, if there be any here to-night whose feet are slipping into forbidden paths, we pray that the angels of Thy love may go with them, may cling to them, and by Thy power and grace, stay them and lead them forth into the flowery walks of virtue and of truth. If there be any here to-night whose soul-garments bear the stains of sin, oh, may the comforting thought come to them that Thou judgest not as men judge, but with infinite wisdom and love, and that Thou dost not grudge them opportunity to bathe in the limpid waters of truth and purity; that Thou wilt grant them time and opportunity to retrace their steps, and wash them clean; not in sacrificial blood, but in the sweet thoughts, in the holy aspirations, in the noble resolves which are a part of the human soul, implanted by Thine own eternal loving will. Oh, for every prophet's vision kindled in the past we thank Thee; for every noble word spoken the round world over, for every good fight in the name of liberty and truth, we thank Thee. For the gracious vision of every noble soul that is marching in the fore front of human progress, bearing the torch of thy truth, and through seas of blood persisting, until at last we feel the thrill of eternal life and light and love, and the promise of better times to come, we bless Thee. May the tares of error, too, find in the evolutions of time and being opportunity to grow upward, onward, into golden wheat of truth and goodness. May all that is best and noble in human nature be felt this hour wherever human lips are breathing utterances in Thy name. Wherever altars are built in the name of truth, wherever there are offerings of the human heart, may Thy blessing rest. May Thy truth be manifest, may Thy love bear us upward and onward into the sphere of peace and love and joy, forever.

ADDRESS.

In our search after truth, Nature is our only infallible authority. If we would have a perfect moral standard, we must go to her, questioning her will, her law of being. If we would better our condition as physical beings, it is from her great inexhaustible storehouse that we must draw all of our supplies. Question history and see by what hard, laborious effort and grievous strife and suffering men have discovered the fact that to violate a law of their own being is to bring upon themselves sorrowful consequences. If man would enjoy the ineffable delights that flow from the fountains of light, he must adjust himself wisely and harmoniously to his surroundings, and advantage himself by seeking Nature's truths and feeding upon them, breathing her pure air, drinking in her placid sunshine; and if he would expand the realm of thought, it is by studying again her pages as unrolled in the material universe where on every side appear forms, various, multitudinous, expressive of invisible force. Even what is called divine revelation is simply man's apprehension of higher truths; and all the bibles of the world are the histories of man's spiritual experiences. To these bibles there is something added day by day. None of them shall ever know completion; for the soul is infinite in its possibilities, and has eternity in which to unfold them; and every glimpse we get of the life eternal, which is manifest as truly in these forms of matter, and as divinely in the operations of natural law, as anywhere or anyhow—every glimpse, I say, is an added sentence to these sacred books of humanity; are added indices of what is yet to follow. And while our subject to-night leads us to dwell upon the psychical side of life, we would have you understand that we have a great reverence for what men call matter. We know of nothing profane or unclean in all this universe. What we call matter and spirit are ever exchanging places and interchanging compliments. The very body which has been called evil, carnal, is the necessary and beautiful comrade of the spirit; without which the spirit would indeed be lonely, and lose half the pleasure which it now experiences through the medium of that same companion. Indeed, matter and spirit when brought to their last analysis are one and the same in God. The most positive form of matter, matter in its grossest expression is reducible to invisible force. The diamond and the granite yield to the chemical action of immutable law, and are converted into the unseen and the impalpable. While on the other hand the very innermost thought of God sometimes shines forth even in our poor human life, in heroic action, in sublime patience, in willingness to suffer and desire to grow strong, in love ineffable. So that, seen from the standpoint of the true Spiritualist, life in all of its varied manifestations is a unit. We may call it nature or God. It is all the same. It stands for this mighty play of force; these ever varying forms, these eternally iterating symphonies that sweep from the golden key-board of shining worlds down into the silent depths of human thought ands piritual contemplation.

Ladies and gentlemen, our first affirmation on the psychical side of our subject to-night is that we are spirits now as much as we ever shall be; that this is God's world as truly as any glittering star where pauses the seraphic wing this hour to listen to the deep and tender intonations of infinite love, as they roll out from soul-depths of boundless nature. Moreover we affirm that whatever has been in the past, whatever is in the present, whatever shall be in the eternal years to come, has been, is, will be subject to the law of beautiful necessity; and that God or good, law and order, reign, has reigned, shall reign forever, supreme, sovereign, over all. We cannot afford to part with a single experience of life; this which we call matter is but the medium through which spirit is manifest; you are all visible mediums of an invisible force. And the physicist or the materialist, when he declares that all that is real is this which we can apprehend with our poor five senses, has only learned the first letter in that long alphabet which is by and by to spell for us the infinite scriptures of eternal truth, and which will make clear that this material universe in its present form is simply the thought of God manifest. Is there an architectural form in your beautiful city that was not first an impalpable thrill in some man's brain? Is there in poetry or song, in the arts or sciences, a single breath, a single note, a single form of beauty that was not first an impalpable thought? The consciousness of law, that clutched the inner life and held it fast to a reality, needed matter simply that it might demonstrate its existence.

Do you not see, my friends, that every act of our lives is a psychical act, or proceed from the realm of soul; that even this building is held in place by invisible force? That the strength of the granite is in the invisible force that holds the atoms and molecules together? When we talk about the unreality of the invisible, we are talking pure nonsense. For after all, while we know we are thinking beings, we never saw a thought. We never saw the prompter of these actions which make up the drama of our human life. If you say that you know not that you have a soul, I answer, You are a soul, or you are nothing; and just as this invisible something, which we call force, holds the granite in its form, so this invisible human spirit holds these forms, projecting itself upon the material vision through certain laws in the action of matter by virtue of its own interior and self-existing power. There never was a form of matter until the spirit demanded that it should be. There never was a human form projected in all its complex activity until the implanting of the invisible force which pushed its way outward, demanding a hand, demanding an ear, demanding an eye. And these, that it might acquaint itself with the power of the spirit acting on matter.

Now, with these few general affirmations, let us proceed to the application of this law to our own personal needs. There may be in the minds of some of you present to night a little feeling of doubt, almost fear, that in coming into this place you are turning your backs upon precedent, a fear that you are getting a little outside of the pale of divine authority, a fear that you may question too closely God's purposes in this world. Let me say to you right here, there is no danger of your asking nature any question which she is unable to answer. There is no danger of your making any demand upon her treasures either of thought or of material which she will not be able to supply. There is no danger of your coming too near to God's truth. Our only danger lies in our ignorance. All the evils which afflict this world had their beginnings in ignorance. When we grow up into the light of truth, into the light of nature's law, and adjust ourselves in harmony with these laws, lo! physical diseases disappear, weariness of spirit passes away, and we are one with the strength and beauty and order of the universe. I said in the outset that what was called divine revelation, the sacred books of the world are simply the history of man's spiritual experience. That which the human spirit clings to with the greatest tenacity for hope, for strength, for guidance, is the psychical experience of some man or woman in ancient or modern times who in a lucid moment, in a partial or perfect trance, heard with other than these outward ears, saw with other than these common eyes, felt with other than these visible senses, a touch from the unseen intelligence, a face that was veiled by the shadow of death, a voice that had been hushed in the grave. Is it not so?

What are the sayings of the prophets to us except that they tell us of a life higher and holier than this we are living, and point out to us the presence of God in the world? What was the vision of John upon the Isle of Patmos but a psychical experience? What was it but a spiritual trance, that he experienced when he saw whom he thought was God, but who was one of his brethren, the prophets? How came these sacred assurances to which we turn in hours of trial? How came they into the world save through the psychical senses locked up within the complex human body? Everything that is held as most sacred in all these scriptures has a direct bearing upon what is to-day called Spiritualism. And the Christians who urge arguments against the facts and phenomena of modern Spiritualism, are putting weapons into the hands of the materialists and doubters with which to slay their own precious faith.

If there is good reason why our friends who have passed through the gate of death shall not return to us with blessings, with guidance, with good cheer, there was reason why those of old should not have returned; there was good reason why John should have repelled the vision and held himself fast to the experiences of the mere material man; there were good reasons why Paul on that wonderful journey should have declared that the voice from out the heavens was a delusion, why he should have rejected that cry unto him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Good reason why he should have declared this to be the result of a diseased nervous condition, rather than an appeal on the part of a risen spirit who felt that the truths he came to bring to light in the world should be borne forward by chosen instruments to bless mankind.

Now, we affirm that the law which rendered it possible for the ancient prophets to feel a thrill from the world invisible, to catch glimpses of the radiant forms of angels, to hear spirit voices, to foretell coming events, was as natural, as universal, and as unchangeable, as the law of gravitation; and, therefore, any vision which comes to man from the psychical side of life simply demonstrates his power, his unfoldment, his adjustment to that law. The paucity of these manifestations, the want of them in the ages gone, the visits of angels being few and far between, was not because the law did not exist, any more than our ignorance of the beauties of the stellar spheres rendered their existence impossible; but simply proves that human life is subject to the law of evolution; and that, just as man waited for a mental development capable of making observations of the inter-stellar spaces, just as he waited for the correct reading of the earth's history through the science of geology, and experiments in chemistry, so he waited for the development of the psychical side of life; and Spiritualism, as I understand it, is the antithesis of supernaturalism and superstition. There is no such thing as the supernatural. Everything that we think and feel and see, whether it be on the plane of the physical or spiritual, is in accordance with eternal natural law.

Now, what has been the fruitage of these psychical experiences of mankind? What has been the work of the psychists in past times? Why, out of these experiences have sprung all the systems of religion that the world has ever seen. Religion is simply the soul awakening to consciousness of its own existence and its right relations with the infinite good. Religion is the blossoming of faith in infinite power, the desire of the spirit after virtue. And these psychical experiences, as I have said, have had a direct bearing upon the unfoldment of the religious life of mankind. The sacred books are simply the histories of these experiences, visions, voices from the unseen, apprehension of moral truth and of spiritual relationship. And out of these experiences have grown the great systems of religion in the world. Take any religion, from Buddhism or Mohammedanism, to Christianity, and not one of them could stand twenty-four hours stripped of these spiritual experiences. We affirm that the time will never come when there will be no further necessity for revelation of God's truth. The time will never come when God's work will be finished in this world; when we shall need no more visions and voices from the great unseen. And nature never leaves us without truth's witness in the world. Slowly, but surely, the river of light presses its way along the centuries, through desert wastes and wildernesses of human ignorance and wrong, voiced at last, in our own day, in living poems of hope and encouragement for all mankind.

And why should we reject the experiences of to-day from the psychical side of life? This is a very solemn question. If you are a theosophist and believe that you can project an astral body beyond the environment of your personal existence, you still cannot prove that that luminous form is not dependent upon laws of matter for its transit and appearance. If you are a mind-curist, or a Christian scientist, you are simply an interpreter of laws that are universal in the life of man; and all that has been manifest of truth in past times and all that we hope for in the future is already resident in the human soul itself. I love to think upon the vision that came to John upon the island. I love to believe that a man like St. Paul, when in error, could be converted to truth by a voice from the great unseen. I love to think that when the saintly face of the Master, who had taught for three short years the beautiful, the divine doctrine of faith in God, the brotherhood of man, and hope for all the world, was wrapped in the silence and awful mystery of death, when the women who missed his ministrations from their life came seeking after him, that that soul had power to project itself beyond the line of the invisible, and so impinge upon the mortal sphere that they could feel his real presence once more, and be assured that they had found their Lord. I love to believe that in life's great struggle, in the blindness of ignorance, in the agony of bereavement, there are about us those who have passed through the ordeal of mortal life and death, who can, like those of old, come so near to us in our prison house of clay, as to shed a beam of light across our darkened path, and whisper into the silence of our despair the assurance that death is but an open door to something truer and sweeter which God holds in waiting for all His children. I see not why these constantly recurring visions in our world, these repeated affirmations of the power of disembodied spirits should bring consternation to any class of people. Misinterpretations of the spirit's messages and the sayings of the prophets, have in some instances crystallized into awful tyrannies; and from this fact alone our religious teachers ought to know that we are in need of a fresh revelation from the vast unseen.

Question your own heart! If you set aside ancient authority, and admit the fallibility of your sacred books, though containing much truth, and listen to the oracles within, God-implanted, God-reflecting, do you not find that this doctrine of a natural, active Spirit-world is rational? Does it not accord with your hope, your need? Does it not accord with all your human experience upon the external plane? Is there anything in the discoveries of modern science which conflicts with the central claim of modern Spiritualism? On the contrary every discovery in the line of the physical sciences seems to have laid the foundation for this larger truth. Glance for a moment at the subject of mesmerism, and see how far one mind can act on another, enabling the mesmerist to bridge over what was considered an impassable gulf between mind and mind, and furnishing us with an illustration of what the power of the disembodied spirit may accomplish. Have you any reason to suppose that the physical brain is absolutely indispensable to the thinking spirit? On the contrary your experience with psychics proves that intelligence is at times, even in earth-life, independent of the flesh. And what is the relationship of this psychical law to our every-day life? It frees us in the very outset, from the bondage of flesh, which has been the barrier between our souls and much that was beautiful and true; it refreshes our souls with new baptisms of hope; it supplies the missing link between the bereaved heart and the departed friend; it overturns the theological dogmas that have so long been obstacles in the way of human progress. The psychic powers of Socrates, Jesus, Paul and Apollonius, inspired virtuous action, poured balm upon wounded souls, healed diseases of mind and body and taught that the Spirit-world is a natural world; that all we need fear is the consequences of our evil acts; that even as if we mutilate the flesh we shall suffer pain, so if we violate the laws of virtue and fraternity the reaction will produce spiritual suffering. I defy any man to prove that psychical experiences have exerted other than good and helpful influences. Ever the angel's message has been, "Fear not. Fear not." Every new revelation from that world increases our hope. Every fresh vision accentuates the fact of the natural life of the spirit, and reveals to us the beautiful truth that we may begin our heaven now and here; that the griefs with which human life is burdened are but the necessary discipline through which the soul passes in ascending to higher planes of truth, beauty and joy. And this sympathy from unseen intelligences, how it buoys us up in the midst of vast discouragements! Have you ambition, my friend, to secure for yourself a place of honor in this world? Have you depended only upon outward emoluments for your happiness? One glimpse of the psychic side of life reveals the fact that the only thing which endures is virtue, intelligence, truth, and the attributes of the indwelling soul. All else is but temporary, swiftly passing; "you have only what you are." All you have to dread is within yourself. You can hope for nothing too good; you can believe not too profoundly in the divinity of life, and every sweet aspiration and promise in the soul is but a prophecy which shall surely be fulfilled. We are enwrapped by the spiritual world. We are inhabitants of it. Clairvoyance and clairaudience, common experiences of the psychic, are results of the unfoldment of faculties which survive after the change called death, and reveal the fact that every effort we make toward nobler living adds to our treasures in the hereafter. Every virtuous impulse shall become a thrill of joy, while every lapse of the human soul from truth and virtue is sure to bring unhappiness. To the least of us it says, "You are a soul inheriting all the past, heir to all the future;" and every breath of truth that kisses the face of being here is a signal from the hand of God, leading us onward and upward.

Let us continue the writing of sacred scriptures. Let us listen patiently to the psychic experiences of others. Let us reverently remember that the greatest souls in history have been those who have defied space and time and things of sense, in the consciousness of the existence of the soul. Let us strengthen ourselves in the heat of the combat of life with the thought that over all is the reign of law; and that as immortal spirits we have a right to truth, a right to to-day's experiences, and that from the prophet's vision to the seraphic smile on the face of our dying friend; from the faintest whisper to our inner soul from the unseen, to the grandest song of spiritual triumph that was ever sung, we have need of psychical experiences; they shall be to us strength in our hours of weakness; light in midnight darkness; and when bereavements come, when our dear ones depart from us through the silent portals of death—they shall be to us the promise of reunion in years to come. They shall be to us the assurance that divinity reigns throughout the universe. And thus we shall learn that

> Our life is one with th' rolling spheres,
> And over all God's will hath sway;
> The labor of uncounted years
> Hath brought the harvest of to-day
> In all its many-hued array.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

AWAY WITH BIGOTRY AND FEAR.

Open Letter to Rev. DeWitt Talmage.

REV. DEWITT TALMAGE—*Sir:* I will speak first from your own chosen text: "Behold there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor." Saul, accompanied by two men, disguised himself, went to this woman, and asked her to bring to him Samuel, who had been long dead. When the woman had consented, and the spirit had power over her, she knew Saul to be one who had put out of the way all those who had familiar spirits, and the wizards; she was sore afraid. Saul said unto her, "Be not afraid, as the Lord liveth, no harm shall come to thee, for this thing." The woman consented. To what? To let the spirit of Samuel use her tongue to converse with Saul. All Bible readers know the result. Samuel told Saul what three days would bring forth, and it was done. Let me ask you three questions, to which you will undoubtedly answer yes. Is your God an infinite one? Are his laws unchangeable, yesterday, to-day, and forever? Are men and women born and do they die under the same law they ever have? You must say yes, or your God is a finite, changing being. Then, if Samuel had a body that had been three years decomposing in the earth, and a spirit that could use this woman to tell Saul that for his wrong doing, he and his three sons should die in battle, and if this woman had power (which we call mediumship) of bringing Samuel to converse intelligently with Saul, then are there men and women to-day who possess the same powers. If this is not so, your God is not one of law and order. I consider it no blasphemy to say he is the master necromancer and sorcerer. Spiritualists believe in a God (a wise creator of all things), birth and death, earth and spirit life.

I will note next your assertion of "a score of passages from the Almighty Lord," which you consider his indignations for this family of delusions, spiritual manifestations, which you have no time to quote. Well, I have time to quote two score of passages from Holy Writ, in which God's prophets and holy men had intercourse with spirits. Daniel and David talked face to face with the angels. Cornelius prayed, and a man stood by him in bright clothing and said, "Thy prayers are answered." An angel sat down at the table with Abraham, and partook of food. Paul said, "Are they not ministering spirits that minister to you?" It is the delight and duty of spirits to do so. It is the established law of spirit land. Paul testifies to this when he affirms that he was caught up into the third heaven and saw and heard things he could not tell. He cautioned us to try the spirits, lest we be deceived and believe a lie. This is testimony that there are untrue as well as true spirits around us. I have more than forty marked passages before me; plenty of time, but not room to give them. Let me ask you again, Are God's laws mutable? Have deified laws changed? Has the door John saw opened into heaven been closed and barred? The scriptures teach that we live in close contact with the angel world; and as the word angel signifies messenger, we are glad to know that they are daily bringing us messages of love and instruction.

You ask, "Dare you be a Spiritualist?" I dare, and have been for over forty years,—ever since my angel mother came to me when in my room alone, so plainly that I fell on my knees and prayed God to permit her to come again and instruct me as she wished.

I dared to investigate the raps which you have dared to curse. I dared to investigate the writing on the slate by unseen hands, and thanks to God I can understand as well as Daniel did when he interpreted that handwriting on the wall, which was seen by all there. And you dare sneer at and slander those who have taken God at his word, and asked to receive, and who have knocked and it has been opened unto them. You strike at the most sacred belief the human heart ever held, a belief arrived at by the honest and earnest search of intelligent men and women, who are progressive in nature, and who are glad to find a true and scientific religion on which to rest their souls, in place of the dogmas handed down through many generations, and which have been quarreled over and changed from error to error until nearly all the Godliness in it has become extinct. There were nearly sixty policemen on Chautauqua camp ground last year to keep a religious meeting in order. Cassadaga had not one or any need of one.

You say the religion of Spiritualism is "incipient epilepsy, catalepsy, cadaverousness, biliousness, nervousness, weak-minded and weak-bodied, growing long hair, like rank grass in wet, marshy ground." You admit that a part of it is caused by occult force. Will you please define occult force? I have never seen one able to do so, only that it is unexplainable force. We prefer to call it spirit force, which is more tangible to our comprehension. I am inclined to use my reasoning powers in all discussions in place of sarcasm and vituperation; but if a man, standing in the sacred desk, claiming to teach the gospel in truth, can stoop to come out and denounce in the press over two millions of his own countrymen, as well as millions more on the other continent, he ought to be met with such weapons as he so vigorously wields over others.

You indict Spiritualism because it is a social and marital evil. You say that the worst deeds of licentiousness and orgies of obscenity come under its patronage, and that it adopts free loveism. Your assertion is a *bare faced falsehood!* The Spiritualists have fought these things the hardest of any class. You speak of night work and of its prospering best in the dark. Did you ever think that God perfects the finest of his work in the dark? Did you ever stop to consider that each man and woman had at one time lain in embryo, in the dark cabinet of the womb, an appointed time before so materialized that the light could be borne? Did you ever see vegetable, root or grain, that did not lie in the dark womb of Mother Earth its appointed time before it could bear the broad sunlight and dews of heaven? Did you ever see a photographer produce a picture until he had taken the shadow caught into his dark cabinet. There are more fine laws in heaven and on earth than you or I have ever dreamed of. Who but the evil thinker imagines that dark circles are places for evil deeds? "Evil to him that thinketh evil!" "And he that seeketh a lie shall find a lie!" You say that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand are frauds and humbugs. Well, who ever saw a counterfeit of anything that never existed? Those cry humbug who are not capable of understanding.

I will now call your attention to a book, edited by M. E. Billings, of Waverly, Iowa, called Crimes of Preachers. It is a grand expose of clerical villainy, giving names and places, and an account of crimes charged, covering a space of five years. Four hundred and fifty "reverend criminals" in the northern half of the United States from May, 1876, to May, 1881! Since that time, three more editions have been published, with large increase in numbers, giving the percentage of recorded crimes in each denomination, commencing with the Methodists at thirty per cent. and ending with Universalists at five per cent. I will here copy an offer by the editor. Your pulpit-expressed hate for Spiritualism may prompt you to take up the gauntlet.

"There are of free thinkers, including Atheists, Infidels, Spiritualist, about seven millions in the United States. There are about seventy thousand priests and preachers. We make the following offer: We will give ten dollars apiece for crimes committed by any class of free thinkers, within the last five years, and will take the report as published in the newspapers, provided the preachers will give one dollar apiece for the same evidence of crimes committed by the reverends. Thus we offer ten dollars for one, and give them seven millions to draw their data from, while we have but seventy thousand. In the language of the west, we say, 'Put up or shut up.'"

You ask in your discourse, after shamefully slandering us as a sect: "Now who would be a Spiritualist?" I ask, who would be a preacher? You indict Spiritualism as producing a large amount of insanity. It is not so. Having been for several years interested in an institution for the insane, I know that not one person there became insane from spiritual study, and know also that much pains has been taken to hear of such cases. But two or three have been reported by reliable authority. We do know that it is not an uncommon occurrence for revivals and great religious excitements to unbalance the mind, and also cause many suicides. You say that God has revealed all in the Bible we ought to know. Perhaps you think it is all we ought to know of our earth, that it is flat,—as taught in the Bible. Galileo had to lay twelve years in a dungeon for revealing to the world that it is round, and turns on its axis. Perhaps you think the pope of Rome, when he opposed the printing press, and called it the work of the devil, was right, but the revelation of nature's laws and science moved on, and I can read all your sermons as well as I can the Bible; and the inspiration in my own brain and soul leads me to respond to you. Men wrote the Bible. Moses wrote the ten commandments right from the mouth of God. I challenge you or any other man to execute some of those God-given commands. For instance, stoning a man to death for stealing, and for various other crimes. These laws were enacted as from God, in good faith, until the star of Bethlehem blazed through our heavens, and with it came the infant Jesus. A new light of spiritual truth, a new revelation, dawned at his coming. He was infidel to the religion of his fathers. He reversed the law as given through Moses. He ignored the teaching of eye for eye, tooth for tooth, life for life. Which revelation do you believe? We accept the one through Jesus. He told his disciples to go into all the world, and preach his gospel, heal the sick, make the blind to see, and the lame to walk; and when they doubted, He said:

"What I have done ye can do, yea, more than I have done, ye shall do."

Please show me one preacher who will come down from his pulpit and do one of these things. They have not the faith, nor the knowledge which Paul said, "I would ye could have added to your faith." Thank God another star of Bethlehem has flitted through our vast expanse of space, and new revelations are enlightening the souls of men and women who dare to inquire and search for laws and knowledge through which to work with their faith. I can tell of hundreds who have done wonderful cures; but you, a man professing to teach the gospel of Christ, as far as I have heard, has never done any of these works that were to follow him. If you have nothing more spiritual and Christ-like to give your hearers than your low and obscene thrusts at Spiritualist, you had better step down and out.

I will now invite you to come to our August meeting. You will be treated like a gentleman by all. Come and shake our "cold, clammy hands," and hear the "vile and corrupt teachings from our rostrum." Christ went among thieves, and bad men and women. He was called wine-bibber and glutton, but there he found the very ones to call to repentance. Get up your courage, Mr. Talmage, and come and talk to us face to face; the platform is free, and we can sit perfectly quiet and hear you express your opinion of Spiritualism and Spiritualists. But it is cowardly to strike so far away, and besides, you are not following the example of your Lord and Master. Come and see us. If you hurl your vile accusations, and continue your school-boy way of calling nasty names, we shall be justified in saying that you are badly scared, and trembling for the tottering and already falling institutions of theology and dogmas. The great progress of our new religion is alarming you. The wonderful exposures of frauds are exactly what we want in order to thrive. We want them sifted out of our religion, and yours also; but the more a man throws mud, and seeks to throw the mantle of disgrace over those he knows nothing of, the more he shows his own moral deformity. If you will not come and see us, you can do us no greater favor than to preach the same sermon again with all you can add, if you have not exhausted your vocabulary of insolent accusations. Deliver it again, Mr. Talmage, it is a good target for us to shoot at; besides it helps us to get our ideas into places where otherwise we could not.

I will say in conclusion that after seventeen years' connection with the Baptist Church and a much longer time intimately connected with Spiritualist, I have never heard one lecture or lesson from the teachers of Spiritualism that would have disgraced a church pulpit. The whole philosophy of Spiritualism is for the growth of humanity, the upbuilding of all that is good and noble. There is no sect which has not associated with it more or less low and undeveloped minds, and consequently habits will grow of a low order; but as we see the pure white lily come forth in beauty and perfection from the black muck and mire, so we know that in God's own time the spirit will develop from its debased conditions, and even like the lily, it will come forth in purity and beauty. God help us all to help each other in the true way.

HARRIET P. RATHBUN.

Cassadaga, N. Y.

A Musical Prodigy.

Rochester has a musical prodigy; not a Hofmann, perhaps, but an inspired minstrel who has created quite as much amazement in the limited circle cognizant with her astonishing performances as did the boy pianist in the metropolitan musical world. This newly discovered wonder is a sweet-faced young girl of good standing in society, whose parents have concealed her remarkable gift from the general public, and from most of her intimate friends as well, until the secret was inadvertently revealed by the fair musician herself during one of her rhapsodies. The manifestations of this peculiar talent evidence unusual musical ability and technical skill, and are only exhibited when the girl is in a sort of trance, or, as her parents prefer to designate it, an inspired condition, for they repudiate any belief in Spiritualism and quickly resent any intimation that they invoke the aid of supernatural means solicited by ordinary mediums. When the young woman passes into this state she seats herself at the piano, closes her eyes, and after a few preliminary twitches of the muscles of her face and a shrug of her shoulders she passes her fingers lightly over the keys and begins to sing, at the same time playing her own accompaniment. There is nothing remarkable in this performance, for there are many people who can play the piano with their eyes shut, but the wonder is that with a knowledge of music limited to the rudiments, the girl improvises rare harmonies, strains of soft, majestic sweetness, chords of solemn, touching pathos, and weird, wild symphonies, at the same time singing in low, melodious notes songs in foreign tongues which she has never studied and does not understand, though they are perfectly intelligible to any one conversant with the language. Seldom has she played a familiar air or sung an English song: on several occasions she has also distinguished herself by playing on a church organ in a highly creditable manner with no practice. The music she plays is of a weird, wild style, not easily copied and of too high an order to be of her own composition, and the same accompaniment can not be played a second time.

The girl does not seem to undergo any unusual mental or physical strain in giving these performances, and when questioned concerning her sensations says that she is removed, as it were, from all that is earthly, and experiences the most delightful exhilaration imaginable. She does not realize where she is or what she is doing or saying, and when she returns to her material self, and can not reproduce her visions or recall her sensations. It was the purpose of her parents to conceal her strange musical precocity, but in the presence of a large number of friends on one occasion she suddenly became inspired and improvised several rare compositions, to the astonishment of the company and the consternation of her mother.—*Chicago Herald.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Scientific Investigation of Supermundane, or So-Called Spirit Phenomena.

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

In order to determine upon the best method for prosecuting a scientific investigation of the phenomena now generally designated as "Spiritual Phenomena," it at once becomes necessary to first determine its character and the conditions under which it occurs, and compare it with the character and conditions under which the so-called "natural phenomena" occur, in order that we may determine whether the operative causes are acting under conditions that are essentially the same. If it be found that they are essentially the same, then the scientific method adopted for the investigation and study of natural phenomena will be the proper method for investigating and studying the spiritual phenomena; but if it appear that the producing cause of the two classes of phenomena are acting under different conditions, then the scientific method applicable to and employed for the investigation of one class of phenomena, will not be applicable to, nor can it be used advantageously for, the study of the other, but each class must have a method applicable to itself. Any method that enables the investigator and student to demonstrate facts, and detect and eliminate errors is scientific, and any method that does not accomplish those purposes is practically useless in the pursuit of exact knowledge.

The active principle, whatever that may be, that is the operative cause in all natural phenomena, acts without any manifestation of volition or consciousness, being governed and directed in its action by its own inherent qualities, and the manner in which these express themselves is always determined by the conditions, through, under or by which the result is reached. Therefore, in order to reproduce any natural phenomena, it is only necessary to know, first, under what conditions it was originally produced, and secondly to provide like conditions, and when that is done the inherent qualities of the entities that make up the conditions, will express themselves in an effect that will duplicate the original phenomena.

Therefore, the true scientific method for the study of natural phenomena is one that enables the student to determine with exactness the conditions under which any such phenomena occur for the very evident reason that the phenomena is always the resulting effect, consequent upon existing conditions, and it is because of this fact, that chemical analysis has proved such an efficient means for the acquisition of exact knowledge.

On the other hand, the active principle, whatever that may be, that is the operative cause in all so-called "Spiritual Phenomena," manifests in great fullness the qualities of consciousness and volition, and the conditions are only the instrumentalities that this conscious, voluntary acting, operative and directing cause uses to produce an effect in accordance with the desires of its will.

Thus it appears that natural and spiritual phenomena belong to two separate and distinct classes, their essential point of difference being in this; that with natural phenomena, the conditions being given, the effect to be produced is not subject to the conscious and voluntary determination of the operative cause, while with the spiritual phenomena, the conditions being given, the character of the effect to be produced is determined by the will of the operative cause, consciously and voluntarily exercised.

Thus to illustrate these points of difference: If oxygen and hydrogen be brought together, under a temperature sufficiently high, they will always unite chemically and produce, as a resulting effect, water. This is a natural phenomenon, and is always produced when such conditions are present.

If a circle of persons is formed around a table, and one or more of such persons are possessed of those qualities that render the production of the spiritual phenomena possible, it may be made manifest by sounds or raps upon the table, or upon other objects in the room; or the table may tip from side to side; or it may be levitated and rise up to the ceiling of the room; or it may turn itself bottom side up, or move off across the room, or perform in some other manner, and no person in the circle can tell before the effect is manifested by it what the effect will be. Thus it is made plain that the scientific method used for the study of natural phenomena where like conditions will always produce but one and the like effect, is not at all applicable to the study of spiritual phenomena, where like conditions may produce widely varying and diversified effects.

The scientific method that has been found most serviceable in the study and investigation of natural phenomena, is the analytic and inductive, and this, because in natural phenomena like conditions always produce like effects. Therefore, as in spiritual phenomena we find the reverse of this to be true; in our opinion, the scientific method best adapted to its investigation and study is the synthetic and deductive.

The facts of the phenomena can only be determined by observation, and each investigator or band of investigators must determine for themselves the conditions requisite for them to determine the facts, and these conditions will necessarily vary and must be adapted to the character of the particular phase of the phenomena under investigation.

In our opinion the results that it is desirable to attain through the scientific investigation and study of spiritual phenomena are:

1. That the phenomena are produced by intelligent beings acting consciously and voluntarily, who have their place of abode on the supermundane planes of this world.

2. That said intelligent beings are men, women and children, who were born on the mundane plane of this same other world, and who have passed through the change called death.

3. That the phenomena are produced in strict accordance with, and through the operations of, natural laws, applied and directed by the inhabitants of the supermundane planes of this world.

4. That the knowledge that the inhabitants of the mundane plane are thus enabled to acquire from the inhabitants of the supermundane, is a powerful factor in the means employed by infinite beings in unfolding and developing the human race to higher conditions, and for bringing mankind together in true fraternal relationship.

GIORDANO BRUNO.*

The General Council of the Seine, willing to associate itself with the homage of the youth of Italy to Giordano Bruno, the martyr of Freethought, burnt at Rome on February 17th, 1600, and to recall the memory of his teaching at Paris, has subscribed two hundred francs to the monument raised to his honor this year, 1885, upon his birthday.

It is nearly three centuries since Bruno paid with his life the crime of seeking to emancipate consciences, of combatting the narrow and tyrranical dogmas of the Church. His statue fronts the Vatican, a monument of reason facing the Papal palace.

In 1550 the cradle of Giordano Bruno was rocked at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. His ardent soul developed under a glowing sky.

At first a Dominican monk, he soon outgrew the dogmas of the Church, and flung his frock after them. Thirst of knowledge quickened in him the presentiment of eminence. He quitted Naples for Genoa, passing on to Nice, Milan, and Venice, daring without patronage, to attack the established authorities and brave the Church's thunders. The Pope then ruled supreme in Christendom. At Rome, wrote Ulric de Hutten, "three things were absent.....conscience, truth, and faith in oaths. Three were in the market—loyalty, women, and Church dignitaries; three were dressed finely—prelates, mules, and strumpets; there abounded there—pride, debauchery, and poison."

Driven from city to city, Bruno had to leave Italy. He was young, handsome, and eloquent, with delicate features and pensive expression. Lightnings played in his eyes. Geneva, Lyons, Paris, successively welcomed him. The Rector of the University of Paris authorized him to challenge the divers schools of philosophy to a public discussion. He spoke with conviction. His vibrant tones aroused young minds from the sleep of credulity. He called himself the Awakener.

The clergy soon became uneasy, and caused him to be expelled from Paris. Suspected everywhere, he tarried nowhere. He passed as a knight-errant of Freethought from university to university, replacing the doctrines of the past by ideas of the true and just in human relations.

After visiting England, he returned through Paris and repaired to Germany, where his principal works were printed. He next turned up at Venice. There the tragedy begins which was completed by the fire of the Inquisition.

Bearding in his den the Papal lion, he was arrested by order of the Inquisitorial Father (always paternal, this solicitude for the welfare of mankind) in 1592, just a century after the discovery of America, when began that other martyrdom by the same fiendish power of the most amiable races and the happiest societies of mankind, in Hispaniola, Mexico, and Peru. The Council of Venice interfered to prevent the delivery of Bruno to the Inquisition, which from Rome watched the prison of its victim and prepared its tortures. Ignorance and fanaticism will not be balked of their prey. After six years of this confinement, Rome prevailed, and Bruno was transferred to the city of the Popes.

His trial was prolonged. Fifty times he underwent the "question extraordinary" by tortures, the last of which endured forty hours. Consider how numerous the experiments in torturing, and what subtle calculations upon physiological endurance, had been needed to proportion this long series of cruelties to the vital resistance of the victim, leaving him enough for the contemplated public execution! "Retract," they urged; "confess your errors." "How," answered Bruno, "can a few hours' suffering undo a life of studious research?" The tribunal then condemned him to be burnt alive. "I suspect," said Bruno, facing the assembled priests, "that you pronounce this decree with more fear than I listened to it." The funeral pyre was raised in a public square of Rome. The condemned ascended it with courage unflinching. He would have addressed the crowd of spectators. A monk opposed: "You have not been brought here to indoctrinate the people, but to be burnt." "That is true," replied Bruno. When the fagots were piled as high as his head the executioner, moved by his fortitude, would have lighted the fire from behind, that Bruno might not see the act; but, like Jerome of Prague, he called out: "Came to the front; set the fire before me! Had I feared it, I should not be here." As he was about to die a monk held out a crucifix towards him. Bruno turned away his head in disdain. Some of his writings had been tied to his body, that they might be burnt with it. He cried out: "Wood—more wood! Increase the fire!

The assembled crowd broke into sobs, and wept. The martyr's lifeless trunk, hanging to the stake, had not burnt. They threw it down upon the coals, adding fresh wood. The fire was rekindled; the servants of the Inquisition poked after the bones with great tongs, and broke them, to make them burn the better. The head, in which such noble thought had bred, they broke in two and cast into the flames; so with his clothes, to prevent the people from keeping them as relics. Then his ashes were collected and thrown into the Tiber.

"To burn is no answer," Bruno had said to his judges. The Church thinks otherwise. Now, Bruno's monument rises upon the spot where his burning head had cast a sinister light upon the background of triumphant fanaticism. Feeble Protestant reaction! The Juggernaut Church rolls on the same, crushing human reason and right under the wheel of its papal infallibility. Authority wedded with fanaticism and cupidity, tottering a little at Rome, re-inforces itself at St. Petersburg, at Tammany Hall, and the capitals of Anglo-American capitalism. Still the Inquisition sits in permanence, condemning thought in books, while biding its time to seize their authors. Its magnificent cathedrals at New York and Washington prepare and forebode the Catholic vote, the requiem of Freethought in the United States. Already it seizes on the schools by the "Freedom of Worship Bill." In Belgium it expels Protestant teachers, and, as in Ireland, educates the people to subjection. Is the Czar of all the Russias less infallible, less obscurant, less cruel, than the papacy of Rome?—*Edgeworth in Secular Review.*

* Adapted from the French of Jean Frollo in *La Revue Anti-Clericale.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HYPNOTISM.

The Washington Philosophical Society.

A. E. CARPENTER.

I have read with considerable interest the account written by your Washington correspondent reporting the meeting of the Washington Philosophical Society, before which demonstrations of mesmerism, hypnotism and animal magnetism were presented by Mr. W. A. Croffut, and a lecture delivered by G. Stanley Hall of the Johns Hopkins University. It is said that Mr. Croffut gave an exhibition of his two sensitives quite as satisfactory as those familiar to the public under the conduct of Prof. Carpenter. Very likely, as what Croffut knows about practical hypnotism he learned from me, and the sensitives were likely those that I had selected and developed during my lectures in Washington. G. Stanley Hall was aided in his earlier investigations by instructions given by me. Thus behind this scientific exhibition and discourse we find the lecturer and public entertainer, who, perhaps, is included in the list of "ignorant adventurers, quacks, and charlatans." Whether such was the intention of the writer I am not prepared to say; but I protest against such insinuations being made towards individuals who may be as intelligent and possibly as truly scientific as any member of the philosophical society. It is not at all likely that any reference was made to me or the work that I have done in the City of Washington to educate the public mind, overcome its prejudices, and make it possible for this society to illustrate and discuss this "all important" subject without subjecting themselves to ridicule. This work I have done in public and private, and in my investigations I have been as interested to develop the truth and to make my experiments instructive as the Philosophical Society, and I have not relied upon imported French methods or depended upon their investigation for the facts.

It is not the first time that American scientists have had their attention called to this subject. In the City of New York, some five years ago, I gave a course of three months lectures and experiments in Practical Psychology at Masonic Temple Hall. Prof. Geo. M. Beard was in attendance every night for three weeks, also Dr. Wm. A. Hammond was present on several occasions, and both of these gentlemen became deeply interested in the subject. Dr. Beard took practical instructions from me, and continued his investigations with most careful and thorough scientific experiments up to the time of his death, some two years later. Exhibitions were given by Prof. Beard before the Academy of Sciences, and the subjects used for illustration were those which I had selected and developed at my lectures. Dr. Hammond presented experiments before his class of students at the medical college, also using my subjects. Extended reports of what these gentlemen did were published in the New York papers at the time, but as usual the name of the "charlatan" who selected and prepared the material for them to do their work did not appear. Mr. Croffut was present at many of Dr. Beard's experiments and was at my hall over and over again, besides, he saw at my rooms the wonderful phenomenon of seeing with the eyes perfectly blindfolded as presented by my wife.

Now nothing was ever farther from my mind than to claim for myself any special credit for the work that I have done, assisted by my wife and hundreds of other fine sensitives such as I have found and developed in this wonderful field of experiment and study; but when men come forward resting their material upon the foundation of my work and experience and that of others like me, and claim that what they do is scientific, and what I do is charlatanism, I protest.

I welcome these scientific gentlemen—although late—to this field of investigation fraught with more interest pointing to greater discoveries than any other, but their coming will not add to my convictions, as their past ridicule and denial have not caused me to change them. I warn them that they will find the subject worthy of their best efforts, and I shall rejoice in gaining their aid in my endeavors to solve its difficult problems.

If such men as S. B. Brittan, Brown Williams, La Roy Sunderland, J. W. Cadwell and others like them, who have lectured upon and given public illustrations of mesmerism, are to be called quacks and charlatans, where shall we look for a true scientist?

Rev. Collyer Prayed for Bob.

For once in his life Col. Ingersoll was the chief figure in a celebration which was opened by prayer. In the Metropolitan Opera-House Decoration-Day the Rev. Robert Collyer offered up a fervent prayer to the Almighty before Col. Ingersoll rose to deliver his oration. The incident may have recalled to his mind the prayers he heard in early life in his father's household. At all events his oration was of an unusually serious character from first to last; and, in its peroration, he gave a picture of the glorious millennium predicted by the prophet Isaiah that was imbued with the true Biblical spirit and full of Hebraic grandeur. Now, suppose that after this interesting coincidence the reverend doctor should continue his pious labors in behalf of the irreverent Colonel?—*New York Sun.*

George Sturge, who died lately in England, left more than $1,250,000 to various charities.

Mr. Gladstone has struck on the picture business. He declares he will never sit for another portrait.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

FREE AGENCY VS. FOREKNOWLEDGE.

WM. B. HART.

It is said to be easier to pick flaws in the opinions or sayings of another than to advance affirmative matter so well digested, and in terms so well considered and guarded as to defy adverse criticism from whomsoever it may come. However this may be, the present writer has some expectation he can pass in this instance an ordeal even such as is here outlined with no greater friction than incidentally arises when figments of the imagination, hoary with age, and paralytic with decay, are temporarily galvanized into sufficient self-assertion to enable points of difference to be clearly defined and perceived.

As your correspondent has of late ventured upon some little criticism of opinions as maintained by others without indicating specifically where he stands himself, it is but fair he should do so to the end the points affirmed and contested may be brought into the field of distinct vision so as to be intelligently collated and adjusted.

Scientifically considered, Theism is a theory of the origin of the human race, and like any other mere theory is responsible for its implications, responsible not only for what it affirms, but for what it implies. Whoever holds to the existence of an omniscient and omnipotent Creator, must as a logical necessity accept the Calvinistic tenet of predestination —that there is really nothing contingent or uncertain in this world; that whatever is or occurs, is precipitated into being by an inexorable necessity, and hence is fated to be or become just what it is.

It is seldom one can find a mere layman who is aware of the significance or logical outcome of the theological sentiments to which he is committed, or who, when confronted therewith will not demur. But if such a one should have the capacity or temerity to reason the thing out for himself, very likely he will end in being shocked and confounded in view of the unsuspected implications in which he finds himself entangled, and from which he cannot escape.

In canvassing the subject of free-agency for the first time, probably he would start with the inquiry: Does the simple fact of knowledge on the part of Deity that a thing will occur, impose a necessity on any one to cause it to occur? This, in opening up the inquiry, is the ordinary way the case presents itself, and if proposed to the present writer, he would unhesitatingly answer No! There can be no causal connection between knowledge of an event yet in the future and the event itself. Present knowledge of a future occurrence is not the cause of the occurrence, it simply attests the certainty of it. But in making this concession he would in turn ask: How can omniscience be sure an event will transpire, except omnipotence, in creating and endowing sentient beings and things as they are, had thereby set in operation a train of causes which would inevitably bring it to pass? And he would press this question upon his attention with the assurance he had here made a point.

Much of the difficulty with us laymen in solving the problem of free-agency, I apprehend arises from isolating one of the attributes of Deity and placing it over against an imputed attribute of man. But the case is changed when we consider God exists and acts, not in parts, but collectively as a unit, in which view foreknowledge and foreordination cannot be dissevered except in idea. If God foreknew an event, it was because he foreordained it, and he foreordained it because all-power and causation orginated with him and is sustained by him. If a person can not accomplish a certain act without God's aid, the aid being given, God is privy to the act—an accomplice, as we say. If God withholds the power to act, then man cannot do as he wills. And whether the power is bestowed or withheld, man is alike subject to God's will, and a mere instrument of his pleasure. I said: "If God foreknew an event it was because he foreordained it," and in foreordaining he foreknew it, I now add This is not a paradox, but an inevitable corollary from the premise which postulates his infinity. There can be no priority between knowledge and purpose if both are eternal.

In contemplating Deity as the creator of man, with whatever in the constitution of his nature he possesses, in his person and in his surroundings, it is impossible to dissociate power and intelligence as the two efficient creative attributes. Hence it is inconceivable that omniscience could foreknow save as omnipotence created, constituted and ordained. If in adjusting the balance of human faculties, the animal, intellectual and moral, together with incentives, good or evil, with rewards and penalties attached, the Creator failed to supply motives in all cases adequate to subordinate the passions to the dictates of conscience and the requirements of law—in other words, should it turn out that man would be vicious as the result of his passions and the insufficiency of restraints supplied. Omniscience knew it at the start, and thus knowing, in alliance with omnipotence foreordained it. If God foreknew that a person under the influence of temptation would certainly yield though warned of the consequences, and at the same time so ordered that temptation was encountered, the question of justice may, indeed, arise, but not the question of free agency.

The question of free agency is the question of causation specialized. If the agent can not control or overrule causes acting upon him and through him, he is not free. But man is incited to act because of his passional nature, which is not of his own contriving, and restrained because of his own sense of duty, or perception of injurious consequences which may accrue to himself if he does act. But if the incentives are urgent, and the consequences, with the admonitions of the moral sense dimly perceived, volition will vacillate or surrender under circumstances where the will of another differently constituted will successfully resist.

A man is said to be free when he does as he wills to do. Of course in a certain sense the will kicks the beam; but is he always master of his will, or rather is his will free? That is to say, can it act independently of compulsory causes extraneous to itself? The will would do one thing as soon as another except as the intellect perceives the consequences, good or evil, and is thereby prompted to do or to forbear. In psychological language the will is the executive function of thought; yet it always acts mechanically, and is either coerced in the interest of pleasure or pain, or paralyzed through fear, when not swayed by conscience or the hope of reward. It always and under all circumstances acts under compulsion of motives furnished in the solicitations of sense, the intellect and the emotions, itself utterly indifferent to consequences.

The freedom of the will is a chimera, that is, if freedom implies spontaneity as opposed to necessity or necessitated action having no antecedent coercive cause. Gentle reader, I suspect we are in a dilemma, at any rate it may be well to pause a moment and survey the situation. Let us trace out this idea a little in detail, and in so doing let the reader scan the process closely, for I expect to be able to drive this point home.

First then: Granting an effect can not exist before its cause has come into being, and that the cause can not originate itself, but is dependent for whatever it is or can be upon an antecedent cause, and this still upon another running back until we reach the first cause of all—an uncaused cause. Now, if with these premises conceded we postulate an infinite self-existent Creator of the universe in whose supreme personality is represented this primal cause, Who exists uncaused, unique, absolute and eternal, then it follows that whatsoever else exists or may exist, must be or become the legitimate issue of this primordial cause, and can contain nothing which was not directly or indirectly derived therefrom. To suppose otherwise would be to assume that something can originate spontaneously from nothing, and that a secondary cause can be a first cause—a contradiction in terms and ideas.

Second: In view of these preliminary propositions, it incontestably follows, that no human being can possess a faculty attribute, trait or proclivity, which was not contained, active or latent, in his immediate progenitors, and they in turn, derived whatever they possessed in a constitutional way, from an ancestral inheritance running back through a long line of generations until the first two representatives of the race are reached, in whose loins, as a potentiality, all that we are or can be reposed and took its rise.

Third: The conclusion seems inevitable, that aside from an infinite God, there is and can be no true sponteneity or absolute freedom to act in the universe, that whatever is, is, is necessitated, could not be otherwise than as it is, and this simply because the first cause must from the very nature of the case dominate, and contain potentially, all secondary causes to which it has given being and whatever they possess.

Fourth: On the other hand, excluding a first cause, we find ourselves in a world in which are varied orders of intelligences rising one above another till we reach man, but culminating, it may be, in an unseen intelligence with limitations as to power or intelligence or both,—in a universe in fact, self-sustained, in which effects become causes and causes effects, running in cycles without beginning and without ending, in an eternal and everlasting series of transmutations, the one into the other, and liberation therefrom, originating or ultimating in life and mind—a mystery most profound! This, then, is the dilemma hinted at; let the reader take which horn he pleases, for one or the other he must.

It is just as this stage of the discussion is reached, that the timid ecclesiastic jumps the track, and seeks refuge in the acknowledged limitations of the human mind—its inability to grasp this mystery, as he phrases it. But it is now too late. He should have bethought himself of this limitation when he posited the infinity of God. Having assumed this atribute for Deity at the start as his fundamental premise, he must stand by it and take the consequences, retract, or abandon all claim as a logical thinker.

To say that God, being the creator of all things, endowing them with whatever they possess, is the only absolutely free existence in the universe, and at the same time to affirm man's will is free, is a contradiction pure and simple; and to assert that God permits the freedom of subordinate wills, is a subterfuge as puerile as it is illogical. When the infinite God abrogates his own exclusive sovereignty, then, and not till then, can he impart freedom of volition to his creatures.

On this hypothesis of an omniscient and omnipotent God, John Calvin, with logical consistency took his stand, and on this he has reared a theological system of thought which has withstood the assaults of infidel and Christian alike for more than three hundred years, and will withstand them for three hundred years to come—aye, forever if so be this his, major premise—the infinity of God—be conceded. There is no escape from it.

It follows then as a logical necessity, that God, in creating man, knew what he was doing, saw clearly the end from the beginning, knew just where his children with angelic aspirations and diabolical proclivites would land, knew before the fateful fiat was spoken, "Let us make man!" Yea, before the insentiate dust of which he is composed was created God knew it, knew that this crowning glory of his creation with passions strong and resistance weak would disobey him, sin, and merit an eternity of woe. And yet, with the inevitable doom awaiting ninety-nine in every one hundred staring him in the face, he launched them into being ticketed for the infernal regions!

And in view of all this, pious men, good and true, with spirits it may be to aid, can put their heads together in the effort cooly and philosophically to split hairs as to the difference of foreknowledge with foreordination!

Here we are, and here we seem to be driven by a concatenation of reasoning that has hitherto defied refutation, no matter who has tried his hand at it. And in all reason and common sense, I see no way out of this metaphysical entanglement but in the surrender of this "infinity" hypothesis business, or at least in the confession that in this matter, the human mind is essaying to deal with what it can not compass; that being itself finite, it has no capacity with which to deal with the infinite, save to discover its own impotency in relation thereto as an object of thought. If God be infinite, we can know really nothing concerning him. Our perceptions, so far as they are real and valid, relate to the finite and to nothing else, certainly not to the infinite save as a correlative term, not a correlative perception, but simply as a conception —as nothing is the correlative of something, a mere negation, a mere negation, a blank.

Greenwood, Ill.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

ORION, The Gold Beater. By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. New York: Cassell & Co., limited; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 50 cents, paper.

This author while living wrote continuously for the New York *Ledger*, and achieved a great popularity. It is only of late that his stories have been gotten out in book form, in the "Sunshine Series." His stories are always sensational. This one is located in New York, and was written for the *Ledger*, and had a great sale.

SHOW US THE FATHER. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Price, $1.

This little book is composed of six able sermons: The Change of Front of the Universe, delivered before the Unitarian Conference in Brooklyn, by Rev. M. J. Savage; The Fullness of God, delivered before the Unitarian Conference at Saratoga, by Rev. S. R. Calthrop; The Unity of God, delivered before the Unitarian Conference at Chicago, by Rev. H. M. Simmons; The Revelation of God, delivered before the Unitarian Conference at London, Eng., by Rev. John W. Chadwick; The Faith of Ethics, delivered before the Unitarian Conference at Geneva, by Rev. W. C. Gannett, and Religion for the Near End, delivered at the Unitarian Conference at Boston, by Rev. J. L. Jones.

Magazines for June Received Late.

The American Magazine. (New York.) Among the notable features in this issue is an illustrated paper on Our Defence from an Army Standpoint; Mrs. John A. Logan contributes an article on The Art of Entertaining, and George Edgar Montgomery has a paper entitled Dickens on the American Stage; Barbados: The Elbow Island is described; My Dream of Anarchy and Dynamite is concluded: Joel Benton has resurrected some charming verses of Coleridge; another illustrated article is Ecuador and her Cities. The several departments are unusually full and in the editor's study are discussed questions of the day.

The Forum. (New York.) The next American University is an able article contributed by Andrew D. White; Senator Wade Hampton explains what Negro supremacy means; Poverty, Sympathy, and Economics, is a plea for the universal study of the principles of political economy; Mr. Kelly reviews our tariff legislation for the last hundred years in Revolutionizing the Revenue system; G. K. Gilbert explains the changes of the Level of the Great Lakes; Prof. A. T. Hadley contributes Remedies for Railway Troubles; The Haste to be Rich shows how the money craze undermines domestic life; Prof. F. A. March reviews the Universal language, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has a characteristic article entitled Men, Women, and Money.

The Eclectic. (New York.) The June number of the Eclectic offers many features of interest. The opening paper by Prince Kropotkin under the title of The Breakdown of the Industrial System, examines into the industrial evils of the day; there is an exceedingly interesting paper on the Central African Question; The Anglo-American Copyright Question is discussed from the English standpoint; Recollections of Charles Dickens will be read by many of his admirers; Islam and Christianity is a thoughtful study; Prof Richard Proctor talks about the Everlasting Hills, and The Art of George Eliot is written in an appreciative spirit.

The Century Magazine. (New York). The second article of Mr. Kennan's on Russia opens the June Century and his account of the hospital wards is astonishing; a striking point in the Lincoln History is the account of Lincoln's reception of the news of Bull Run; the last of the present series of articles by Mr. Roosevelt is given; another illustrated article is entitled A Printer's Paradise; Mr. Burroughs's article on Matthew Arnold's Criticism, had been sent to the printer for the June Century before Mr. Arnold's death; in the same number Mrs. Van Rensselaer points out some of the errors into which Mr. Arnold fell in discussing American art; fiction, poems, and topics of the time add to the above in making a most excellent number.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) The leading article for June describes the Circus Maximus at Rome and is finely illustrated; the excellent serial, Two Little Confederates is continued, and Celia Thaxter contributes a charming children's story entitled Cat's-Cradle; An old Sicilian legend is put into verse and richly illustrated; Louise Chandler Moulton writes a memorial of Louisa May Alcott, with extracts from some of her letters; Dogs of noted Americans contain accounts of the dogs belonging to President Garfield, General Lee, the poet Whittier and other illustrious individuals, and The Child-sketches from George Eliot introduce Tom and Maggie Tulliver.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) Eurania's Boys, is a jolly story by Margaret Sidney, with illustrations; The Wild Cattle of England, contains facts about these cattle that few children know; the short article on the Game of Polo gives the origin of this popular game, and the frontispiece is a correct picture of the game at its height; Edward Everett Hale writes about Boston Common two hundred and fifty years ago; another story of ye olden times is The Old Tinder-Box; there are also several short stories, poems and appropriate illustrations.

The Unitarian. (Ann Arbor, Mich.) In looking over the contents for June we find many contributors who are familiar with the reading public. Oscar Clute writes about the Land of Flowers, and Reed Stuart about the Gospel of Culture and the Gospel of Christ; the sermon in this number is The Genesis of Great Souls, by J. Coleman Adams, and the first chapter on Christianity and Leo Tolstoi is given, besides other essays and poems.

Lucifer. (London, Eng.) The May number of this popular magazine opens with Occultism *versus* the Occult Art; Captain Pfoundes gives a scrap of Theosophical Folk Lore entitled Bird and Butterfly; The Sraddha describes one of the Brahmanical rites; the Blossom and the Fruit is continued and Theosophy and Modern Socialism is concluded. The above is only a part of an excellent table of contents.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) In the chapter of Glimpses of Old English Homes, Eridge Castle is described; The Mediation of Ralph Hardelot continues to interest the reader: Pagodas, Aurioles, and Umbrellas is a curiously illustrated article; Coaching Days and Coaching Ways, and Lil, A Liverpool Child close a good number.

The Unitarian Review. (Boston.) An excellent table of contents is given for June as the following will show: Martineau's Study of Religion; Bishop Colenso; Righteousness and Worship; The Corner-Stone of Christianity; Freedom and Half-Freedom; Literary Criticism, etc.

L' Aurore. (Paris, France.) This monthly printed in French is receiving attention from those interested in the subject to which it is devoted. The contributors are well known and popular.

The Esoteric. (Boston.) The Articles in this monthly are devoted to advanced and practical esoteric thought.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery. (Boston.) The June number of this attractive monthly for the young is filled with pretty thoughts and pictures.

The Homiletic Review. (New York). All the departments for June are unusually readable and informing.

The Journal of Speculative Philosophy. (New York.) Contents, for April: Critique of Kantian Philosophy; Letters on Faust; Psychological Theory; Notes and Discussions.

Buchanan's Journal of Man. (Boston.) Animal Magnetism as understood by the French Faculty is the initial article for June, and with a variety of articles and notes make up a valuable number.

The Theosophist. (Adyar, India.) A varied table of contents devoted to oriental philosophy, art, literature and occultism fills the May issue of this monthly.

Also:

Science of Photography, Philadelphia.
Freethinkers' Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y.
Journal of the American Akademe, Orange, N. J.
Sidereal Messenger, Northfield, Minn.
Phrenological Magazine, London.
St. Louis Magazine, St. Louis, Mo.
Annali Dello, Spiritismo, Torino.
Psychische Studien, Leipzig.
Le Lotus, Paris.

New Books Received.

The Faith That Makes Faithful. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Works Treating Upon the Spiritual Philosophy and the Spirit World.

Book on Mediums; or Guide for Mediums and Invocators: containing the special instructions of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations; the development of mediumship, and the means of communicating with the invisible world. By Allen Kardec. Also, The Spirits' Book, by the same author, cotaining the principles of spiritist doctrine on the immortality of the soul and the future life. Price, $1.60. each.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle. By Morell Theobald, F. C. A. An autoblographic narrative of psychic phenomena in family daily life extending over a period of twenty years, and told in a most delightful and interesting manner. Price, $2.40.

The Spirit World, its inhabitants, nature and philosophy. By Eugene Crowell. Price, $1.00.

Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, by the same author, Vol. II. The volumes of this work are independent of each other and since Vol. I, is entirely out of print, Vol. II is selling at $1.20.

The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. By Epes Sargent. As the title indicates this work is a scientific exposition of a stupendous subject and should be read by all Spiritualists and investigators. Price, $1.60.

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The Treatment of Criminals.

There has been a growing disposition of late years to treat criminals in a rational manner. The old idea was that they should be punished to vindicate the majesty of the law, without much regard for the conditions in which the criminal tendencies had their origin and with little thought of modifying and correcting their abnormal tendencies with a view to making them better men, and lessening the danger of their presence in society when released and restored to freedom. Now the more enlightened and humane people of every progressive community, instead of holding to the old vindicatory theory of punishment, regard the protection of society first, and the improvement of the felon, in the second place, as the only proper objects of prisons and prison discipline.

The safety of society requires primarily the sequestration of the criminal, his removal from former haunts and companions, and his confinement where he can no longer commit offences against persons or property; not only the safety of society, but justice and humanity demand, secondarily, that the criminal be afforded an opportunity to overcome as far as possible his evil tendencies, and that he be supplied with motives and incentives to repress the bad and to cultivate and strengthen whatever of good there is in his nature. For this purpose there should be not only the discipline of restraint, but also the physical and mental training adapted to develop the slumbering germs of manhood that lie buried in his nature.

Those who have had large experience in dealing with criminals, with marked criminal tendencies, agree that their mental condition is more or less abnormal; that if the intellect is bright it is so only in a narrow line; that there is intellectual instability as well as moral obtuseness, an aversion to continuous application, deficient will-power and self-control, untruthfulness and lack of sympathy as well as of self-respect.

Physically the average youthful criminal is under weight, coarse grained, heavy in his movements, with an ill-shaped head and repulsive features. What intellect he has is exercised in furthering schemes for his own gratification. He lacks the power of sustained effort and in an emergency he is pretty sure to fail in his undertakings. "There is a class of criminal dullards," says Dr. Hamilton Wey, physician to the Elmira (N. Y.) State Reformatory, "that cannot be considered as mentally unsound or representatives of the feeble group, yet are incapable of any prolonged mental exertion, whose efforts in the workshop are spasmodic and unsatisfactory, requiring constant spurring on to hold them to their tasks. By bodily growth and conformity to a better type of the merely physical man through physical training, it has become apparent that it is possible to excite cerebral activity in these dull in mind and heavy of body."

Dr. Wey has for some years subjected these "criminal dullards" to a thorough course of physical training. His programme embraces baths at frequent intervals, and a manual drill and calisthenics to supplement the routine task performed in the shop, because, he says, this "criminal dullard" is of coarse fibre, representing raw material in the rough, waiting for a moulding hand to overcome his crudeness. This bodily exercise is made the initial movement, which is followed by the more common method of teaching carried out in the school room. He then begins with the development of the motor nervous system and then passes on to the cultivation of the sensory nervous system and mental faculties. With a knowledge of the physiology of exercise he recognizes the fact that it is the weak spot which determines the degree of strength the body possesses, and the predisposition to disease and death; and by cultivating this spot he brings it as far as possible in harmony with the stronger parts.

Industrial training must be made in the future, as it is to some extent now, the basis of reformatory work. Of those committed to the three prisons of New York in 1886, namely, Auburn, Sing Sing and Clinton, over fifty per cent. were out of work when they were arrested, and fifty per cent. were without any trade or occupation requiring particular skill. Such men released at the expiration of their sentences, with the stigma of prison-life attaching to them, have to join the crowded ranks of unskilled labor in the struggle for existence, and they are almost sure to fail, become discouraged, lapse into crime, and be again arrested, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment, whereas if, while in prison they had been taught some trade or skilled industry and thus helped to overcome the load which bore heavily upon them from the time they left the prison, a large proportion of them might have been self-sustaining and peaceable members of society during the remainder of their lives.

The trade school should be established in every prison. The old idea that a convict must not be taught anything that will enable him to compete with skilled workmen who are worthy, law-abiding citizens should be obsolete among intelligent people. Why should the criminal be deprived of a trade, and be left to compete with the unskilled laborers, whose ranks are so overcrowded, and who are so poorly paid? The true policy is to treat the criminal not with mere sentimental sympathy, nor with cruelty or thoughtless disregard of his own future; but with strict reference to the protection of society and with a view to giving him a chance, and helping him to reform.

Periods of Depression.

Sir Lyon Playfair in a very able paper, printed in the *Contemporary Review* points out that during the present century there have been twelve marked periods of depression. In the early part of the century, when machinery and hand labor were in full conflict, the depression was sharp and severe, but of short duration. From 1837 to 1873 the periods were at nearly regular distances of ten years. Since 1873 the depression has been persistent, except in regard to special industries which were relieved in 1879 to 1882, after which the prices fell to an "abnormally low level." As this long depression has been common to all countries using labor-saving machinery, it must have causes, Sir Lyon Plairfair maintains, correspondingly universal in their character. The causes of this universal depression are stated thus:

"1. That the improvements in machinery, by new inventions, have produced great changes in the quickness and economy of distribution of commodities, and have profoundly altered the whole system of commerce.

"2. That the improvements of machinery used in production have increased the supply of commodities beyond the immediate demands of the world, and have too rapidly displaced the old forms of labor."

Mention is made of the fact that at the end of the last and early in the present century the rapid application of machinery to industrial employments, after Watts's improvement of the steam engine, there was severe suffering among hand-laborers; there were labor riots, during which mills were burned and machinery destroyed, showing how sharp was the conflict then between manual labor and mechanical power. In the later depressions labor, it is claimed, has suffered less even than capital. Although modern inventions have increased production and displaced labor, ultimately intelligent, educated workingmen are benefited by the changes, since increased production absorbs skilled labor and pays liberal wages for it. At the same time there is a constantly decreasing demand for unintelligent labor, in consequence of which ignorant workers have a hard time of it. The present state of manufactures depends chiefly upon the intelligence of the producers. "The competition of the world has become a competition of intellect." In the future of the world the greatest industrial nation will be the best educated nation; it may not be so to-day, but it certainly will be so to-morrow. Can there be a stronger argument for a high standard of popular education? Sir Lyon Playfair points to the United States "as the great industrial nation of the future," because of its intelligence and activity of invention, and because it is not, like European nations, handicapped in the industrial race by the expense of a large standing army.

A. Bronson Alcott.

Speaking of A. Bronson Alcott, Dr. Bartol says: "Charity that could draw a line or give a touch beyond his broad welcome I never saw. He could differ bravely in opinion." How he received criticism, even of the severest kind, is shown by his remark on learning of Carlyle's ridicule of Alcott's "potato gospel." "I accuse Thomas Carlyle," he said, "of inhospitality to my thought." There was no bitterness, no resentment in Alcott. He had convictions, and he liked to talk, and audiences and companies were often bored by his mystical and disconnected ideas presented with tiresome repetitions in a monotonous tone; but the fine spirit of the man was always conspicuous, and commanded the respect of all hearers. Dr. Bartol says "certainly, Mr. Alcott wanted to be heard. He coveted every ear. He was hungry for an audience, and thus unlike Emerson, who was equally unwilling to be silent or to speak. Conversation was his passion, but it became monologue. He soliloquized in company. Alcott was not tired of the sameness and repetition of his ideas. Dear to him as first principles, he fed on them." Mr. Alcott had no systematic philosophy, and some of his ideas were visionary and fantastic; at the same time he had that spiritual breadth and comprehensiveness, and that hospitality for all forms and phases of thought, which made him a good deal of a philosopher. As strongly theistic as he was, on meeting a well known agnostic, after a speech at the Parker Memorial, before the Free Religious Association, he said, "Why we are both right. We both agree as to what is essential. I like your people because you are after the truth. There is a great deal that none of us have learned yet." It was in this spirit that he met those of opposite views, and although it sometimes involved too much of a "mush of concession" to suit clear-headed, systematic thinkers, it often had the effect to fix the attention of too critical and combative minds upon essential points of agreements, and to help them overcome that spirit of antagonism which is a great obstacle to useful discussion.

The Death of Capt. Hannum—Incidents of Slavery Revived.

The other day the Boston papers chronicled the death of Capt. James W. Hannum at Neponset, Mass. Capt. Hannum, four years before the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, was brought prominently into notice in connection with a kidnapping case. It occurred in September, 1846. A runaway slave had stowed himself away in Capt. Hannum's ship, the brig Ottoman, at New Orleans, bound for Boston. The captain kept him under surveillance intending to take him back to his master on his return voyage; but the negro managed to escape to South Boston where he was pursued and overtaken by the Captain, who took him to Port Shirley and put him on board a barque bound for New Orleans. Of course this was approved by the respectable journals of Boston; but in Garrison's despised *Liberator* of Sept. 18, 1846, appeared an article written by Edmund Quincy and signed "Q" which said:

"The slave having reached the sanctuary of Massachusetts Bay, was as free as the captain who kidnapped him, in the eyes of our law, until it were proved by his master, or his authorized agent, that he did not belong to himself; and had he been seized by the master or his agent and carried off in this clandestine manner, it would have been justified by the decision pronounced by Judge Story in the Prigg case. Is it not evident how unprotected this decision leaves the personal liberty of all and especially of the poor and helpless—for whose benefit chiefly, in theory at least, civil government is established." A few years later was enacted the infamous fugitive slave law.

The number of the *Liberator* which contains an account of, and comments on, this case of kidnapping has an article by Parker Pillsbury in which he refers to the Hollis Street Church, which had expelled John Pierpont for his temperance views, as "the church of the distilleries," and Rev. Dr. Gannet who had said that "the mission of the Unitarians is silence on the subject of slavery," is mentioned in no complimentary terms. The same number of Garrison's paper has an advertisement copied from the Sumter County (Alabama) *Whig* which is headed "Negro Dogs," and announces that "the undersigned having bought the entire pack of negro dogs" of the Hay and Allen stock, he now proposes to catch runaway negroes," and adds, "His charges will be three dollars a day for hunting and fifteen dollars a day for catching a runaway." What changes have occurred in the United States since the date of that advertisement by one Wm. Gambel, whose business of catching slaves with bloodhounds was in his day entirely respectable, and no doubt pecuniarily profitable, for the desire to get away from cruel masters, or the desire to breathe the air of freedom, were strong enough to make many attempt to escape in spite of bloodhounds and shot-guns and the certainty of torture with the slave whip if captured.

Garibaldi.

The unveiling of the Garibaldi statue at New York the other day was an impressive affair. Garibaldi was an unselfish patriot, a brave soldier and the liberator of his country. His name will be forever identified with Italian unity, in the achievement of which he was the most conspicuous figure and the greatest historic character. The statue is of bronze, and it represents Garibaldi about to draw his sword, and looking eagerly forward. It reflects great credit on the Italians of New York who presented it to the city. At the unveiling the American flag was foremost in the assemblage around the statue, which was covered with our national emblem and capped with the colors of Italy. The Roman Catholic press rancorously opposed the receiving of the memorial by the city, declaring that its acceptance would amount virtually to an insult to the Catholic religion. It is true that Garibaldi was instrumental in lessening the power and in bringing about the degradation of the pope, but the fault was in the pope and his adherents who were in the way of the freedom and unity of Italy. Garibaldi opposed papal pretensions because papal pretensions were opposed to the rights and interests of his people, for maintaining and establishing which with splendid genius and courage, he is to-day honored by the lovers of liberty throughout the world. Religious bigotry was rebuked in words that were to the point by Mayor Hewitt in his address accepting the memorial on behalf of the city. "Prejudice and intolerance," he said, "may be expected to protest against this memorial of honor and gratitude, on religious grounds. But we settled this question a century ago, when in our constitution our fathers divorced religion from politics. Religion belongs to the individual and politics to nations. To-day we are enjoying the fruits of this wise decision, and we can do honor to patriotism in every rank and walk of life without regard to creed or birth. We can even overlook the weakness of human nature in the contemplation of great and noble work for humanity done by men of like passions and frailties with ourselves."

Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant.

Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant made her farewell speech in America at Central Music Hall on Saturday afternoon, June 9th, to nearly 3,000 interested and enthusiastic people. The lecture had been well advertised and no pains or labor spared by Dr. Fannie Dickinson to make it a success, and those who were so fortunate as to be present, have reason to rejoice that she had the enterprise and courage to arrange for and carry out so successfully this entertainment. The discussion of the afternoon was upon Social Purity. The stage was handsomely decorated with flowers; the front of the organ loft was ornamented by a back ground of green, with the words "Temperance" in the purple of the helitrope, "Equal Purity" in white carnations, "Equal Opportunities for an Honest Livelihood" and "Equal Suffrage" in crimson carnations; the whole being very effective, and beautiful.

The stage was occupied by Miss Frances Willard, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Dr. Kate Bushnell and Mrs. Chant; the latter was announced to speak upon "The moral relations of men and women to each other." The lecture was listened to with wrapt attention. She paid an eloquent tribute to Mrs. Josephine Butler, who gave up a life of luxury and ease, and an assured social position to go out among and make better the outcast and despairing men and women of London. William Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was also commended for his courage and bravery in the cause.

Mrs. Chant is an able defender of co-education. She hopes to see the day when there will be no separate schools for boys and girls. She rebuked in scathing terms the decollette dress of fashion and related an instance of a young and beautiful girl coming to her in this dress saying, "Mrs. Chant won't you let me kiss you good-by?" "No," I said, "not in that dress." Speaking of Woman Suffrage Mrs. Chant said:

"The men ask us what good suffrage will do us. Ask your self! What good has suffrage done you? The fact is, we've lost our confidence in men. You are good men, many of you, but you are not strong enough to take care of us. Stand aside and we will help take care of you. What did old Euclid say? 'If equals be added to equals the whole is equal, but if equal be added to unequal the whole is unequal.' The men will allow us to pray for them. Now I don't want to be irreverent, but you have prayed long enough—nothing but illuminated messages to the Almighty with your name at the bottom. You must get to work."

Dr. Bushnell spoke upon legislation. Miss Willard spoke briefly, and Miss Anthony made a short address upon equal suffrage. Each person was presented with a package of tracts and leaflets, including Mrs. Josephine Butler's little pamphlet, "The New Godiva," and her letter to the International Council of Women. The afternoon cannot but be productive of good.

Mrs. Chant came to this country from England to attend the International Council of Women held the last week in March; since that time she has given one hundred and twenty-two lectures.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, the distinguished scholar and Unitarian divine, passed away June 8th, from his home in Jamaica Plain, Mass. He had been the pastor of the Church of the Disciples for forty-seven years. Dr. Clarke has written several books; the best known, perhaps, was his "Ten Great Religions." He wrote the introduction to "Light on the Path," a little book that has quite a large sale among Spiritualists, being the experiences of a lady, whom we should pronounce a medium, she having been able to see and converse with friends who had passed away. Dr. Clarke's introduction expressed his entire confidence in the lady, and was a beautiful tribute to her. He was among the last of the New England transcendentalists. Mr. Frothingham in his "Transcendentalism in New England," says: "James Freeman Clarke was a contemporary and intimate friend of Parker, a co-worker with Channing, a close friend and correspondent of Miss Fuller, a sympathizer with Alcott in his attempts to spiritualize education, a frequent contributor to the *Dial;* the intellectual fellow of the brilliant minds that made the epoch what it was. But his interest was not confined to the school, nor did the technicalities of or details of the transcendental movement embarrass him; his catholic mind took in opinions of all shades, and men of all communions. .... But though churchly tastes led him away from the company of themselves where he intellectually belonged, and an unfailing common sense saved him from the extravagancies into which some of them fell. A transcendentalist he was, and an uncompromising one. The intuitive philosophy was his guide. It gave him assurance of spiritual truths; it interpreted for him the gospels and Jesus; it inspired his endeavors to reconcile belief, to promote unity among the discordant sects, to enlighten and redeem mankind. His mission has been that of a spiritual peacemaker. But while doing this he has worked faithfully at particular causes; was an avowed and earnest abolitionist in the anti-slavery days. An enemy of violent and vindictive legislation, a hearty friend of laborers in the field of woman's election to the full privileges of culture and citizenship; a man in whom faith, hope and charity abounded; a man of intellectual convictions which made a groundwork for his life."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. A. H. Wait, Lincoln, Kansas, would like to correspond with a good medium, for the public platform.

Dr. J. K. Bailey has been speaking, during May, at Champaign, Springfield and Taylorville, Ill., and at St. Louis, Mo.

The Rice County Spiritualists and Liberals are likely to have a large attendance at their camp-meeting at Morristown, Minn., June 13th to 18th.

Albert Thompson writes enthusiastically of the first excursion to Parkland, Pa., on May 31st. He praises the Neshaminy river, the May-Pole dance, and the good time generally had by all.

The 3rd and 10th of June, Lyman C. Howe lectured at Muskegon, Mich. He also lectures at the Sturgis annual meeting the 15th and 17th. Mr. Howe has the reputation of doing efficient work wherever employed.

Mary Shelton Woodhead and Mrs. Clara D. Stacy sang at the reception tendered Mrs. Watson at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bundy last week. Their fine voices and exquisite renderings were greatly appreciated by all.

Mrs. Emma (Curtis) Hopkins began her June class on Monday of this week at her residence and seminary, No. 2019 Indiana avenue. Mrs. Hopkins is doing an excellent work. Her Sunday services in Kimball Hall which have attracted good audiences through the year, closed for the season on last Sunday.

Elizabeth Lowe Watson left Chicago on Thursday evening of last week for Cassadaga camp, where she was under engagement to take part in the three days' meeting held there in June of each year. Mrs. Watson's six days stay in this city was a continual ovation and a significantly promising inauguration of her resumption of public work, from which she has been retired during the past year. On the evening preceding her departure she met a large company of prominent Spiritualists and leading citizens, at the residence of the editor of the JOURNAL, and led in an interesting conversation upon matters germane to Spiritualism.

W. H. Leidigh of America, Ill., writes as follows: "After listening to two highly interesting and instructive lectures from Warren Chase, the Spiritualists of this vicinity organized an association styled the Southern Illinois Spiritualist Association, with J. H. Conant of Villa Ridge, as president; W. H. Leidigh, recording secretary, and John Linegar of Mound City, corresponding secretary. There are twenty-one members.

Mrs. Jane A. Stamps left a legacy of $500 to the Spiritualists of Brenham, Tex., to establish a free circulating library; also another legacy for the purpose of erecting a hall wherein the spiritual philosophy can be promulgated. A catalogue of the books has been published and is intended for free distribution. The great good that will be accomplished through the aid rendered by Mrs. Stamps, will no doubt induce others who have wealth to contribute for like purposes.

Having endeared himself to a wide circle of friends by the potency of his healing powers, the breadth and liberality of his theology, as well as by his kindly nature and genial ways, the Rev. Joseph Adams, leader of one of the many "Christian Science" schools, was tendered a benefit at the First Methodist Church on Tuesday evening of last week. The program consisted of vocal and instrumental music interspersed with short addresses from Dr. C. I. Thacher, Mrs. Ursula Gestefeld, Dr. Adams and Mrs. Emma Curtis Hopkins, and a fine recitation by Mrs. Lida Hood Talbot. Mr. James Watson presided at the organ, and his execution together with the singing of Mrs. Clara D. Stacy and Miss Eva Vescelius added zest to the evening's entertainment. Dr. Adams is on the eve of a brief visit to California.

The *Medium and Daybreak* says: "Miss Clair Tuttle, daughter of Hudson and Emma Tuttle, is reported in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to have won the first prize in the literary contest of the High School at Berlin Heights. Good judges pronounced her elocutionary powers as wonderful. 'To her faultless delivery she adds a magnetic voice and presence rarely possessed by one of her age, as we know from personal observation.' In this instance we have genius enhanced by culture, whereas had the effort been made to evolve the same powers phenomenally, or by the methods of phenomenal mediumship, it would have been a degradation. And yet the way has been paved for a higher phenomenality, and a higher response

to the impact of a more exalted spirit sphere. Normal culture is indeed true spiritual development. Hudson Tuttle, the once phenomenal boy, has become a man of fine culture, and as such possesses a deeper insight and a broader outlook than in his early days. Yet each period in his career has had its peculiar value."

Latest Trick of the Bangs Sisters.

The following card from the Bangs Sisters appeared in last Sunday's *Tribune* and a similar one in other papers:

CHICAGO, June 9.—[Editor of The Tribune]—A few months ago when a cowardly raid was made on us at one of our parlor séances at our own home in this city a number of sensational articles appeared in the columns of the press, to the great detriment of our reputation. We then requested the public to withhold judgment until a court of justice had thoroughly investigated the matter. The grand jury of Cook County, after having heard the statement of the witnesses for the State has discharged us, although not a single one of our witnesses was or could be heard by them, thus deciding after hearing the testimony of our persecutors, and without a single word of defense, that the charges were baseless. The object of this card, which we ask a generous press to circulate as freely as it did the articles to our injury, is to inform the public of the final result of this effort to degrade and humiliate us.

BANGS SISTERS.

On the face of it the above statement is all very nice and touching. The facts behind it are discreditable to the Bangs family and a disgrace to Spiritualism. On the evening of April 1st Lizzie and May Bangs, aided and abetted by their mother, held an alleged materialization séance; during the performance May was captured and a varied assortment of ghostly toggery found on her person and in the cabinet. The trick in the construction of the cabinet was discovered. No more complete exposure was ever made as the readers of the JOURNAL already know. At the trial in the Police Court these women by advice of their attorney, waived examination on the State charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, and were held under bail to await the action of the Grand Jury. The case came up last month. All the facts as heretofore published in the JOURNAL were clearly established, the paraphernalia was shown and the trick cabinet explained to the Jury. The Grand Jury concluded that the Bangs Sisters were running a show, one that was to amuse and entertain the public like any other show; that the claim of materialized spirits appearing, was on its face untrue and so preposterous that no one would be expected to believe it. Hence, that they were not guilty of obtaining money by deceit because everybody ought to know the pretenses were false. This in substance was the logic which loosened the bonds for the Bangses. Ignorance of Spiritualism and its phenomena on the part of the Jury saved these women from indictment. This is all there is of it; and if the Bangs Sisters can further hoodwink the public with such cards as that published in the Sunday papers they are welcome to do so.

The JOURNAL declares that they were caught in the act, and stands prepared to support these charges in the State courts. Instead of printing lying accounts of how they have been persecuted, let the Bangs Sisters prosecute the editor and publisher of the JOURNAL for libel, then they will get a judicial certificate which, while it may not be pleasing to one side or the other, the JOURNAL is willing to abide by.

P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth.

P. T. Barnum's greatest show on earth united to the great London circus is exhibiting in this city, on the Lake Front, one week only. Two performances every day at 2 and 8 P. M. Two rings, two stages, two menageries, 380 horses in a special tent, with an unusual attractive programme is announced including talking seals, trained zebras, elephants, ostriches, and giraffes; also Capt. Paul Boyton the acquatic marvel; a real wild Moorish caravan; a museum of living wonders; artificial lake of real water; a tribe of wandering Bedouins, etc., etc. Thrilling races, daring feats and amazing acts, all sensational and novel in their display. A troupe of Japanese experts will perform daily new and dashing features never seen before. Jumbo's skeleton, as natural as life, can be seen.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Drake and Miss Maud Lord who have been at the Sherman House for several weeks, left for Sister Lakes, Michigan, last Tuesday, where they expect to improve the excellent facilities for rest and pleasure afforded by that popular resort. Although not giving public séances, nor exercising her powers for pay since her marriage, Mrs. Drake occasionally holds a circle for some old friend. Such an one was held last week in a Michigan Boulevard residence. A lady who was present informs us that she obtained the best tests she has had for many years.

Next week comes the Republican convention, and the city is already filling up with the advance skirmishers. We shall take care of numerous friends, though quite likely some of them will have to sleep on the roof.

Hon. W. H. H. Bingham, chairman of the Vermont delegation to the Democratic convention at St. Louis, spent last Saturday and Sunday in Chicago, the guest of the editor of the JOURNAL. Although seventy-five years of age he is full of vigor and Yankee push.

Beyond; a record of real life in the beautiful country over the river and beyond, told by a loving daughter, one of the choir, not invisible to those who will see, of spirits that have passed on to that radiant land from which so much light and hope are daily brought. Price, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Mr. F. I. Whitney, for many years Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Michigan Central, and for the past year with the Michigan Southern, has just been made General Passenger Agent of the great Manitoba system, in place of Mr. C. H. Warren promoted to General Manager. The JOURNAL is pleased to chronicle these two promotions. Mr. Whitney has endeared himself to a large circle by his great worth; his modesty and strict attention to business have prevented much newspaper notoriety; but it is safe to say that no railroad man ever left more genuine friends behind him.

The "Manitoba" is to be congratulated in that it has secured an officer who has no superior in his specialty and who will bring to his new position every qualification necessary to make his administration a success. Mr. Warren who becomes the general manager of the road is well known in the Northwest as one of the ablest of railroad men and his promotion is both well earned and in the interests of the road.

Two articles are promised in "The Popular Science Monthly" for July that are especially worthy of attention. They are a fully illustrated paper on "Safety in House-Drainage," by William E. Hoyt, S. B., in which the belief that plumbing-fixtures in our houses are inevitable sources of danger is controverted, and ways are shown for making them wholly safe; and the concluding essay of the remarkable series on "Darwinism and the Christian Faith."

The Safety Eye Glass Holder is the name of a wonderfully simple yet useful little invention of our valued friend and subscriber, W. J. Rand of Brooklyn, N. Y. Having been sorely tried by the imperfections of all the holders in use, Brother Rand was finally inspired to try his own hand at making one which should be simple, cheap, durable and perfect. He has succeeded. Those desiring further particulars can address Safety Eye-Glass Holder Co., Bedford avenue and Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Closing Exercises at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco.

Farewell Testimonials to J. J. Morse.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The engagement of J. J. Morse at Metropolitan Temple, in this city, terminated Sunday, May 27. The occasion was signalized by the presence and participation of Mrs. E. L. Watson, who stopped in San Francisco, on her way east, to render fitting tribute to the good work done in our midst by her departing co-laborer, Mr. Morse. On Friday evening, May 25th, a grand reception was given by Mrs. M. B. Dodge and Mrs. Mary Irvin, to Mr. Morse and family and Mrs. Watson, at the residence of Mrs. Irwin, 1143 Valencia St. The spacious parlors were crowded with a brilliant company, and the rooms and hallways elaborately decorated with flowers and trailing vines. The evening was largely devoted to music, games, dancing, etc. Appropriate addresses were made by Mrs. Watson, Mr. Morse, and Mr. W. E. Coleman; and an excellent comic recitation was given by Dr. Thos. L. Hill. Mrs. J. Laverna Mathews read an original poem. Refreshments galore were served, and the guests dispersed at a late hour, after a most enjoyable evening.

The closing exercises at the Temple on the evening of the 27th were long and varied, and were quite impressive. The audience was very large and appreciative. It was announced that the meetings would be discontinued until the first Sunday in September, when they would be resumed with Mrs. Watson as speaker. Remarks were made by the President, Mr. W. E. Coleman, expressive of pleasure at the presence of Mrs. Watson, and of deep regret at the close of Mr. Morse's labors at the Temple; like sentiments voiced by him being most liberally applauded. A series of resolutions were unanimously adopted, testifying in cordial terms to the ability, zeal, and efficiency of Mr. Morse in his public labors at the Temple, and to the sterling worth of himself and family as manifested in private and social relations, with sincere regrets at being compelled to sever the ties connecting the society and congregation with them—the hope being expressed that at no distant day we might be again blessed with their helpful presence and work in this city. Eloquent addresses, befitting the occasion, were made by Mrs. Watson and Mr. Morse, and at the conclusion of the exercises a throng of their friends crowded around them, bidding them good by and godspeed. The following morning Mrs. Watson departed for the East.

The following account of the farewell social given by Mr. Morse and family is clipped from the *Daily Chronicle:*

J. J. MORSE'S CLOSING SOCIAL.

"Cards were issued by Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse of England for their closing reception at 32 Ellis street last Tuesday evening. Upward of 100 friends were present. J. J. Morse has just concluded a year's engagement as lecturer for the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, holding Sunday meetings in Metropolitan Hall. Mr. Morse has received his friends each month at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Schlesinger as above, and the gathering in question was the closing one of the series. The large double parlors were tastefully decorated with the choicest flowers, vines and evergreens, the halls and stairways being similarly adorned. The cordial relation existing between the hosts and their guests was abundantly demonstrated in the good feeling expressed on all sides.

"The proceedings of the evening comprised an admirably devised programme of music, oratory and song, the executants comprising Mrs. E. W. Clark, Miss Florence Morse and W. W. T. Berrill as vocalists; Miss Valerie Hickethier, Miss Lurline Fink and W. Coombs Austin as elocutionists; Professor Henry R. Austin, oboe soloist: F. V. Austin, violinist, each of whom more than charmed the guests. William Emmette Coleman, president of the society, expressed the valedictory sentiments proper to the occasion, in a felicitous manner to Mr. Morse and family, to which that gentleman feelingly and genially replied.

"A pretty feature of the evening was the distribution of a souvenir to each guest, consisting of a four-page programme, printed in blue and gold upon a delicate cream-hued card, on the third page of which was a photograph containing the pictures of Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Morse, and adorned with appropriate mottoes. When the literary programme was concluded refreshments were bountifully served to all present in the tastefully adorned dining-room, at the close of which dancing was indulged in until nearly 2 A. M. It was a most delightful evening for all concerned, and will long be remembered by those who participated in it when the hosts of the evening have returned to England, for their circle of friends is extensive in this city which they admire so much."

Mr. Morse will lecture during the month of June at the State Spiritualist's Camp-meeting, in Oakland,—the opening of which took place Sunday, June 3rd,—the initial lecture being made in the morning by Mr. Morse. Mrs. R. S. Lillie lectured and Mr. E. W. Emerson gave tests in the evening,—the attendance being very large all through the day.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

San Francisco, Cal.

General News.

The prophets are still alive, some of whom predict the re-election of Cleveland, to be followed by his death shortly after his inauguration.—John G. Whittier, the poet, has sent his congratulations to Dom Pedro on his abolition of slavery in Brazil.—Count Arno, the new German Ambassador at Washington, is the divorced husband of Mme. Antoine Janisch, the actress.—The Prince of Wales is showing a disposition to make himself useful as well as ornamental. He has invented a velvet dress coat.—Fred. Douglass has a fortune of $300,000, and there are said to be more than 100 colored men in Washington who are worth $25,000 or more.—Prince Roland Bonaparte read a paper at the Anthropological Congress in New York, in which he contended that the Chinese were the original discoverers of America.—Gen. Sheridan commanded the cavalry in the Army of the Potomac just a year, and in that time fought seventy-six battles, and captured 205 battle-flags and over 160 field pieces.—Mr. Henry Villard writes confirming the statement that he is about to undertake an expedition to the South Pole. Dr. Neumayer, Director of the Deutsche Seewarte of Hamburg, will coöperate with him.—William J. Berry, a reporter for the New York *Tribune*, is charged by the New York *Times* with the preparation and distribution at the St. Louis Convention of the pamphlet containing the scandalous accusations concerning President Cleveland's domestic relations.—Gen. Isaac R. Sherwood, once Republican Secretary of State of Ohio, has become editor of the Canton (O.) *Democrat*.—The Princess Regent of Brazil, who is now making a favorable impression as administratrix, is 42 years old.—The beautiful young Hessian Princess who has just been married to Prince Henry of Prussia is known here and in England as Princess Irene, but in Germany she is always called Princess Ella.—M. Alexandre Dumas lives by measure and weight. He rises at half-past 6 in the summer and at 7 in the winter. His first breakfast invariably consists of a glass of milk. The second, which he takes at noon, is a plain meal. Dinner occurs at exactly 7, and at 10 he is in bed. He walks three miles every day, and never works after 4 in the afternoon.

Mrs. Eunice H. Thorp, aged 80, of Chicago, has begun suit at Akron, Ohio, against her husband, who is also an octogenarian, for divorce and alimony.—An illustrated Chinese weekly called the *Noo Yor Sinn Po* made its appearance in New York city June 9th. Wong Chin Foo and Hong Zing are the editors.—A Washington dispatch says that "the report that Secretary Whitney will resign is undoubtedly correct." He is tired of the dickerings in the navy department.—The body of T. Harrison Garrett, the prominent Baltimorean who was drowned during a collision, in the Patapsco river, has not been found.—Special treasury agents have just made a rich haul of smuggled opium at Port Huron and Indianapolis. Two of the parties interested in the unlawful traffic were arrested.—It has been ascertained that the fugitive postmaster of Livingston, Montana, has carried quite a sum of money with him, and his bondsmen have been called upon to settle.—Greenfield, Missouri, is excited. It has been discovered that a lad named George Staffle, who was thought to have committed suicide, was hanged by his inhuman mother.—This is a Presidential year in Columbia, Ecuador, and Bolivia.—Ingersoll offers any one $10,000 who can convict him of plagiarism.—John I. Blair says he finds Gresham the strongest man in the West.—O'Donovan Rossa has been robbed of a gold watch and chain. "English emissaries," he says, entered his home in Brooklyn and "done the deed."—The panels of the Carnegie coach that is bearing the Blaine party through eastern England are ornamented with the Stars and Stripes crossed with the Union Jack.—The New York Exchange for Women's Work though less than ten years old, has paid out in its main and twenty-seven branches in the various States and Territories nearly $1,000,000 a sum that has helped needy women of worth and refinement.—S. B. Elkins is announced to deliver an address before the Literary Societies of the University of West Virginia, at Morgantown, W. Va., Monday evening. He has selected his favorite topic of "Labor, Education, and Advancing Civilization."—Hartford, Conn., is in a fair way to secure a fine free public library, with probably an art gallery and a hall of statuary attached. Four gentlemen have offered to give $250,000 for this purpose, leaving only $150,000 to raise in order to complete the $400,000 needed.—Judge Thurman tells the Cincinnati *Enquirer* that he has used the red bandana since 1845, when he began using snuff.—Mr. Blaine's friends in the east still hope for his nomination.—Marshal Edmond Leboeuf of the French army is dead.—It took 150 Block Islanders to pull a horse out of a well. He had fallen in head first. Austria has concluded that an increase in her defenses is the surest safegard of peace.—Mrs. Fobyer, an octogenarian, was burned to death at the home of her son near Fennimore, Wis.—Clubs belonging to the Democratic league have been organized in every State of the union except three.—The Mormon church has purchased 400,000 acres of land in Chihuahua, Mexico. The saints are preparing for the future.—Congress voted a pile of money to erect handsome public buildings in Jackson, Michigan, and Ottumwa, Iowa.—The Massachusetts delegates to the republican convention are divided between Gresham, Sherman, Harrison, and Depew.—Father Boyle, the Winchester, Missouri, priest, still remains in the St. Louis calaboose, having failed to secure bondsmen.

Charles Dudley Warner's Opinion of Western Culture.

"It might be an indication of no value (only of the taste of individuals) that books should be the principal 'favors' at a fashionable german, but there is a bookstore in the city whose evidence cannot be set aside by reference to any freak of fashion. McClurg's bookstore is a very extensive establishment in all departments—publishing, manufacturing, retailing, wholesaling, and importing. In some respects it has not its equal in this country. The book-lover, whether he comes from London or New York, will find there a stock, constantly sold and replenished, of books, rare, curious, interesting that will surprise him. The general intelligence that sustains a stock of this variety and magnitude must be considerable, and speaks of a taste for books with which the city has not been credited; but the cultivation, the special love of books for themselves, which makes possible this rich corner of rare and imported books at McClurg's would be noticeable in any city."—*Harper's Magazine for May.*

The Chicago *Tribune* in commenting upon Mr. Warner's article, said:

"Let whoso can forthwith contradict Mr. Warner about the superiority of bookselling, the accessibility of books in Chicago, and the standard of taste that has long prevailed here, especially as proven by the importation of English books. Mr. Warner spoke of one house, Messrs. McClurg's, as having the finest miscellaneous stock of good books he had seen. This is neither inaccurate nor "advertising." Estes & Lauriat in Boston, the old and progressive house of Porter & Coates in Philadelphia, Charles Scribner's Sons and the Putnams in New York favorably compare with this young concern in the West. But as all are aware who have sought good English books in the others, none of them can be relied on to have for free examination nearly every English publication of large value or intrinsic importance. It is this demand in Western life that most astonishes the traveler. We not only read, we not only have the largest and most convenient bookstore, but we take the cream of modern thought every month in the year. Macmillan, the English publisher bringing out the new Murray Dictionary—the Oxford work—states that the orders for it from McClurg's exceed in number those of any other house in America.

In publishing Chicago has also attained distinction. Of course there will be smiles and gentle insinuations about bragging. But how shall we get away from facts? As Mr. Warner said, in subscription book publication we are second. But what of the flavor of the higher literature? It was McClurg that printed the American edition—indeed, two editions—of Wharton's "Sappho" in Greek and English, and the West took its full half of it. The same house has in press a series of studies of the great French authors, the writers including members of the French Academy, directors and editors of leading periodicals, and litterateurs like Jules Simon, Jules Lemaitre and Taine. It successfully introduced an edition de luxe of a favorite English novel. Its list contains Biart's Aztecs, Cumberland's 'Queen's Highway,' Victor Hugo's Shakspeare, Karr's Alaska, Liddon's Keble, Saintsbury's English Prose; and it announces this week 'Shelley, the Man and the Poet,' from the French of Rabbe, translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Its imprint carries the dignity and insures the success which are associated with the most conservative houses in the United States, and it is undeniable that it imports more and higher foreign works than any of its eastern contemporaries."

Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography, By M. A. (Oxon.) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four eesays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents,

The Watseka Wonder. A narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum. Also a case of Double Consciousness. These cases are wonderful psychic and physio-psychological studies and have attracted world-wide attention by their authenticity and startling phenomena. Price, 15 cents.

The following works are by Giles B. Stebbins: Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. These chapters are selected with great care from the Hindu, Vedas, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Talmuds, Bible, Plato, Luther, Milton, Max Muller, Lucretia Mott, T. Starr King, Parker, Emerson, Denton, Tuttle, and many other authentic sources. It is a most valuable collection and is a work that has received encomiums from high authority. Cloth bound, price reduced from $1.50 to $1.00 postpaid.

After Dogmatic Theology, What? Materialism or Spiritual Philosophy and Natural Religion. The aim of this work is to state materialism fairly, and to hold it as inconsistent. A wide range of ancient and modern proof of the higher aspects of the God idea in history is given. Cloth, 150 pages; only 60 cents, postpaid.

Poems From the Life Beyond and Within. Voices from many lands and centuries saying: "Man, thou shalt never die." The compiler has gathered these poems from ancient Hindostan, Persia, Arabia, Greece, Rome, and Northern Europe, and from the great poets of the centuries in Europe down to some of the best words of living men and women, closing with inspired voices from the spirit land. Cloth, price, $1.50, postpaid.

The American Protectionist's Manual. This work is especially sought after at this time when the tariff question is discussed by all stanch American citizens. A subject that has entered as a vital question into the politics of America deserves careful thought and serious attention and the statements in this work are offered as a help to all classes. A chapter on prtection and free trade will enlighten many that are present groping for light on this all absorbing subject. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper cever, 25 cets, postpaid.

Campers Attention! Onset Station.

The Onset Station on the Old Colony Railroad is now open and excursion tickets are sold to Onset, which is the most direct way of reaching the Onset Bay camp-ground. The Onset street rail way is also in operation, connecting with all trains to and from the grove.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

For chronic catarrh, induced by a scrofulous taint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the true remedy. It stops catarrhal discharges, removes the sickening odor, and never fails to thoroughly eradicate every trace of the disease from the blood. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

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Foreign periodicals received for May: The Theosophist with a good table of contents, price 50 cents; Lucifer, the new Theosophical Journal with able contributors, price 35 cents. We are prepared to fill orders for these.

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

The Voices.

The twelfth edition of The Voices by Warren Sumner Barlow is just from the press. This book of poems has had a wonderful sale and the demand is now greater than ever before. The price has been reduced to $1, and is cheap at that. A new edition also of Orthodox Hash has been issued, and with this popular author's well known poem, If Then and When is being called for by all readers that have not now got a copy. These pamphlets are 10 cents each and well worth the time spent in perusal. For sale at this office.

A Scientific Benefactor.

If a benefactor be one who "makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before," he certainly is a benefactor who makes one hour do the service of five or six. And this is precisely what Professor A. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave., New York, does with his marvelous system of memory development. He makes bad memories good and good ones better. He is a scientific benefactor. Write for his prospectus.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Immortality.

EMMA MINER.

I stood upon a mountain side,
And looking outward, far and wide,
No trace of Nature's life could see.
On wooded knoll each barren tree
Stood desolate, and sere, and bare,
Lifting its arms in voiceless prayer.
A river, wrapped in icy shroud,
Slept at my feet, a frozen cloud,
Along its shadowed, broken edge
Brown willows stood, a frozen hedge.
The distant fields lay bleak and cold,
Spread o'er with robes of snowy fold;
Among the roadside's drifted beds
Gray rocks were lifting up their heads.
The mountain peaks stood looking down
On all the scene with sullen frown;
A silence reigned—a chilling breath;
O, Nature! did I look on Death?

Again from mountain side I gaze;
Warmed by the sunshine's brilliant rays,
The river bursts its icy chains,
And sings aloud in glad refrains.
Rich foliage decks each bush and tree;
In flowery glens the drowsy bee
Hums its sw et tune; the song of bird
From woodland near is sweetly heard,
From dusty road and shaded lane
I see broad fields of waving grain;
The willow bends with tender grace
To kiss the river's dimpled face;
And from the roadside's grassy sod,
Blossoms the bright-faced golden rod.
The mountain peaks, benign and bright,
On verdant landscapes throw their light;
And Nature's voice, rejoicing, saith,
"Oh, doubting soul! there is no Death!"

A Wise and Noble Plan for a People's University.

Washington telegrams give the following in regard to the views of Senator Stanford touching his proposed University, which he will endow with some millions of money. Such use of wealth for the good of the people, for the practical and moral education of men and women alike, is a cheering sign. That endowment will be a great enjoyment to him. To give is far better than to hoard. To feel and obey the sense of duty and responsibility is to help open a better way for others; to pile up selfishly is to darken and chill one's own narrow and lonely path. The dispatch says:

Just before Senator Stanford left the city for Europe he expressed himself as follows with respect to the objects and purposes of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University of California: "Generally the objects of the institution are set forth in the articles of endowment, but there is, of course, a minutiæ not set forth in them. I may say that I propose that the institution shall have steadily in aim the possibilities of humanity and how to realize them. In this institution I desire that the student shall be made to appreciate the evil consequences of intemperance. There are probably in California to-day more adult men engaged in selling distilled liquors than are engaged in tilling the soil, and I am satisfied, taking the country at large, that with the waste of time of the numbers of people engaged in the selling and the waste consequent by the consumers there is a loss to the country in general fully equal to 25 per cent. of the power of production. I want the education of the students to be such as shall give them a realizing sense of the importance of temperance. I desire every student to have the opportunity to practically learn how to cultivate the soil for every branch of agriculture. Particular attention will be given to the subject of co-operation. I want in this school that one sex shall have equal advantages with the other, and I want particularly that the females shall have open to them every employment suitable to their sex. I believe that by doing so they will be stronger physically and mentally and better fitted for wives and mothers, and I believe that if the vocations of life are thrown open to them, without their engaging in anything unsuitable to their sex, they can add another 25 per cent. to the power of production of the country, and this will go far toward realizing the possibility of giving comfort and elegance to all. As I desire this institution to deal particularly with the welfare of the masses, it will be open to the poor as well as the rich, and the price of tuition will be so moderate as to be within the reach of most people. The few very rich can get their education anywhere. They are welcome to this institution if they will come, but the object is more particularly to reach the multitude and the people who have to consider the expenditure of every dollar. The hope is to care even for orphans; they may be sent there, provided for comfortably, and will be looked after. Free scholarships will be provided for meritorious young people who are unable to pay for their education, and such students will be given an opportunity to earn money to help them through their college course. There will be a machine shop and a department to encourage inventions. Religious teaching will be provided for, but sectarianism will be prohibited.

Remarkable Utterances.

Capt. John F. Finerty fired an oratorical shell at the vatican last night composed of statistics, eloquence, patriotism, protest and sense. In the name of millions of exiled Irish in America and millions of suffering Irish at home, who acknowledge the infallibility of the pope on questions of morals and deny his right to dictate political policies, he protested against the enforcement of the latest papal rescript. He told of the oppressions suffered by the Irish race at the hands of "foreign tyrants," and called attention to the fact that during the reign of Victoria 1,250,000 people had died of famine in Ireland, 4,120,000 had emigrated to other lands, 75 per cent. of the native population had been evicted from their homes. These were facts with which most of his auditors were familiar, and no exceptions were taken against his exceedingly plain "kick" against Italian interference with Irish politics. The sting of the speech, however, was contained in the bold assertion that the wrongs from which Ireland had suffered dated from the arrival of Henry II. with the bull of Pope Adrain IV., previous to which time "we had no papal rescripts in Ireland, and our nation was a free one."

The ingratitude of Rome was the burden of the thought that ran through the whole proceedings and the resentment felt was shown in many ways. From the reading of the resolution in which it was declared that "we cannot permit the right of the Irish people to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to be sacrificed to the the diplomatic ambitions or the alleged political necessities of the court of Rome" to the end, the vast audience of Irish catholics was enthusiastic in its determination to emphasize its protest in the most marked, forcible, and unmistakable manner.

Mr. Onahan was conspicuous by his absence. The meeting got along without him, and the building did not blow in or fall down. The pope will hear the echo of the ringing resolutions that were passed last night.—*Chicago Mail.*

The Duty of Man.

The venerable structure, the Egyptian constitution, had been raised by no human hands. As the gods had appointed certain animals to swim in the water, and others to fly in the air, and others to move upon the earth, so they had decreed that one man should be a priest, and that another should be a soldier, and that another should till the ground. There are times when every man feels discontented with his lot. But it is evident that, if men were able to change their occupations whenever they chose, there would be a continual passing to and fro. Nobody would have patience to learn a trade; nobody would settle down in life. In a short time the land would become a desert, and society would be dissolved. To provide against this the gods had ordained that each man should do his duty in that state of life into which he had been called; and woe be to him that disobeys the gods! Their laws are eternal and can never change; their vengeance is speedy and can never fail.—*Reade, in "Martyrdom of Man."*

INDEPENDENT WRITING.

Daniel Hawthorne and Mary Rondel.

The following from Vol. 1, a book entitled, "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife,—Ancestral Matters," I trust will be of interest as a positive case of spirit control:

Daniel Hawthorne was born in 1731, and was the great grandfather of Nathaniel Hawthorne. "Bold Daniel," as he was sometimes called, was probably rather a wild fellow in his youth. A miniature of him, preserved in the family, shows him to have been a robust man, of fair, sanguine complexion and large blue eyes. A romantic and rather strange story is connected with his younger days, which, although the denouement of it occurred more than sixty years after his death, may be inserted here. In the year 1858, Nathaniel Hawthorne was living with his family in the Villa Montanto, just outside the walls of Florence. Among his near neighbors during that summer—the summer of Donati's comet,—were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Browning, and they were often visitors at Montanto. Mrs. Browning was at that time deeply interested in Spiritualism, and in the course of some discussions on the subject, it was accidentally discovered that the governess in Mr. Hawthorne's family, a young American lady of great attainments and lovely character, was a medium—the manifestations of her capacities in this direction being by writing. If she held a pencil over a sheet of paper for a minute or so, her hand would seem to be seized or inspired with motion; words and sometimes sentences or pages would be written down. She herself had no belief in the spiritual source of the phenomenon. She ascribed it to some obscure and morbid action of the minds of the spectators upon her own mind, and the process was so distasteful to her that, after experimenting a week or two, the matter was finally abandoned, with the cordial concurrence of Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Browning who had both abominated it from the beginning.

The names which were signed to the communications were limited in number, and almost all of them belonged to deceased friends of one or other of the persons present.

One day in the midst of some heavenly-minded disquisition from the dead mother of one of the onlookers, the medium's hand seemed to be suddenly arrested, as by a violent though invisible grasp, and after a few vague dashes of the pencil the name of "Mary Rondel" was written across the paper in large, bold characters. Nothing followed the name, which was unknown to every person present; and at last somebody put the question as to who Mary Rondel was. The medium's hand was again seized as before, and some sentences were rapidly dashed off, to the effect th at Mary Rondel had no rest and demanded the sympathy of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Subsequent inquiries elicited from Mary Rondel the information that she had been in her lifetime connected in some way with the Hawthorne family; that she had died in Boston about a hundred years previous, and that nothing could give her any relief but Nathaniel Hawthorne's sympathy. Mr. Hawthorne was amazed and, perhaps, somewhat impressed by this reiterated and vehement appeal, and assured Mary Rondel, that although, so far as he could remember, he had never heard of her before, she was welcome to as much of his sympathy as she could avail herself of. From this time forth, Mary Rondel, violent, headstrong, often ungrammatical and uniformly eccentric in her spelling, was the chief figure among the communicants from the other world. She would descend upon the circle like a whirlwind, at the most unexpected moments, put all the other spirits unceremoniously to flight, and insist upon regaling her audience with a greater or less number of her hurried, confused and often obscure utterances. But the burden of them all was that at last she was to find some relief and consolation in the sympathy of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The other spirits resented Mary's intrusion, and would denounce her as a disorderly, mischievous person, in whom it was impossible to place confidence, inasmuch as she was an inveterate liar, and in general no better than she should be. Before long, however, the séances were discontinued, as above stated. Mr. Hawthorne moved to Rome, where other interests soon put Mary Rondel and the rest of her tribe out of their heads.

In 1859, Hawthorne returned to England, whence after a year's sojourn, he sailed for America, and there, in 1864, he died. But after Nathaniel Hawthorne's death, his son came into possession of a number of letters, documents, manuscripts and other remains, some of which have all along been in possession of the family, while others were forwarded to him by near relatives in Salem, Massachusetts and elsewhere. Among them was a large, old fashioned folio volume, bound in brown leather, and much defaced in binding and paper by the assiduous perusal of half a dozen generations. It was a copy of an early edition of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," and had been brought to New England for Major William Hawthorne, whose autograph appeared upon one or two pages. In turning over these venerable leaves, brown with age and immemorial thumb marks, there appeared, written in faded ink, the name of Mary Rondel; and opposite to it, in the same chirography that of Daniel Hawthorne. This unexpected discovery interested the finder not a little, and his interest was increased when, on coming to the latter part of the volume, which is mainly taken up with love sonnets and other amatory versifications, he found certain verses underlined by a wavy mark in ink, together with such inscriptions (also in Bold Daniel's hand-writing) as "Lucke upon this, as if I my on Self spacke it," "Pray, mistris, read this," etc. Two of the verses thus indicated contained fond allusions to fair hair and blue eyes. Conceiving the idea that some information on the subject might be forthcoming from certain older connections resident in Salem, application was made to them, but without saying anything about the Spiritualistic communications in Florence. The following facts were elicited: "In 1755, or thereabouts, when Daniel was over twenty-one years old, he fell in love with a young woman named Mary Rondel who lived in Boston. She returned his love, but somehow or other the affair ended unhappily, and Mary soon after died." No more than this was known; but this was enough to complete a singular and unaccountable story. Mr. Hawthorne may have been acquainted with it when he was a young man, but he could not have read the "Arcadia" for twenty years previous to the Florence episode, and it is impossible to suppose that there could be any collusion between him and the medium on that occasion.

The name of Mary Rondel is not a common one; the present writer does not recollect ever to have met with it except in this instance; but at all events, these are the facts, and the reader is free to deal with them according to the best of his belief or incredulity. Such cases of persistent effort of spirits for recognition are worthy of note, and demonstrate the fact of a continuity of life beyond this mundane sphere in a measure not to be winked at or gainsaid.

W. W. CURRIER.

Haverhill, Mass.

Long Sleepers.

A wonderful case is on record of a snail which went to sleep on March 25th, 1846, and did not wake up till March 7th, 1850. It seems that this snail was picked up in the Egyptian desert, and as he had retired to the topmost recesses of the whorls of his shell, he was gummed on to a piece of cardboard as though dead, labelled with the date, and sent to the British Museum. He slept unconcernedly for nearly four years, when, showing some slight signs of life, the authorities ordered him a tepid bath, and at the first touch of the welcome moisture the snail thrust forth his head very cautiously, and then commenced to walk to the top of the basin. The West African mudfish affords another instance of long-continued existence in a state of torpor. This fish—known as the Lapidosiren—lives among the shallows of the River Gambia, which are completely dry during the tropical summer. But before the drought comes the mudfish is wise enough to hide deep down in the soft clay at the bottom of the pools, and there it lies in a torpid state for months together, while the surrounding mud hardens into a cake. While in this state the natives dig them up, and prize them as a great delicacy for the table. That it does not live without breathing the mudfish proves by leaving a small pipe open from his cell leading through the hard mud to the upper air.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe apparently did not look upon her marriage as an end of her school-days, for since her marriage she has learned to speak French, Italian, and modern Greek fluently, and has acquired a profound knowledge of the works of Kant, Hegel, Spinoza, Comte, and Fichte.

BETRAYED BY A GHOST.

How a Specter Cleared Up a Murder Mystery of Fifty Years Ago.

The tearing down of the old Moore house, on the Utica pike, four miles from this city, recalls a bloody tragedy of fifty years ago, in which evidence against the perpetrator of the crime was furnished by a ghost. For years the old house has been untenanted, and among the people of the neighborhood it has an uncanny reputation. Half a century ago a man named Foxworthy, somewhat of a miser, lived in the house. With him boarded one Whittinghill, who was familiar with everything in the life of old Foxworthy. The latter kept his hoardings in an old trunk in his room. Whittinghill laid his plans to get possession of Foxworthy's money, even at the cost of murder. One day he invited his friend out for a walk, and when a favorable opportunity offered brained him with a heavy hickory club he carried. This club or cane was of peculiar formation, and Whittinghill set great store on it. After the murder he returned to the house and told the woman that Foxworthy had sent him to get something from the trunk of the former. This story was not believed, as Foxworthy never permitted any one under any circumstances to meddle with his cashbox. Whittinghill went away and did not return that night or the next day. This, taken with the unaccountable absence of Foxworthy, aroused suspicion. While excitement was at its height, Joseph Nagle, brother of Henry Nagle, now a wealthy citizen of this place, was looking around in the thickets back of the Moore house, when he stumbled on the dead body of Foxworthy. The man's skull was crushed in at the top, the wound being just such an one as could have been made with Whittinghill's club.

The alarm was given and Whittinghill was arrested at the home of his sweetheart. He protested his innocence, but was locked up nevertheless. It was noticed by some astute Vidocq of long ago that Whittinghill did not have his cane, and he was questioned as to what become of the big stick which had been his constant companion. He gave an unsatisfactory answer, however. The evidence against Whittinghill was altogether circumstantial and somewhat flimsy; but it was decided that this cane, if found, would prove a strong witness against its owner. Searching parties went out in the neighborhood of where the body was found, but the stick was not discovered. In one of these searching parties was Thomas Morgan, a step-son of ex-Mayor Pile, now deceased. Morgan had been diligent in his endeavors to bring the murderer to justice, and retired a few nights after the affair with his brain filled with thoughts of where the club might be secreted, and his body tired from the several days' tramping through the woods. His sleep was broken by dreams, and the next morning he arose feeling haggard from his troublesome visions. He went to Dr. N. Field and told him that he had during the night a wonderful dream. Every point and action seen by him during his sleep was recollected by him when he awoke. To Dr. Field he related that he had gone to bed thinking about the lost club, and thus fell asleep.

He dreamed that he walked toward the forest, where he was met by a man, whom he believed to be Foxworthy, who had been dead several days. The apparition asked him what he was looking for, and on being told the object of his search, said: "Come, I'll show you." Morgan was led to a swampy piece of ground, where logs, branches and leaves had been floated together during the spring freshets. The visionary being then pointed out a rotten log and under it was the missing club. Morgan was advised to visit the scene of the killing at once, and with a long walking stick in his hand started alone on his mission. Arriving at the woods, every step he took showed him that his dream was correct, at least as far as topography was concerned. At last he came to a rising piece of ground, just beyond a swamp, and exactly as he had seen it in his sleep, though it was not otherwise familiar to him. The truthfulness of his dream began to frighten him, and it was with a creeping feeling that he descended to the swamp. He was still further astonished at finding the leaves and the rotten log, just as pointed out by his unsubstantial guide of the previous night. With a queer sensation, he felt around the log with his stick and at last struck the hidden club. It was taken from its place of secretion and found to be covered with blood, brains and hair. Having found the sought-for missing link in the testimony against Whittinghill, he hurried back to town with it and for months he was the hero of the place. The discovery, however, availed but little. Whittinghill, after remaining in jail for several months, died from remorse and cheated the gallows. —*Jeffersonville, Ind., Correspondence of Chicago Herald.*

A Thousand Years Ago.

An old author gives this sketch of matters at that time: In the year 800 after Christ what was the state of Europe? The Goths, Visigoths, the Vandals, the Franks, the Huns, the Normans, the Turks, and other barbarian hordes, had invaded and overthrown the Roman Empire, and had established various kingdoms upon its ruins. These hordes of savages had destroyed, not only all the works of civilization, but civilization itself. Ignorant as they were of everything that distinguishes and elevates human nature, they broke up the schools, abolished arts and manufactures, ruined the monuments, prevented commerce, and reduced the conquered nations to their own condition, inaugurating in the completest manner the reign of brute force and mental darkness. At the time we begin our specific examination we find that in the so-called Christian nations there existed no science worthy of the name, and no schools whatever. Reading, writing, and ciphering were separate and distinct trades. The masses, the nobility, the poor and the rich, were wholly unacquainted with the mysteries of the alphabet and the pen. A few men, known as clerks, who generally belonged to the priesthood, monopolized them as a special class of artists. They taught their business only to their seminaries and apprentices; and beyond themselves and their few pupils no one knew how to read and write, nor was it expected of the generality, any more than it would be now-a-days, that everybody should be a shoemaker or a lawyer.

Kings did not even know how to sign their names, so that when they wanted to subscribe to a written contract, treaty, or law, which some clerk had drawn up for them, they would smear their right hand with ink, and slap it down upon the parchment, saying, "Witness my hand." At a later date some genius devised the substitute for the seal, which was impressed instead of the hand, but oftener besides the hand. Every gentleman had a seal with a peculiar device thereon. Hence the sacramental words now in use, "Witness my hand and seal," affixed to modern deeds, serve at least the purpose of reminding us of the ignorance of the Middle Ages.—*Secular Review.*

Materialization.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Dr. Beals's kindness in replying to my "Pertinent Questions" in the JOURNAL regarding materializations is appreciated. He regards the questions as "a little curious, in view of the fact that nearly every one of the so-called materializing mediums have been exposed." However, as the Doctor, in last paragraph, declares his belief in materializations, even "in view of the fact that nearly every one of the so-called materializing mediums have been exposed," I infer, then, that there are some honest mediums through whom genuine materializations have occurred. I am "curious" to known them, and beg of him to mention their names. By what process is he able to distinguish the genuine from the fraudulent? If he has had the pleasure of conversing, *vis a vis*, with undoubted materialized spirits, I would be pleased to have him report his experience, and state if he was entirely satisfied with the manner in which those spirits answered his questions pertaining to their former mundane existence. Has he received indubitable proof of their identity (other than visual) by reason of their replying promptly and satisfactorily to such pertinent questions as I suggested regarding their personality? If not it would be interesting to learn what proof he has had to convince him that materialization is true. Is the belief born of hope and theory, or, is it the result of evidence obtained through the senses? In other words, does he know, personally, that materialization is true?

As the Doctor's "Pertinent Reply" does not answer at all my questions respecting the inability of materialized spirits (presumably genuine) to prove their identity by the proper answering of questions, I would be pleased to read in the JOURNAL the experience of others in this line of spiritualistic investigation.

R. G. D.

New York City.

Was It a Materialization?

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As testimony corroborating the fact of spirit return, allow me to give a little of the experience of a friend of mine, a young man from Wilmington, Del., who was at work for our nearest neighbor at the time. He was a stranger in the vicinity, a church member, and as profoundly ignorant of Spiritualism as the Rev. Talmage himself, if possible, though not so intolerant, for hearing that we occasionally held a circle, he requested permission to attend sometime to learn what he could respecting its claims. Of course it was granted, and he made an early call, but took no part, being merely an attentive observer. Two of the half-dozen persons present sat at a small stand and soon a control manifested its presence purporting to be a relative of the gentleman in question. Noticing his awakened interest, I said: "Now, John, this spirit may be just what it claims to be. Don't give yourself away; nobody in Vermont knows a thing about your family. Ask questions and see what you get." He did so and his spirit mother's name was rapped out as I called the alphabet; then a spirit sister's. He inquired, "How many children in my father's family?" The answer came in steady raps, the smiles of the lookers-on deepening as the number increased, and the medium burst into a laugh as the stand rested at nineteen. John said, "That is right," and we concluded his tests were quite satisfactory. Afterwards his own hand was controlled to write, in that way receiving messages from the same and other friends, his first one being obtained at our house as follows: "Dear John, how I have longed to communicate with you," and signed by the before-mentioned sister. Writing, however, exhausted him greatly and he discontinued it.

Later he had a different experience, which, in view of the recent discussions on the subject of materialization and the fact that he is a man of unquestioned veracity, is worth relating. Having taken (one day the same winter) a severe cold, which became seated on his lungs, producing a violent cough, he retired early, sick and much worried for fear of lung fever or some similar difficulty, his family being quite subject to pulmonary diseases. To use his own words: "My bed was drawn away from the wall, and I lay on the front side facing the chamber door and coughing almost incessantly. Hearing a slight noise at the door, I glanced that way and saw a women entering clad in some kind of a robe that enveloped her from head to foot, concealing her face, which might otherwise have been seen, the room being well lighted by the moon. She advanced quickly to the bedside, turned the bedding away from my shoulders, placed her hands on my throat and chest, then passed around to the other side of the bed, and repeated the treatment. She covered my shoulders closely and disappeared without uttering a word.

"Soon after, when my excitement was gone, I found the cough had abated and I fell asleep. In the morning it was loose and no longer troublesome. I do not know who it was, but her object was evidently not an evil one." He declared that the hands were as real as any which ever touched him, and when we argued that he was dreaming he insisted that that was impossible, saying, "It can not be, my cough was so violent I could not get to sleep." Now, as he was a thoroughly reliable, level-headed man, there often occurs to me the query, "Was it an instance of materialization?"

I. R. A.

E. Fletcher, Vt.

Practical Christianity.

This is what the world wants. Theory and sentiment are good enough in their place, but something tangible and substantial should accompany these theological dogmas to cause them to be received with favor. Last Sunday evening we listened to an excellent sermon which abounded in moral and religious sentiment, and which deeply touched the hearts of most of the listeners. A single step into the domain of practicality would have made this eloquent sermon complete. The reverend speaker touched on the need of a pure religious life for both men and women, and urged that the true way to accomplish this was to begin in childhood, to instill into the minds of children a love of virtue and honesty, and teach them to abhor vice. He spoke feelingly of a mere child of eight years having been arrested for burglary, of his hardness of heart, of his proficiency in the use of slang. He intimated that if the boy's parents had reared him tenderly and taught him the right, he would not have been a resident of the slums and finally a convicted felon. All of which is most true. But the boy was a victim of our social system, as were his parents before him. It is such children and such parents who make up the slums, and society makes these purlieus possible. The boy did not steal from mere love of stealing. In fact he was only imitating many others of higher social standing. Having been robbed of an opportunity to live honestly, having surrendered all his individual rights to society for the general good, society refused to keep its part of the compact and thrust him out, and he returned to first principles—self-preservation.

Of course it is wrong to steal, but this applies to people of high as well as low degree, to wholesale as well as retail stealing, to the theft of a railroad as well as the theft of bread, to watered stock as well as watered milk. A stream cannot be pure whose fountain is corrupt. O ye gospel 'pounders, give us something practicable to lean on; give us more of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and less of cant. Teach us that the great I Am is Father of the poor as well as the rich, and that all His children are equal inheritors of His bounty. Let the people feel that you mean something by your preaching, and that you are broad enough in your ideas to go outside the narrow compass of a creed; that you can step from the beaten path, like the Good Samaritan, and minister to humanity, even though it dwell in the slums and is a victim of unjust laws and social customs.—*The Craftsman.*

A Chat with a Presbyterian Minister.

Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is refreshing to meet now and then a preacher who is willing to stand by the teachings of the, to him, infallible Bible. I had the pleasure recently of meeting one of this sort. I asked him, "Who, or what are angels?" Answer.—Ministering spirits.

Question.—Did they ever inhabit human bodies? A.—Certainly; at least some of them.

Q.—Did they ever communicate with those in the flesh? A.—Certainly; the Bible is full of accounts of their talking with men, and communicating in various ways.

Q.—Do you think they can communicate with men now. A.—Why not? are not God's laws immutable? Has any one ever known of one of the natural laws being changed? Anything that ever did happen will occur again under the same conditions. I cannot see why Bible defenders should deny the possibility of spirit communication. When you deny that, you may as well throw away the Bible.

Q.—Do you think Jesus's physical body was resurrected and made alive again? A.—I don't think the spirit ever inhabited the body after his death. I don't think a body of flesh and bones could appear to the disciples in a room with the door closed.

Q.—What do you think became of the body? A.—I think the same power that rolled the stone away from the sepulcher could take care of the body. I cannot see the necessity for the spirit to re-enter the body, as it would certainly have to do, in order to leave it again; for the Bible expressly says, "Flesh and blood can not enter the kingdom of heaven."

Q.—Jesus promised, that those who believed on him should do the things he done, did he not? A.—Yes; and I believe they could, if they had faith and complied with the conditions requisite.

Q.—Well, that gives them the power to materialize and converse with those in the flesh, does it not? A.—That is the way it looks to me. I cannot see any other solution to it. I don't know that spirits do communicate, but I believe they can under proper conditions."

So the world moves and truth will triumph; and when it does, we will all be free. The time will surely come when the world will accept knowledge as man's only savior. Jesus said: "The words I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

Greenwich, Kan. B. F. HOYT.

Mrs. Content Sweet Buffington, is the name of a lady 98 years old who lives in Dorchester, Mass. When Miss Sweet was a girl her schoolmates reversed her surname and called her "Sweet Content," because of her hopeful sunny disposition and that name has clung to her all her life. The old lady sings duets with her daughter, and is noted for her girlish vivacity and cheerfulness.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A ray of light travels 11,160,000 miles in a minute.

Russell Sage once lost a wallet containing $44,000, and a clergyman found and restored it.

It is said there is a single county of Iowa that raises more wheat each year than all the New England States.

A skeleton was dug up in the Boston Common, and various scientists are puzzling their brains trying to find out where it came from.

A cat belonging to W. C. Strickhouser, who lives near Gettysburg, Pa., killed a blacksnake three and one-half feet long the other day.

Captain Mark Griffin, of Shelter Island, N. Y., while cruising just east of Fire Island a few days ago overtook a school of fish and succeeded in capturing 100,000.

In each minute in the United States, night and day, all the year round, twenty-four barrels of beer have to go down 12,096 throats, and 4,830 bushels of grain have come to bin.

A Gypsy Lore Society has just been formed in Europe which includes the Archduke Joseph, of Hungary; Sir Richard Burton and all the leading continental students of the subject.

No wonder Ohio men make famous office holders. One of them, the other day, climbed a bee tree, fell sixty feet and broke fourteen bones, yet it is said will soon be around again.

Recently a number of miners of Matthew's Station, N. C., on completing a grave for one of their number, who had been engaged in gold mining all his life, struck a vein of rich gold ore.

Miss Alice Shaw, the American whistler, recently whistled for the Prince of Wales' benefit, and was personally complimented by him for her "unusual facility in an unusual feminine art."

It is indeed an ill wind that blows no good. Last week the "policy shops" of Evansville, Ind., lost $10,000 by the working of the same combination by a pool of players, and forthwith closed their doors.

Two enterprising citizens of Glenwood Springs, Col., have undertaken to journey by boat to the Gulf of California via the Grand and the Colorado Rivers. The expedition is intended as a pleasure trip.

Residents of Ashland, Wis., are somewhat worked up over the caving in of several acres of earth. It has settled four feet, and in the opening poles have been run down twenty feet. It is believed there is an underground lake.

At St. Augustine, Fla., the workmen in excavating at the corner of King and Cordova streets discovered the coquina foundation of an old fortification that once stood at this point, commanding the bridge across the Maria Sanchez.

Two officers of the New York police force charged with drunkenness proved by experts that they were affected by gas arising from blasting in an aqueduct shaft, the effect produced being the same as that produced by ardent spirits.

D. F. Ware, of LaGrange, Ga., has some eggs that are a curiosity. On the large end is the moon in the second quarter. On another is the new moon, and on a third is the moon in the first quarter. The representations are perfect in every respect.

A band of gypsies were passing through Taney County, Missouri, several weeks ago with some dancing bears. Three of their children were taken ill on the march and died, and it is reported in the neighborhood that they fed the corpses to the bears.

A tooth which measured ten inches in length, fifteen inches in circumference and weighed ten pounds was taken from the bed of the Withlacoochee River in Citrus County, Florida, last week by William Bertine. He also found some leg bones.

It took about twenty minutes in a Topeka, Kan., court to decide that the man had no case who wanted $10,000 damages because the Santa Fe Railroad would not carry him from Wichita to Topeka on a ticket which read from "Topeka to Wichita."

While digging under the ruins of the old Sands Street Church, Brooklyn, workmen discovered a water color painting of the original church structure that was burned many years ago. The painting measured fifteen by fifteen and was in a good state of preservation.

Eiffell's tall iron tower continues to mount toward the sky at Paris, where it is to be one of the most interesting features of the coming exhibition. There are those who predict it will fall before it reaches its full height, but the constructor assures there is no danger.

Here is what Miss Minnie Freeman, the Nebraska blizzard heroine, received for her exhibition of pluck and presence of mind: Any amount of advertising and innumerable proposals of marriage, $2,700 in cash, three diamond pins, two costly gold watches and a peck or so of miscellaneous jewelry.

In the old church of San Maguel, in Santa Fe, is a bell that was cast in Spain in the year 1356. It was brought to Mexico by Cortez, and after the fall of Montezuma Indian slaves carried it to Santa Fe. Three of the altar pieces in the ancient church are more than 700 years old.

Sir Morell Mackenzie examined the throat of the Crown Prince with an electric lamp. The lamp is appended at the end of what looks like a long, slender penholder, and the proportionately small battery which supplies the electricity is worn about the examining surgeon's neck.

Ed. Wilder killed two pelicans in a pond near Acree, Ga., on Saturday last. The feathers on the head were perfectly white, and the bill was about eighteen inches in length. Attached to the lower edge of the bill was a salmon-colored skin pouch capable of holding perhaps as much as three quarts of water.

Seventeen hundred bales of buffalo robes arrived in New York recently from the West. These are said to be the last robes that will ever be sent East, such being the scarcity of the buffalo at present. At one time skins were sold at $4 apiece. Now they bring upward of $25, few being obtainable even at that price.

A factory inspector found a woman in the East End of London who was working sixteen hours a day making waistcoat buttonholes at the rate of five for 2d. A fur cape maker told him: "I work from eight to eight, and earn five shillings a week, sometimes less. I have nothing to do for six months in the year."

John Leonardy was fishing with a seine in the river at Matanzas, Fla., a few days ago, when an enormous saw fish ran into the net. The fish struggled fiercely, and cut the net up badly, but only succeeded in entangling itself in the meshes the more securely, and was finally captured. It was measured and found to be 13 feet and one inch in length.

Jem Stewart, champion boxer of Scotland, after giving an exhibition at Coatbridge recently, was attacked by two women, one of whom was his discarded wife. Stewart attempted to make off, but his wife stuck to him, and while upbraiding him for his unfaithfulness so belabored him that the police had to be called to his assistance.

The Dead Letter Office received 4,808,000 letters last year, for about a third of which owners were discovered. Money to the value of $1,795,764 was found in 17,588 letters. These figures show the necessity of care in directing letters and seeing that they are stamped, as well as of indicating on the outside by some means who sends them.

Bean curd is used extensively as food. The preparation is simple and the cost low. The beans are reduced to flour, which is boiled until it attains the proper consistency. It is much relished by the Chinese, and possesses the properties of nourishment to a large degree. It contains a large percentage of caseine, and it may be a good substitute for milk.

M. Le Bec, a French savant, says that "the nose is gradually losing its power to discharge its traditional function in the case of the civilized peoples; when the sense of smell vanishes altogether, as will infallibly be the case one day, the organ itself will follow its example sooner or later, as nature never conserves useless organs, and the nose must go." The olfactory sense is keener in the savage than in civilized man.

A visitor from Manchester, England, is astonished at the high average maintained in every social circle in the United States. He is reported to say: "The working classes—in whom I am most interested—are morally, mentally and materially in advance of the similar classes in any European country. Physical comfort is the primary desire of the artisan; but he cannot live anywhere else so comfortably as in the United States."

Paid His Way.

I ain't complainin' any,
  I'll go if you think it's right.
I never ask nary a bite nor a penny,
  Only jus, to be treated *white*.
But Steve—bimeby—when you see me laid out—
  Remember the words I say:
Though now some hates to see me about,
  I've usially paid my way.

I'm eighty next Janu-ary--
  Born eighteen hundred an' eight--
I've opened two farms in the virgin prairie,
  An' worked on 'em early an' late,
Come rain or come shine, a-scrapin' together
  Each mouthful we eat day by day.
I never rode deadhead in no kind o' weather;
  I always paid my way.

Your mother an' me worked hard--
  How hard you'll never know--
Bearin' the beat an' standin' guard
  To keep out the rain an' snow.
The morgidge kep' eatin' into the bone,
  An' the war, it come along, too.
Well, I went--I went an' left mother alone,
  With Sis in the cradle, an' you.

Served m' time, an' then commenced
  On the second prairie quarter.
I s'pose you've forgot how I plowed, an' fenced,
  An' *niggered* as no man ofter,
To raise my babes an' feed my wife,
  An' *she* scrimped till her hair was gray.
We didn't lead no joke of a life,
  But I reckon we paid our way.

No tavern ain't good enough
  For a man like me to die in.
The work that's made me stubbed an' rough
  Should 'a' earned me a bed to lie in
Under the roof of my only son
  (Though his wife *is* proud an' gay).
I raised you, schooled you so you got on;
  I reckon I've paid my way.

Your city-bred wife is set
  Ag'in me, as I can see.
(I don't blame her; it's a turrible fret,
  Her havin' to eat with me.)
She never speaks, an' she never dreams
  Of harkin' to what I say;
But your babes love me, an' it hardly seems
  T' their gran'dad is in the way.

So ye want to board me round?
  Well--mother's heart'd be broke,
If she warn't a sleepin' under the ground,
  Not hearin' the words you've spoke.
She'd allow you'd like to have me here
  What time I've got left to stay;
For, Stevie, better than fifty year
  She knowed me to pay my way.

Of course, I'm too old to learn,
  But I kind o' hate to leave.
Partin' from you an' my gran' childern,
  It's that th't knocks me, Steve.
I'll keep to myself, an' I'll try to do
  Such small jobs as I may---
Jest to be near to the babes---an' you
  I guess I can pay my way.

—*Hamlin Garland in America.*

Progress of Electrical Science.

Professor Elisha Gray, in a lecture preceding a series of interesting electrical experiments given at Evanston, on the 10th of May, said, among other things too good to omit, but which for lack of room must be deferred, that those of us who are just crossing the meridian of life can well remember the first telegraph wire that was strung in this country. To-day it is difficult to find a corner of the earth so remote as to be out of sight of one. You will find them even in the bottom of the seas and oceans. The last twenty years have seen more advance in the science of electricity than all the 6,000 historic years preceding. More is discovered in one day now than in a thousand years of the middle ages, so that literally, "a day is a thousand years." We put it to all sorts of uses. We make it carry our messages, drive our engine, ring our door bell, and scare the burglar.

We take it as a medicine, light our gas, see by it, hear from it, talk with it, and now we are beginning to teach it to write. If Job lived in this age, and the question were put to him as of old, "Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go and say unto thee, 'Here we are'?" he could say, "Yes;" and they can be made to say it in the vernacular. A friend of mine says in verse:

Time was when one must hold his ear
Close to a whispering voice to hear—
Like deaf men, nigh and nigher;
But now from town to town he talks,
And puts his nose into a box
And whispers through a wire.

In olden times along the street
A glimmering lantern led our feet
When on a midnight stroll;
But now we snatch, when night comes nigh,
A piece of lightning from the sky
And stick it on a pole.

The question naturally arises in contemplating this subject, "What is it?" I can imagine the last man on the last day asking this same question, "What is it?" At one time, not long ago, it was supposed to be a fluid, by some two fluids, a positive and a negative. But in this day there are a few who do not believe it to be simply a mode of motion; not matter, but a condition of matter; and not a mechanical, but a molecular motion. By mechanical motion is meant a motion of the mass, and by molecular motion of the ultimate particles of which the mass is made up.—*Scientific American.*

The Papacy.

The papacy has done a clever stroke of advertising in its recent "edict" on the Irish question. Who ever heard of a Pope's edict against the tyranny, murder, and spoliation by landlords? To prevent that class getting all they can is contrary to "Christian charity." Of course! "Christian charity," in the official sense, has always been on behalf of might against right. The poor Irish will resent this "edict," but then all the landlordly and "respectable" class will think the Pope not such a bad fellow after all, which is a very advantageous stroke of business on the part of the "Church." Were it not for Protestant landlordism the Pope's tenure in Ireland would be of a very uncertain character: It was the English that first saddled the Pope on to the Irish, and they have kept him there to this day. Ecclesiastical and political serfdom go hand in hand.—*Medium and Daybreak.*

Religion.

A man who fancies that he can dictate a complete system of religion to the world only shows that he is arrogant to the verge of insanity. Some little may be done by an honest thinker—by any one who really aims at advancing inquiry, instead of trying to throw dust in people's eyes. He may help, according to the measure of his powers, to stimulate the impulses which are on the side of free-thought, and which are the best guarantee for a healthy instead of a morbid development. It is not merely the right, but the duty of every one competent to the task to do what in him lies to strengthen the fitful and uncertain influence of a sound intellect upon the vast and intricate jumble of conflicting opinions in the world at large.—*Leslie Stephen.*

Happiness.

The foundation of all happiness is health. A man with an imperfect digestion, may be a millionaire, may be the husband of an angel and the father of half a dozen cherubs, and yet be miserable if he be troubled with dyspepsia, or any of the disorders arising from imperfect digestion or a sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the safest and surest remedy for these morbid conditions. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly harmless.

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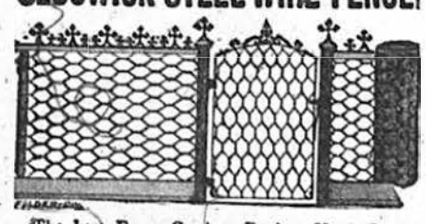
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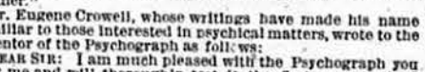
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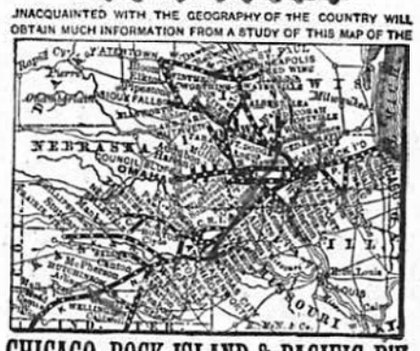
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Until at last our glad eyes see,
As on a mighty, pictured scroll,
A bright and tender prophecy
Of Truth's bright future far unroll,
Her throne the enfranchised, deathless soul.

CONCLUSION.

I want to thank the regular speaker occupying this rostrum (Rev. Dr. Thomas) for the gracious and sweet public welcome he gave me this morning, a stranger to this place, and you for your patient hearing this evening. I am conscious that the theme was too vast for the hour vouchsafed us, and that I have been able only to point out a few flowers on this great field of spiritual thought. But I thank you all the same for the attention given to my imperfect words.

BENEDICTION.

And now may the Spirit of Truth watch over us forevermore. May her beautiful lamps shine along our upward way. May the angels be near us though we may not deserve their companionship, and by their purity and patience help us on to higher conditions; make us better men and women, truer and wiser husbands and wives, obedient, truthful and noble children, brave and loyal citizens. May the blossoms of truth grow white and fair in all the ways of our human world until at last our spirits, freed from their fleshly environments, shall be greeted by our dear ones who have passed before. May the sweet spirit of love hold us in its strong, white arms. Make us brave to dare and do, until all battles for truth are won, and a wise humanity wears the crown of victory.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal.

A STRANGE STORY.

Seance Extraordinary, and Sequel.

J. L. E.

"The gods," says Homer, "like strangers from some foreign land, assuming different forms, wander through cities, watching the injustice and justice of men. There are avenging demons and furies who haunt the ill-disposed, as there are gods who are the protectors of the poor."—Odyssey XVII. 475.

A method of conversing with the disembodied by means of the alphabet was known and used in Roman times, as the historian, Ammianus Marcellinus proves by the following narrative: "In the days of the Emperor Valens, A. D. 371, some Greek cultivators of theurgy, who in those days usurped the name of philosophers, were brought to trial for having attempted to ascertain the successor to the throne by means of magical arts. The small table or tripod which they had used for this purpose was produced in court, and on being submitted to the torture, they gave the following account of their proceedings:

"We constructed, most venerable judges, this ill-omened table which you behold, after the likeness of the Delphian tripod, with wood of laurel, and with solemn auspices. Having duly consecrated it by muttering over it secret spells, and by many and protracted manipulations, we succeeded at last in making it move. Now, whenever we consulted it about secrets, the process for making it move was as follows: It was placed in the centre of a house which had been purified by Arabian incense on every side; a round disk composed of various metallic substances, being, with the needful purifications, set upon it. On the circular rim of this disk the four and twenty characters of the alphabet were cut with much art, and placed at equal intervals, which had been measured with perfect exactness. A person clad in linen garments, in slippers also made of linen, with a light turban wreathed about his head, and carrying branches of the sacred laurel in his hand, having propitiated the deity who gave the responses, in certain prescribed forms of invocation, according to the rules of ceremonial science, sets this disk upon the tripod, balancing over it a suspended ring attached to the end of a very fine linen thread, which also had undergone a mystic initiation. This ring darting out, and striking at distant intervals the particular letters that attract it, makes out heroic verses, in accordance with the questions put, as complete in mode and measure as those uttered by the Pythoness, or the oracles of the Branchidae.

"As we were then and there inquiring who should succeed the present Emperor, since it was declared that he would be a finished character in every respect, the ring, darting out, had touched the syllables *Theo*, with the final addition of the letter *d* (making Theod); some one present exclaimed that Theodorus was announced as appointed by fate; nor did we pursue our inquiries any further in the matter, for we were all satisfied that Theodorus was the person we were asking for."

It is amusing to note the pedantic minuteness with which the ancient Theurgists detail the rites and invocations through which their intercourse with another world was obtained. The fact of their intense desire for communion with the disembodied alone attracted the spiritual bodies to them, of whom they seem to have been blissfully ignorant.

The story above cited had a tragical and remarkable sequel, for the tyrant Valens, fearing for his throne, caused Theodorus, a man eminent for his virtues and attainments, to be put to death at once; nor was his jealous alarm satisfied with a single victim. All the pagan philosophers were judicially murdered, whose names commenced with the letters "Theod," that the Emperor could get into his power; yet the prediction, in spite of all this, was fulfilled. Theodosius, whose name was similar to the letters of the answer as far as proceeded with, succeeded Valens upon the throne of the West. The story of Marcellinus is confirmed by the early church historians, Socrates, Scholasticus, Sozomon and others.

This prelude is merely instanced to show that the mode of communication by means of the alphabet is of ancient and not modern origin, and I proceed to relate one (among many) very interesting séances that I have witnessed and taken part in, during 40 years past.

THE STORY OF THE SEANCE, AND SEQUEL FOLLOWING.

On Sunday evening, September 20th, 1885, there met at the residence of the writer in Des Moines, Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. C——, accompanied by their niece, Miss F. M——, Mr. W. G——, also present, "mine host" and his son, a young man not yet in his majority. After engaging in social converse, it was suggested that a séance for spiritual manifestation be arranged, and after the usual preliminaries a circle was formed composed of the above persons, a few being mediumistic, impressible to supermundane influences. The son of Col. E. was requested to play appropriate music. His selection of "Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer," was rendered with an unusual depth of feeling and expression, upon a finely attuned piano, as if aided by a power superior to mortals, producing a very harmonious condition of feeling as subsequently remarked. A deep degree of solemnity seemed to pervade and affect the whole company. After a few other renditions, equally as well done, a circle was formed around a small card table by placing hands thereon. A short time elapsed, when one of the ladies remarked upon her reverential feelings, and of a very peculiar throat sensation; also catching a rapid glimpse of a passing army, (clairvoyantly), and a name presented itself not then mentioned. During this time the table was gently swaying to and fro with a vibrating movement, occasionally tapping with one of the legs, there being three projecting from a centre support, evidencing a new and strange visitor to the company, experimenting in a way to get control of the table for an intelligent mode of communication; this supposition was soon ascertained by questions alphabetically.

It seemed very difficult for a time to establish any satisfactory connection between the visible and invisible,—an observation being made by one of the sitters: "The influence is, perhaps, unable from some cause not known to us, to give name or to manifest intelligence; it may be that there is too much anxiety amongst us to aid our friends, making the conditions positive, instead of negative and receptive for attraction. Let us be mentally quiet."

At this juncture, Col. E. was abruptly called from the room by the summons of a member of his household, a lady of the Society of Friends, of Quaker descent and religious views, and of natural mediumistic abilities from childhood, who informed him that she had been strongly impressed whilst sitting alone in the quiet darkness of another apartment awaiting the "inward voice and spirit to move her;" and it did move her, for she said quickly, "Does thee not know that it is thy old army friend, General X [the correct name was given, though X is not his name] who is trying, oh! so hard, to make thee understand and recognize him? He wants to talk to thee, and has been trying by himself to communicate with thee,"—very earnestly adding, "Do have some sense, and do not let thy friend knock so long."

Immediately re-entering, the Colonel took his seat at the séance table, only remarking that he thought he knew who it was, and began explaining in a slow, measured way to the unseen, the *modus operandi* of the spiritual primary school, in making communications by means of the alphabet. The table continued its motion, and evidently understandingly after the brief explanation, and soon spelled out: That it was a soldier friend acquainted whilst in the army during the late war; remembrance of the Colonel being in command of his escort and body guard during the battles in the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, etc., and with his depleted squadron of cavalry piloting the advance guard of the Army of the Potomac, with himself (Gen X) and General Meade across the Peninsula; that I had then informed him I had considerable experience during McClellan's campaign, and was familiar with the country from scouting, etc.; his anxiety to know if the route was clear; and other personal matters immaterial to this recital, in reply to questions propounded, and given characteristically, fully identifying the communicant as well as by name.

As the hour was getting late, toward midnight, and the party desiring to retire to their homes, inquiry was made before removing hands, "If there was anything further of special import to say before bidding our unseen visitor good-night." This was given additionally: "Washington is my home; my work is there."

After a salutation through shaking the table, the séance closed, whereupon the Quaker lady before mentioned, still remaining in another apartment, taking no part in the affair, called to the Colonel's son, that it was the General's desire that he repeat a certain piece of music before the company separated (the title being, "The Prisoner and the Swallow") of a sad, plaintive and pathetic melody, and brilliant in variety. The singularity of this request was commented upon, and more so when it was learned that the Colonel himself was a prisoner of war during the rebellion and had suffered the horrors of a prison pen in the hands of the enemy.

This last act and others of peculiar significance attending this interesting séance, was very convincing to those present; and the appropriateness of a distinguished comrade returning from "the bourne whence the traveler does return," after passing to the great beyond, thus manifesting himself and his affection (the conditions being favorable) for a comrade who had traveled with him in dangerous paths during the darkest hours of the rebellion, was most satisfactory.

THE SEQUEL.

The following day, Monday, being absent from home for a few hours early in the morning, on returning and entering my library, I was astonished to behold there sitting in a large high backed cushioned arm-chair the Quakeress before alluded to. It is difficult to describe my sensations, for there are certain atmospheres, as it were, which infect one. The very air has caught some contagion which can not be got rid of. I have felt it on actual battle fields many times as well as at other places. The very stillness was appalling; an oppressive heaviness seemed to take possession of me as if brooding over something inexpressible. The sensation produced mentally and emotionally was precisely like receiving an imperative command, that one neither has the power nor inclination to resist. On addressing the occupant (intermediary) of the chair without any response, and glancing at her face more closely, I beheld a facial transfiguration or simulation, demonstrating a change of countenance that was startling to me, as my mind had been pre-occupied with other matters; it was surely a perfect semblance of the worn and emaciated features of Gen. X, during his last days and hours of sickness previous to decease. The forehead seemed broad and square, the eyes closed, deeply set in their sockets; a greenish blue tinge beneath cheek bones, prominent and hollow underneath the jaws, which were square and firmly set, with skin tightly drawn, and of a paleness and hue as one would suppose after a lingering illness. It was to me unmistakably an exact simulacrum of the General, for I was familiar with his features and knew him well, having served under him after he came to the Army of the Potomac, and as before stated in his communication to me by the table, I had the honor of commanding a depleted squadron of cavalry (having relieved Capt. Chas. Francis Adams of the Massachusetts cavalry, who had previously enjoyed that distinction) as his escort and body guard, and often saw him during the war. Again I visited him at Washington, having served in two federal appointments by him, and saw him also when visiting here in Des Moines several years ago. Furthermore I have in my possession, hanging in my library, an excellent painting in the uniform of Lieut. General of the United States Army, taken at the close of the war, therefore I am positive of the identity.

I was not unacquainted with mystical and occult philosophy and the laws governing conditions of metaphysical lore, having been a student of such sciences for many years, yet such transformations as I witnessed are of rare occurrence, as far as authenticated instances appear in different ages of the world, and which can be accounted for by perfectly natural laws governing their production. Now here was a fact, without premeditation, before my own eyes, in my own home, manifested through an irreproachable member of my own household of over 24 years standing, and after the proceedings of the previous night, I was startled at the perfect semblance. I should have before said the Quakeress was in a condition of entrancement; her senses oblivious to all outward things; faculties all suspended, as it were. There was no breathing whatever; pulsations at the wrist and heart barely perceptible, as I found on quick examination, after satisfying myself of the apparent identity. I then inquired, "Why, General, is it indeed you?" (how long the trance state had lasted before I came I could not learn, as the woman retains no knowledge whatever of what occurs during entrancement). After a slight quiver or vibration, as if an electric current had suddenly passed through the nervous system, a very deep and prolonged sigh followed, as if wafted from the farther shore beyond this mortal veil; then the reply came in a very faint whisper: "It is I; yes, Colonel, I am so very, very weak. Too much medicine! Too much morphine! See!!" pulling up her sleeve and baring the arm, disclosing marks, and pointing to the main artery. "So much, too much, and I am so weak."

Whilst I was still gazing in wonderment in broad day light at this phenomenon, the marks of discoloration slowly faded and vanished. "Why, General," I observed, "I had heretofore supposed that in the elimination of the physical body at dissolution and during the refining process of reformation of the spiritual body, for I have always believed the spiritual grew, and was co existent with the physical—that nothing material could so affect the spiritualization of the released structure; at least not in such a degree as you evidently feel at this moment and manifest to me. I have read of the possibility of such an effect from various causes, but could hardly credit or realize such as a truth." His rejoinder was: "I will try to convince you additionally to-day, of the control of mind over matter, and of the deleterious effects of dosing," adding, "I was conducted here to you to-day for the aid you and your medium alone can give me, and owing to peculiarities of inherited and developed organizations, which I do not understand yet."

More was given, and I was told to take notes of these manifestations for a purpose, which is immaterial to this recital at this time. The overpowering influence then seemed to withdraw for a time, or endeavor to do so in a measure, as shown by the Quakeress gradually resuming her own likeness of features, etc., but a heavy exhaustion followed, and I at once began strenuously the magnetized manipulations, resorted to by adepts in psychology, but without much early effect. After persevering for a while I brought into requisition an electro-magnetic battery close at hand—always ready for action upon myself in alleviation of wounds and injuries received during the war. In connection with it, I resumed manipulations for restoration to full consciousness and individuality, which I only partly succeeded in doing, for the invisible visitor being possessed naturally of a strong positive mind and personality, the exercise of it had caused a reflex action which was so potent that my own exertions and the powerful battery at its full tension, could hardly overcome; and as strange as it may seem to those not learned or informed in this mystic philosophy, but perfectly natural (and *not super*-natural as generally termed), a strong odor of ether pervaded the library, the adjoining double parlors and the dining room next thereto; it was so powerful that my son, on entering the house, remarked much upon it. This odor continued until dark. She complained continually (being sort of dazed, and in a half-normal condition during the whole day) of a great fulness in the head, dizziness, soreness and weakness of the limbs, and frequently saying, "Too much medicine, too much morphine," etc., and that "physicians had much to answer for in the next stage of existence for not understanding the r business better." She did not recover her selfhood and personality until the next day, most of the intervening time personating the General in many ways unnecessary for me to recount, yet very convincing to me.

Des Moines, Iowa.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Confidential.

J. J. MORSE.

A neatly printed booklet, of ninety pages, and entitled "A Christian Science Interpretation of the Lord's Prayer," by Joseph Adams, has been sent me, and from a hasty glance at its contents it will be very acceptable to the class of readers for which it is intended. The almost endless interpretations of Christianity from the times of earliest councils to the present day, with the enormous stream of polemic literature, now again added to by "Christian Science," makes one almost sigh for death so that one could interview the "Gentle Nazarene" himself and enquire of him what he did, meant and taught—if—for some doubt it—such a person can be found? Man's nature and its needs are the bases and measure of the duties he owes himself and fellows. The race, as a unit, is neither Christian, Buddhist, Catholic, Spiritualist nor any creed; it is human, as are its needs and rights. "*Homo sum, et humani a me nil alienum puto*" is true enough, but I take "Christian Science" as but one of the things of interest to the race,—and a very small thing at that.

A recent JOURNAL contained a well written eulogy of Matthew Arnold from the pen of J. Clegg Wright, who, as usual, writes ably and tersely; but surely his Pegasus bolted with him, for as a Spiritualist he could not mean what he wrote when he asserts that Matthew Arnold has "gone into inarticulate silence forever," or "He will write no more. Happy man! he is dead." Carlylesque sentences may be rhetorical, but the above do not square with the ideas that friend Wright advocates as a trance medium and a Spiritualist. Elsewise his article is good and readable.

All English Spiritualists know the name of Robert Cooper, and admire the man who bears it. Since 1862 his name has been intimately associated with English Spiritualism. Purse and pen, time and strength, he has unstintedly devoted to the cause. Mr. Cooper gave the first lectures upon Spiritualism, started the first newspaper, the *Spiritual Times*, and instituted the first establishment devoted to it in England, under the name of "The Spiritual Lyceum," bearing the expenses of all these efforts from his own private means. Mr. Cooper first brought Mrs. E. H. Britten to public notice in England, arranging lectures for her in the Cambridge Hall, and the old Polygraphic Hall, London. Indeed, as lecturer, impressario, author, debater, editor, and devoted and liberal supporter in our early days, Mr. Cooper is abundantly entitled to be considered as the father of English Spiritualism. It was in company with him I travelled during my previous visit to the U. S., where he remained in all some six years. I have known him long and intimately. A kinder man, more honest, gentle and true, one scarce could meet. Alas! age, infirmities and business reverses bear fast and thick upon him. To ease his declining years and to do honor to one so well deserving, English Spiritualists recently united in London to do him honor and arrange for future aid for his remaining days. The event was a grand success, being a commemoration of our fortieth anniversary, a tribute to the life work of an earnest, faithful and consistent Spiritualist, with the raising of a fund for his future benefit. Angels bless thee, friend Cooper, for few men deserve blessings better. If any reader of the JOURNAL desires to aid the annuity fund for Robert Cooper—who has freely spent his all to aid our cause—I will publicly account for any sums sent to my care for the purpose mentioned.

Several kind friends have sent me copies of Talmage's recent sermon anent Spiritualism. I presume Talmage intends to be serious. If he trusts to most memories he forgets that printers' ink lasts longer than many people's recollections. In September of 1887 he preached on "Employments in Heaven," advancing all that Spiritualists assert; in May, 1888, he cuts his own throat by publicly denouncing Spiritualism for presenting similar ideas! Talmage, the rhetorical tumbler, is funny when serious, therefore let him continue to play "Bottom, the weaver," ass's head, ears and all!

I suppose it's human nature. But American, and especially American Spiritualist human nature, might find better weapons of argument than the stale device of ridiculing an opponent's nationality. It is well known that my stand regarding re-incarnation is: "Not proven" as to its facts, unreliable as to philosophy, and disruptive ethically. Fair discussion is always legitimate, but when gentlemen on the opposite side of the table have no better argument than to sneer at a man's nationality, I decline to enter the arena with them. Such small minds are not equal to the duties devolving upon free men and citizens of this great republic. I can respect a re-incarnationist, whatever my attitude may be about his belief.

Why has the "word" gone forth that "occult phenomena" should be abandoned by the theosophists, so that "the ideas of theosophy" may "stand on their own merits"? See *Lucifer* for February of this year, p. 506. The profane say, "occult phenomena" died of too much Hodgson. I know not if it is so, but the mysterious brothers admit they failed to attain their object. Perhaps somebody smiles?

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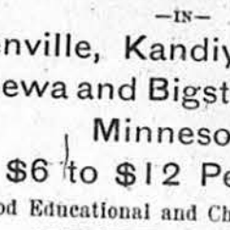
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VOL. XLIV. CHICAGO, JUNE 23, 1888. No. 18

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Practical Benefits of Christian Science.

URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

All over the country at the present day, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, in every city, town, and even village, Christian Science has become known—at least by name—to the dwellers therein. Like everything new, new to those to whom it is presented, it is liable to misinterpretation and even to ridicule; for what we have long been accustomed to; habits of thought, of living, the traditions of our fathers, especially in all that pertains to religion, becomes in time, law to us; and whatever conflicts with that law is alternately laughed at and frowned upon for its pretensions by the unthinking majority.

Contrary to the expectations of many, Christian Science has gradually obtained a firmer and stronger foothold wherever it has made its appearance. The reason for this is said to be, by some, that people like to be humbugged. P. T. Barnum is authority for that statement, and surely he has a large and varied experience to speak from. Others, that man's inherent love for the mystical and marvelous is taken advantage of by shrewd and skillful manipulators of human nature, under the name of Christian Science. The majority agree that it is only a kind of a craze which will die a natural death in time.

But there is a reason for this spread and growth of the Science and even for its appearance, which is discerned and admitted by those who do not drift with the majority. The law of supply and demand is a universal one. Whenever anything new is presented to the people, it is there in answer to their own demand for it; a demand unconsciously made, perhaps, but existing, together with a consciousness of needs to be met. A demand is the attraction for the needed supply; and the appearance of Christian Science is not inopportune; is not premature; and the science itself is not a Jonah's gourd springing up quickly to meet a hasty, unthinking call of the moment, but is exactly what the demand has called for; therefore we shall gain an insight into what Christian Science does for us, by investigating and comprehending the demand. For generations upon generations past, mankind has been striving to mitigate and to avoid suffering; not only those forms which are classed under the general head of physical, but all that pertain to a nation, a people. Every generation has had its ministers; using the word not in its theological sense merely, but as a comprehensive term for all whose life-work has been specially, distinctively, an effort to help and benefit others. But with all these—upon the surface—grand results which have been achieved by workers in special departments and philanthropists in general, there exists to-day as much suffering as ever with individuals; even though the labor-saving improvements; the discoveries in the departments of science; the approximate annihilations of time and space in this nineteenth century are the wonder and admiration of civilized and uncivilized people alike.

Ministers of the gospel—spiritual physicians; ministers for the physical—doctors of medicine; ministers for the people in the several departments of national government, have been doing their several works steadily, unceasingly. And what is the result to-day? National prosperity; wonderful public and private enterprise; constantly increasing educational facilities; the steady advance of home, village, town and city toward our western boundary; a result which, seen from a distance and in the mass, challenges admiration. But seen from the within where it can be dissected and analyzed, it bears a different aspect to the earnest thinker, who does not allow himself to pronounce a final judgment upon appearances only, but who considers effect in connection with its cause. He sees that individual suffering is as real, as potent and palpable to-day as ever; he sees that neither the national, the spiritual nor the physical ministers have overcome or even mitigated it, as a whole. Man suffers to-day not only as much but more than he ever did; for our civilization; our modes of education, render him more sensitive to it.

A change of form is no destruction of the essence embodied in it; and that, living, vital as ever, new and more forms are the legitimate outcome. That that essence has never been reached, the very things to which we point with pride as evidences of what we have accomplished stand as witnesses. Wherever our civilization pushes its way, a church is one of the first manifestations of it; and it is sure to be followed, sooner or later, by a hospital. This is succeeded by a home for "Incurables" and an insane asylum. The mixture of good and evil with the evil predominant which constitutes our present state of consciousness and which we call "life in this world," maintains its character now as formerly. So long as the church, the hospital and the asylum stand side by side, so long are they thousand-tongued witnesses to the failure of the religion which the church presents, and to the inadequacy of the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century to subjugate and destroy the evil apparent to us. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," was the direction given by the world's Teacher eighteen hundred years ago; and his presentation of the law which accomplishes this result—a law which is not for a time, a period, one race or nation, but for a world in all times—has not been handed down to us in the religion of our fathers, or revealed to us in the scientific discoveries of the day. The endowment of an ecclesiastical hospital is the most open and confessed admission on the part of the church of the falsity of its claim to be the conservator of the teachings of Jesus the Christ; of its inability to meet the needs and necessities of men as those teachings did meet them in the day in which they were given.

The establishment of asylums and penetentiaries by the State is also a self-confessed failure on the part of the combined forces of the government to establish the fact of the soundness of their systems by a result which is manifest as mental and moral health. Because of this failure of religion, civilization, education and modern science to overcome and destroy the sufferings of mankind, the general demand for something which will do so, has arisen; and this demand is as a mighty torrent overleaping the walls of creed and "ism"; of opinion solidified into law; of local prejudice and conservative inertia. It is the voice of many nations crying as one, "Enough of that stone which has been offered us and which cumbereth the ground on which we dwell; give us to eat of that bread of life which cometh down from heaven."

The universal reaching out of all races of men to-day the world over, for the beyond of the sensible realities of the moment; for something which shall dominate their painful quality, is the universal demand which calls for and will have that supply only which is as universal in its ability to meet this demand.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," said the great Teacher. Why this command if *the* gospel is not a universal gospel; one adapted to the needs and necessities of every human being without distinction of race or environment. What has been given in modern times, previous to the advent of Christian Science, has been sectional, has been—often unconsciously and unintentionally—the work of partisans for partisans; not the outcome of that Christ-love which knows no race or creed, which includes all humanity, and works for a world.

Christian Science comes to-day as the messenger of that love; "behold I will send my messenger before my face;" comes in response to a race-demand, and possessing the power of universal application to the needs of the race. Shall not all who discern this fact, take care that this power of universality be not circumscribed and crippled by the sectional and partisan spirit which has been the curse of so-called religion for centuries? The statement that the Christian science of to-day meets this demand is a statement which can be proven as true only by him who has attained to the approximate understanding of that which is embodied in the name. It follows necessarily that the benefits ensuing therefrom, can be positively known as such by him only.

As suffering is an individual consciousness, its mitigation or destruction is an individual consciousness also; and sufficient time must elapse for individual instances to form an aggregate large enough to constitute a majority before the claim of Christian Science to be the universal panacea for universal ills, stands before the world as proven.

But the immediate results to the individual are such as afford him a proof, and these multiply constantly in proportion to his earnestness and fidelity in meeting the conditions which bring them forth. He only realizes the full force and meaning of the statement, "old things have passed away and all things have become new."

One result which is patent to on-lookers, is the improvement, mental, moral and physical, which takes place with 99 per cent. of those who give their time and best efforts to the understanding of Christian Science. This is a result which, while admitted by those who have not reached that understanding, is incomprehensible to them; for while the various religions of the world have demanded of their followers what is called a high moral standard, not one of these has taught them man's entity as a spiritual being, and his consequent power of domination over all which is not from the same source as himself; has not taught them how to discover and use this power which makes possible in the present, results which have been deemed legitimate only to a future state of existence.

All these religions have taught men to have confidence in the hereafter; but not surety in the present; have relegated to the farther side of the "valley of the shadow of death" those experiences which belong rightfully to this side; have taught men that suffering was a necessary and inevitable condition of existence which could only be escaped from through the door of physical death; and that the acceptance of this condition and the submission to it with resignation, ensured the longed-for release and freedom from it, in the hereafter. But that religion which does not meet the needs of mankind in the to-day of its presentation, but must depend upon a future state of existence for a manifestation of its truth has no practical value; and a large proportion of mankind would gladly exchange a future possibility for a present certainty.

The Christian Scientist of to-day—meaning by that term not all who bear the name, but those who are really "disciples"—has proof of the practical value of Christian Science. He gains gradually in the to-day, those results which have been believed to be possible only to a dimly discerned future. A change takes place in his conception of himself and his environment, which, working from within, outward, comes to manifestation in a change for the better in all of his relations and conditions. The fact that this or that one has recovered from this or that disease under Christian Science treatment, is not of half the importance of another fact, for all methods of treatment show their cures.

The mere fact of cure gives Christian Science no greater value than other methods. But when the Christian Scientist finds that a change within which is known only to himself, ultimates in a change for the better in conditions which are visible to others, a law is revealed which is of the greatest practical value to every human being; because a result for one in this way is a possible result for all. He has done that for himself which he has been taught could only be done through dependence upon some one or some thing beside himself.

If a man by a steadfast adherence to, and application of, a principle, a law which he discerns, which is entirely invisible in its workings and therefore unknown to those who can see externals only, displaces his consciousness of weakness, of fear, of suffering, mental and physical, of uncertainty in the present and doubt of the future, with strength for every need; the disappearance of fear for the now and the then; the constantly lessening susceptibility to suffering; the increasing domination over all that constitutes his environment instead of subjection to it; the ability to transact business without paying a penalty therefor; the quickening into renewed activity of his sense of duty to others; and the corresponding power to discharge that duty; the meeting of every obligation squarely with no impulse to shirk the least of them because conscious of the health, the strength, the time, the opportunity and the desire to fulfill every one of them; the calm and steadfast facing of every day with all its possibilities as it comes, with a confidence and happiness which becomes peacefulness and which no one of those possibilities or all of them combined can destroy; a peacefulness which enables him to stand unmoved in the midst of misfortune, of criticism, of condemnation even, he has accomplished what neither religion, science, civilization nor education has accomplished for him; for they have one and all lacked the one thing needful; the perception of the true nature of man; a perception which must be the basis of an enduring system of education, an education which is a development of his potentialities; which must be the mainspring of true civilization, a combined evolution and involution which displaces the man who is subject with the man who is master.

This result for the individual proves that man has capabilities which, when developed, constitute him his own priest and his own physician; proves that he can best prescribe for and minister unto himself; and it proves also that an understanding of himself is necessary to that end; verifying that old, old statement, that for man to know himself is to possess the highest wisdom.

This understanding must be worked for, and gained by, each one individually. No one can do the work necessary for others to do on their own account. No one, past, present, or to come, has been or can be more than an instructor for the human race, every individual of which has to do the work, which is a working out of his own salvation from the sufferings of his day and kind; a work resulting through this individual endeavor, in the redemption of the race.

This understanding develops a self-reliance which is the opposite of the self-sufficiency of ignorance; for it shows to man his own dignity as man, and destroys that personal vanity which is the outcome of assumption and self-deception. It broadens one's mental horizon; due to the fact that he stands upon a higher point of observation than formerly. He looks over and beyond that wall of sectionalism and partisanship which circumscribes the vision of most men, and prevents them from seeing their places as units in a universal whole. He climbs out of and away from that swamp of morbid self-consciousness which grows nothing that does not partake of its own nature; whose miasmatic vapors distort and color all visible things for him, into the higher and purer atmosphere of self-forgetfulness, whose inbreathing destroys little by little, the vanity and self-righteousness; the jealous watchfulness and unkind criticism of others; the enviousness and covetousness which are the concomitants of egotism. It leads him insensibly farther and farther from the plane of personality with its turmoil and strife up to and into that higher consciousness which, at last, solves all mysteries, which lifts the veil hanging before the "holy of holies" and shows him the dweller therein, his true, therefore divine self.

Chicago, June 16.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Hypnotism, Trance, Clairvoyance.

A. E. CARPENTER.

In spiritual circles sensitives are often hypnotized, and thus become susceptible to impressions from different sources. How much of what is communicated by mediums comes from spirits, it is absolutely impossible to tell. Each communication should be judged upon its intrinsic merits. There is one stage of hypnotic responsiveness so nearly allied to the normal condition that it cannot be readily distinguished from it; yet persons in this state often get as clear and correct impressions as those who enter the deep unconscious trance.

Dr. Beard was accustomed to call the hypnotic state "the trance," and I have always liked the term. It simply means a transfer or change of consciousness, somewhat removed from the normal condition, which renders one more responsive to impressions from known and unknown sources. All people are susceptible of entering this condition, more or less, and all people do enter it at times.

The action of the mind in a dream is precisely similar and analogous to that of a person hypnotized. We all know how real are the experiences through which we pass in our dreams. We are then as completely subject to the operation of our fancy or imagination as the hypnotic subject is to the operator's suggestion. Thus we do not have to go outside of our own experience to know what the sensations of the hypnotic condition are. In a profound slumber somnambulism sometimes occurs and a remarkable state of second consciousness manifests itself that seems to be separated by an almost discrete degree from the normal action of the senses; a consciousness that sees without light; that hears and feels without the use of the ordinary medium of those senses; that somehow recognizes the objects towards which its perceptions are directed without the use of the external faculties of sense. It is not the intensified or extended action of the physical senses, but is the awakening of a perception that acts through other means by entirely different methods. It does not see the body but the soul of things. The Theosophist would say it is bathed in astral light and sees the astral world that corresponds to the world of physical sense. This has been known as the clairvoyant power. It is supersensuous in this, that it is above the physical senses and superior to them. It is psychic consciousness or soul perception. This manifestation of consciousness without the use of the physical senses, is a strong evidence of the possibility of its continuance after the death of the body. I have spoken of clairvoyance as developed through somnambulism, but it differs in no essential particular from that produced in other ways. Thus in the trance, however induced, clairvoyance is liable to present itself. This condition of psychic action may be cultivated by certain gifted individuals until it can be used with as much accuracy as the ordinary vision and in a condition apparently normal. Is this not an indication of the possibility of the existence of another state of consciousness in us, that may lead us to a knowledge of things hitherto unknown? Mr. Stuart in his magnificent sermon published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL speaks of this in glowing terms:

"When the inner vision shall be increased until the invisible becomes visible."

The earnest seekers in the psychic world are trying to unfold these powers of man's inner life until they shall be known as not only possibilities, but sublime realities. To do this we have to make patient and labored experiments, extended and difficult investigation, and meet with cold and stern opposition from the mere physical scientist. We have already a large array of facts that flash like diamonds far down in the depths of the mind in the light of a new truth, grander than any that has yet dawned upon the horizon of human understanding. By way of illustration, let me relate an instance or two that have taken place within my experience:

My wife, Mrs. J. M. Carpenter, has had a long experience as a clairvoyant and psychometric subject, and is every day and several times a day exercising the use of these psychic perceptions with an accuracy that establishes their existence beyond a doubt. I speak of her because I have had a better opportunity of observing her power; but she is by no means the only individual thus gifted. At one time I came into possession of a piece of plaster about the size of a large pea, presented to me by Prof. Wm. Denton, and taken from the ruins of the house in which Cicero lived in Pompeii. This piece of plaster I folded in paper in such a way as to make it impossible for any one to know what the paper contained. After magnetizing Mrs. C., I placed it in her hands, asking her to hold it to her forehead and tell me what she saw. Directly she said: "I go a long distance. I come to a place where the climate is warmer than it is here. Now I see a strange looking ruin, different from any thing I ever saw." She described it in detail and finally said: "If I could go up to the wall there, I could get a piece of something just like this." Prof. Denton had told me that by raising this specimen back on the forehead, the sensitive seemed to go back in time and see things in the past. So I said, "Please move the specimen farther back upon the forehead and tell me what you see." She said: "How strange this is. This is no longer a ruin, but seems to be almost new. It is furnished. The floors are covered with mats," and she proceeded to describe the furnishing of a Roman house of the time of Cicero. Then she said: "I see the man who lives here," and proceeded to describe him and his dress, speaking especially of the toga worn at that period. I sat writing with a pencil what she was saying. Suddenly she said: "Give me the pencil." I placed it in her hand and she traced slowly upon the paper, in old Roman characters, the name Cicero.

I ought to say that the sensitive was unacquainted with Roman history, and I, of course, quite unaware of what was enclosed in the paper which she held in her hand.

Again when we were in Oakland, Cal., last season, Mrs. C. was blindfolded by the landlord of the hotel where we were stopping, beyond all chance of natural vision. He placed in her hand the photograph of a little child which she saw and described perfectly, and then told him that it was a picture of his wife when she was a child. She was unacquainted with the landlord's wife, then a lady passed thirty. I mention this to show that this perception cognizes without eyes, and penetrates entirely beyond the physical senses. In the experiment with the plaster she not only sees what was thousands of miles away, but goes back into the past and sees things as they existed nearly two thousand years ago, and writes the name of the man Cicero who inhabited that dwelling at that remote time.

If these powers of our inner life exist, as I am convinced by many facts like these quoted, do we not see that not only all the present but all the past lies within the range of this limitless vision? By this mysterious law of our being all the experiences of bygone ages may become our own. Individual memory merges into universal memory, and the divinity of human nature rises into glorious realization; the finite blends with the Infinite, and identity remains. It becomes us to seek after an understanding of a soul like this. A psychical research that leads us to such grand conceptions is eminently worthy of our attention. Some one has well said that the ideal is but a prophecy of the possible and real. In conclusion it seems to me that we want a Spiritualism that spiritualizes and carries us up into an understanding of our spiritual powers and relations through the unfolding of our spiritual perceptions. In this higher realm of soul-consciousness, we defy all contingences of pain and sorrow, of sickness or death, knowing that they pertain to our lower nature, our sensuous being, which will be left behind as we rise into that perfect realm of power which makes all best things possible.

Boston, Mass.

Sunday Closing in Europe.

American advocates of Sunday closing in the cities of this country either as a measure of temperance reform or as an incident of religious observance, would do well to inform themselves concerning the extent to which the practice has been carried out in the "mother countries," and in the nations of Europe which have contributed the bulk of our immigrant population. The advocates would learn, perhaps, from a study such as has been suggested, that by adopting a more moderate course than that which they have hitherto pursued they would be more likely to win the support of the majority, and therefore to succeed in what is admitted even by their opponents to be a worthy purpose.

They would find that in Puritan England, in Puritan Scotland, and in Puritan Ulster of Ireland, from which the ancestors of the great bulk of the American people came here, there never has been any attempt to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors during Sunday afternoon. Public opinion never sustained a teetotal Sunday in any British or European city. At the same time public opinion demanded and the legislature made laws prohibiting the opening of saloons, or "public houses" as they are called in Great Britain, until after the hours of worship Sundays. Such laws govern in Great Britain and Ireland now. The public houses are closed Sundays under severe penalties rigorously enforced until one or two o'clock in the afternoon. Then they may be opened for the rest of the day. This regulation seems to meet with the approval of all classes of community, of all Christian sects—the Presbyterians

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

EVOLUTION OF THE SOUL AFTER DEATH.

A Sermon Delivered in the Universalist Church at Oneonta, N. Y., by Rev. E. F. Temple.

"We are transformed into the same image from glory to glory."—II Cor. iii:18

Notice, in the beginning, please, that my theme is not will the spirit exist hereafter, but the supplementary problem, how will the spirit exist hereafter. We have already discussed, on other occasions, future existence as forecast in nature and human thought, and summoned reliable witnesses to prove a universal predisposition toward a belief in a hereafter; but granting as an established fact, conscious existence after death, the problem still remains to perplex the sensitive and speculative, what form will that existence take, and how will our identity be preserved, if we are in any respect to be transformed? No other subject, I suppose, commands wider attention than that subject which relates to the conditions under which we are to exist after death.

We think about it—some of us at stated intervals, some of us holding it almost constantly in our thoughts, not so much, perhaps because we distrust the wisdom of those fundamental laws which control existence as we understand it in its present conditions, or fear personal detriment through the change which we know to be inevitable, but rather because our interests are so firmly knitted in with the interests of others with whom we are or have been associated, that we want to be satisfied that the intercourse, once so pleasant, but unexpectedly broken through the encroachments of disease, will be resumed under conditions at least as pleasant as those we so reluctantly resign, and that the friends who have dropped our hands to obey some mysterious summons from beyond, the import of which is not for our ears, will not only preserve hereafter those constituents of character which belong to them here, but continue to sustain toward us those personal relations upon which so much of what we call human happiness depends. It is a subject, I repeat, which sways to a considerable extent rational beings without distinction as to nationality, religion or outward circumstances; a subject which the philosopher puzzles over, sometimes hopelessly and sometimes despairingly, according as his mental attitude is acted upon by extraneous conditions; a subject which the mother ponders as she puts the cluster of rosebuds at her dead baby's bosom, and tries to behold a bow of promise in the tears that fall when they take it from her arms to plant it under a mound, it is a subject which has solicited the most earnest and concentrated thought in every age since conscious existence began, and will continue to absorb human interests, and call into activity the finest intellectual powers, so long as death remains the mysterious portal through which we must pass to conditions which we can never fully appreciate until experience gives them the personal character they desire. While the result of so much profound thinking has not been so practical as we might naturally expect, while the diversified views advanced have strongly flavored of personal prejudice, while men have sometimes conjectured recklessly, and thought vaguely without that logical closeness necessary to the formation of a well fortified opinion, some of us, at least, have reached conclusions with which we ourselves are content, even if they have not secured the unqualified endorsement of others.

The word evolution is comparatively a new word in religion. Some are afraid of it because it is new, and fear, perhaps, that it involves notions which are anti-biblical, and destructive to antiquated but fondly cherished forms of belief; but the more my thought is directed to the process which the word represents, the more I am convinced that although the word may be new, the process is old—as old, indeed, as the earliest germ of existence that ever appeared on this or any other solar system—and that the interpretation of vexed religious problems, the mysteries of life and death, the origin and destiny of the human soul, aye, even the details of future existence, it understood at all, if interpreted with logical consistency, and with any possibility of closeness in fact, must be interpreted on the basis of the theory of evolution. "We are transformed into the same image from glory to glory."

This is unconscious evolution. It is the Apostle Paul's solution of the problem to which our thought is so often directed, and upon which so much mental energy has been expended, but notwithstanding the fact that Paul knew nothing of evolution as a name, these words employed by him in depicting the conscious existence hereafter, evidence that the theory of evolution as applied to the solution of perplexing problems in religion, is not so anti-biblical as the advocates of the more conservative doctrines are disposed to believe.

It seems reasonable, first, to suppose that after death we shall be transformed. Indeed, we know that the moment what we call dissolution takes place we dispense with those physical appendages so necessary in our fulfillment of the conditions of earth. What remains after disease has accomplished its ravages—the stiffened form our friends come and weep over and tenderly array in its grave clothes—is not man, but the deserted tenement which man once inhabited, and which he has no further use for, and there is no mistake more palpable and fatal to human happiness than to believe that death destroys or in any respect interferes with those centres of activity which result in the products we call human integrity and human thought.

To live on the earth necessitates certain conditions. We must energize through earthly media which assumes diversified forms under the generic name of sense. At death these are discarded. They are constituents of dust, and to dust they must return. We are transformed to meet the requirements of other conditions of existence.

Nothing is more absurd than the thought once so generally believed, and even now rigidly held by no inconsiderable portion of evangelical Christianity, that the body, cast off for a season, is retenanted at some future day of judgment, and that somehow—of course we are never told how—it is restored in all its essential parts precisely as before given over to the ravages of decay.

We are satisfied, if we allow ourselves to think without theological predisposition, that the body once discarded is discarded forever. Whether we bury or burn it, as sanitary considerations may decide, the manner of its consumption in no respect affects its future condition. Once given to the elements it becomes a part of that to which it is given, reappearing only in atoms acted upon by chemical changes, deepening, perhaps, the color of a rosebud, or poising itself in the center of some sparkling drop of dew, but never again a receptacle for the spirit which has rejected it as no longer adequate to its advanced conditions.

We are transformed, evolved, developed, if you like the term better, from earth contact and earth environment to spirit contact and spirit environment, done forever, as the Apostle says, with the corruptible and happily possessed of the incorruptible, no longer needing flesh appendages because removed to a wholly different sphere, and forever independent of that earthly media we call sight and sound. It may be heresy—call it what you will—it may be a radical departure from established methods of belief—I am willing that it should be so, but I believe firmly, conscientiously, and with ever growing confidence, that man as he exists to-day is a development from lower existences, that he has struggled up to distinct personality through an almost endless succession of forms, and that what we call death is only another link in that beautiful chain, conceived and sustained by love, which extends from the simplest polyp, yea, from the most primitive and indistinct nebula sent off from some luminous centre in distant space to the widest expansion of the infinite thought. I believe that we die only to unfold spiritual forms which the conditions of earth now hold in restraint; that when the body grows rigid, and friends bend over and kiss for the last time those features mockingly natural even in their inability to respond, we do not cease to exist, but simply rise into a superior environment, and that what we so often deplore as separation and a dissolution of associations at once sacred and dear, is only the transformation which not only involves future intercourse with loved ones, but puts the brightest spiritual attainment within our reach.

But naturally the question arises, does not transformation involve total loss of identity? If we are to be changed, will not those who are friends here be only strangers in heaven, and human longing remain forever unsatisfied in its quest for the loved and lost?

Heed well the Apostle's words. He does not stop when he says that we shall be transformed. He says that we shall be transformed into the same image. I do not understand that the change which death necessitates will in any respect blot out or essentially alter individual identity. We have garments sometimes which become shabby and worn. As soon as we find they are not longer adapted for service, we lay them aside and purchase others. The new garments in which we appear may be more becoming, and cause our friends to remark upon our improved appearance, but they do not obliterate our identity. We are transformed, it is true, but in the same image. So, I believe, with the transformation at death. We discard the habiliments of flesh and appear in robes woven by spirit hands, but no essential constituents of character are lost. The same mind is there, only developed; the same affection stands revealed, only capable of profounder regard even than that of earth; the same will power is exerted, although more often in the direction of righteousness. We have the same individuality, retaining our memory, and with it the indispensable power of recognition, and although beholding no longer the physical appointments which sense perception disclose, although no longer thinking of the color of our friend's eyes and the contour of his face and figure, we are satisfied by unmistakable resemblances of soul, by responsive caresses, by signs of endearment which a spirit may manifest even if it has no physical appendages—we are satisfied, despite the transformation, that whom we behold is the same as that which on earth it was our privilege to call our own.

It is sometimes a query with the mother who has lost a child whether in the spirit realm it will still seem to her the child she laid away under the violets, or whether its growth through years of separation will not be so apparent that the longing at her heart for her baby love will remain forever unsatisfied. We must put entirely out of mind, remember, what we understand as physical growth. Spirit is indifferent to length and breadth and degree of thickness. Spiritually, certainly the child has grown; in point of ethereal glory it may be far in advance of the mother who again seeks to recognize and renew old time signals of endearment, but if that longing is there in the mother heart for her tiny child, I believe that to her a child it will seem; that upon it she will lavish the same delighted affection that she would were it again a child on the earth, although in point of moral endowment, in point of grace of character, spiritual blessedness, the child may be the leader and the mother the led. It is wholly unnecessary to think of magnitude in connection with spirit if by magnitude we mean physical proportion. Expansion there is only in the direction of thought and character.

Another query is sometime put to me: If man is a development from simpler forms of existence and death the portal into another and still higher existence, and we carry into that higher existence a recollection of the present existence, why do we not remember the conditions of some former existence? Because I believe man has never before existed as a distinct personality. He received personality only when he became a man. In other stages of development, whatever physical organs he possessed he certainly lacked those intellectual and spiritual attributes which constitute soul and establish what we call identity of person. Had he been thus endowed he must remember in this existence what transpired in some former existence. Since, therefore, he does not so remember, it is safe to infer that when he became a man he received attributes totally different from any previous endowment; only then, friends, is he created in the image of God, and that image he is to treasure, to preserve undefiled, to maintain through every transformation, retaining with it not only a vivid recollection of the earth existence which it includes, but always making possible between friend and friend that recognition without which Heaven would be but an empty name. But the Apostle does not stop even when he says we shall be transformed into the same image. The progression which the theory of evolution discloses is from glory to glory. We are to expand indefinitely, to think toward ever receding boundaries, to reach moral attainments whose beauty and impressiveness we cannot have even conceived, yea to develop without restraint, to outreach toward spiritual possibilities which may be to-day ours only in longing, and to-morrow ours in fact. Heaven is not, as many people believe it to be, a place fenced in and populated with winged harp players, or with favored individuals spending eternity thanking God that they are saved. Such a Heaven would verge strongly toward stagnation. It is a law operative, not only here but hereafter, that development depends on exercise, that perfection in any degree, success in any department of labor, possession in every vital and self-realized sense, involves personal equipment and persistent exertion in the direction of the object desired; that energy reaches the summit while indolence forever lingers at the base, and dreams of the glory it lacks the energy to achieve. Heaven implies activity. There can be no happiness without. Ever alert in the direction of personal development, passing on from attainment to attainment with no artificial restraints to intercede, and no limitations to hinder its progress, the soul hereafter is only the soul here transformed and transfigured, but with the image of its eternal self hood forever intact. Do you appreciate the magnificent sweep of the Apostle's words? Do you not thrill with gratified expectation when you remember that goodness without measure, and grace without stint is within reach of the disembodied spirit, that from glory to glory does not mean merely variety in spiritual enjoyment, but gradation, every experience into which we pass being more exalted than the one before?

When death comes let us greet it without fear. It is only the passage which connects one existence with another. If we belong to God, his summons are always good tidings whether they call us into superior connections here, or to untried experiences hereafter; if the image of the eternal one endures under our appendage of flesh that image is as indestructible as himself and to be transformed into the same image from glory to glory is to retain our individualism in the life beyond the grave, and at the same time to engage in an unbroken pursuit of the things of God.

Emanation of the Indwelling Life.

The doctrine of soul emanations of spiritual spheres was altogether unknown in the Christian Church prior to Swedenborg's time. And to the majority of Christians even in our own day, it is entirely new. But nearly every one recognizes its truth as soon as it is clearly stated; yet not until it is thoughtfully pondered, can we expect any one to see how important it is in a practical point of view.

It is easy to believe that there are particles too small for the eye to discern even by the aid of the most powerful microscope, constantly emanating from all material objects, and forming around each a kind of atmosphere which, in its essential nature, is similar to the object itself. This atmosphere is generally too refined and subtle to be detected by the senses; yet its existence round about thousands of objects, often manifests itself to the sense of smell; and in a dog this sense is so acute that he can scent his master's sphere in the print of his shoes, and distinguish his tracks from all others many hours after they were made. The perfume of the lily or the rose is but the extension of the flower's own substance—the radiation or emanation of its own essence in the most subtle form. And so of all other objects that diffuse an odor, grateful or otherwise.

From the analogies of nature, therefore, it is reasonable to conclude that souls also have their encompassing spheres; and that these must be spiritual and of the same quality in every case as the souls whence they emanate. We should expect that every mind would have an encompassing atmosphere similar in its essential nature to the mind itself; that thought, true or false—affection, good or evil—would have extension, and exert an unconscious influence upon other minds, healthful or baleful according to its own nature. We should expect that every heart would constantly carry with it its own sphere—a sphere more penetrating and powerful, especially in its effect on the young and persons oftenest within its reach, than any oral or written instruction. We should expect, therefore, that there would be spheres of selfishness, hatred, conceit, pride, jealousy, avarice, contempt and revenge; spheres of doubt, fear, anxiety, melancholy, discouragement and despair; also spheres of an opposite character—spheres of love, joy, peace, humility, reverence, resignation and confiding trust; and that the particular character or quality of the spiritual sphere emanating from and encompassing each individual, would be in all cases according to the character of that individual—not according to his words or outward actions, unless these were in agreement with his internal feelings and purposes. The spiritual sphere being the unavoidable and unconscious outgoing of the individual's inner and real life, should be—must be—of precisely the same nature as that life; heavenly or hellish (in varying degrees) according as the life's love is angelic or infernal.

And any one of much spiritual discernment, or who is at all susceptible to the influence of mental spheres, if he has ever been long in the immediate presence of very saintly or very vile persons, knows from personal experience that what we have spoken of as altogether reasonable, is actually true. In the humble cabin or poorly furnished chamber of some saintly soul, how many have often felt a sweet and heavenly peace as perceptibly as they ever smelled the perfume of clover blossoms or new made hay!—an experience inexplicable upon any other theory than that of the existence of spiritual spheres. Accordingly Swedenborg says:

"In the spiritual world the will or love of every one constitutes the whole man; and a sphere of life thence proceeds from him as an exhalation or vapor, and encompasses him, and makes, as it were, himself around him; like the effluvium encompassing vegetables in the world, which is also made sensible at a distance by odors; like that also encompassing beasts, of which a sagacious dog is exquisitely sensible. (A. C. 10,130.)

"Man does not know that a certain spiritual sphere encompasses him according to the life of his affection, which sphere is more perceptible to the angels than a sphere of odor is to the most exquisite sense in the world. If his life has been in external things alone, viz., in pleasures derived from hatred against his neighbor, from revenge and consequent cruelty, from adultery, self-exaltation and the consequent contempt of others from clandestine rapine, avarice, deceit, luxury and the like, the spiritual sphere which encompasses him is as foul and offensive as is the sphere of odor in the world arising from dead bodies, dunghills, stinking filth, and the like. The man who had led such a life, carries this sphere along with him after death; and because he is entirely in that sphere, he cannot be anywhere but in hell where such spheres exist."

"But they who are in internal things, viz., who have had delight in benevolence and charity toward their neighbor, especially who have found blessedness in love to the Lord, are encompassed with a grateful and pleasant sphere which is essentially celestial; on which account they are in heaven. The spheres which are perceived in the other life, all arise from the loves and consequent affections in which the spirits had been principled, consequently from the life; for loves and consequent affections make the very life itself. And since they arise from loves and consequent affections, they arise from the intentions and ends for the sake of which man so wills and acts. For every one has for an end what he loves; therefore ends determine a man's life, and constitute its quality. Hence especially is his sphere." (A. C. 4,464.)

The same illumined author further says, that in the other world these spiritual spheres sometimes manifest themselves as odors—offensive or fragrant, according to the nature of the sphere; "for odors correspond to spheres." The sphere of those who have acted the part of hypocrites so habitually that they have contracted a hypocritical nature, "when changed into an odor, is like the stench of vomit," this being the correspondence of such a sphere. And the sphere of those who have lived in hatred, revenge and cruelty, "when changed into an odor, has the stench of a putrid carcass." While "such as have been immersed in sordid avarice, give forth a stench like that of mice." But when the spheres of saintly souls—such as have lived in charity and faith—"are perceived as odors, they are most delightful; the odors are sweet and delicious like those of flowers and spices of divers kinds, with an indefinite variety." (A. C. 1,514, 1,519.)

Now, let this doctrine concerning spiritual spheres be cordially accepted, and it is plain that its practical tendency and legitimate effect upon the receiver must be most salutary. It shows the parent and guardian and teacher and all who have the shaping of other minds, that it is not so much what they seem, or say, or do, as what they are—not what they are outwardly, but what they are inwardly—not so much their oral instruction, wise or otherwise, as the vital currents of thought and feeling perpetually flowing forth from their innermost and ruling love, that moulds the character of those under their charge. Their own spiritual sphere—the unconscious but resistless influence of their cherished thoughts and purposes—this, as a formative and educatory power, is vastly more potent than any instruction by word or printed page. It is this spiritual atmosphere, extensive and far-reaching enough to encompass a multitude of younger and feebler minds, that the souls of our children are inhaling continually—day by day and hour by hour. How important, then, that this atmosphere be pure and sweet—that it be, indeed, as the breath of heaven fresh wafted from the throne of God!—*B., in the New Christianity.*

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

Only a Beggar In Calico Rags.

As we drew the lamp table near to the desk and sit in our deeply curtained room to this writing the hands of the little friend before us point to nine o'clock. In three hours from now the week will have gone from us—will have been taken by flying time to the inspection room of the hereafter where a million of angels will be scanning its pages to smile at records of good acts and to mourn over our week ones that ignorance terms bad.

A little less than three hours now has the week to live. What can we do to load the stage that silently rolls out into the darkness, clear to its capacity? Here are hundreds of things we could do in the little time left us. We could say very mean things by the pen driven to the right or left as it is held in hand; could write something that would give pain or make our friends disgusted or unhappy. How glad we are that God gives us the power to choose good or evil, to be the architects over our own fortunes in all things; that He gives us a mother whose sweet and loving influence from her home in the "Land o' the Leal" distils itself into our soul and all through the loving wishes of a life.

We know that our mother is in Heaven. There is not a day of our life that she, from an upper window, does not look out and down to whisper sweet words to the weary worker on the walk below. She tells us to be brave; to be honest; to be fearless as a man should be; to be loving to all; to have charity and more charity; to keep our soul whole, and to seek only such rest for the physical as will give strength to the mental; to avoid excesses and dissipation. She tells us that what we write will be light to many a desponding soul, and that we must be very careful.

We are glad our mother went to our home years ago. It is so much better to live "Over There," than here where the prison house is so small and spirits are only held in check till the soul is born again and thus to an inheritance with the loved ones in Heaven. From her spirit home we know that she looks down lovingly upon us all the time. We know that we are her only love on earth; that she holds us to her bosom as she did the night she divided a kiss, half to us and half to the angel who went with her across the deep river that flows between "Here and There." We know that she has sorrowed over our weaknesses, and has touched our spirit with her invisible hand thousands of times to give us strength; that she has been one of His agents to direct us safely through a hundred dangers and around a thousand temptations; that her influence has been greater over us in that life than it would have been in this, because over there she has not been cramped, held in leash, worried and had her attention all taken away from her child by those who sell fashions and who live for self, as all are apt to do in this life. It was from her that we drew life when a young babe. It is her spirit that nurses us now all these years. She drinks from the fountain of redeemed love, and into our life distils the good we receive more and more each day, as we hold ourself in closer connection with the better world, and try more and more to live as the good mother wishes her child to live.

It was Saturday night she died, or went home. It was near the midnight hour. She comes to us now as she left us then. She tells us more of Heaven than ever have all the teachers whose mothers are still on earth. She points the way for us through many a thorny labyrinth, as she used to lead us by the hand when a weeling. She tells us that it is all of life to live well, and if we do this, Heaven's doors will open quick and wide to us as soon as our work is done.

Do you know why we do not fear death? Because there is nothing in it to fear. We do the best we can in life. We heed the whisperings of conscience. We drink from the waters that give us strength. We shall rest with her "Over There," and we do know that in her life is a home more beautiful than any we ever saw on earth; that every good act we do in this life will be reproduced in statuary groupings in the "Eternal Gardens," to delight us forever.

Yes, we are going home in a few days—in a little while! As soon as our work is done; as soon as we have sown more good seed; as soon as we have helped others to clean the dirt from the bottom of the well; as soon as we have builded a few more bowers of rest for the poor and weary; as soon as we have thrown more patches of sunshine into desponding souls to kindle them again to growing; as soon as we have struck right and left more blows against those who war upon the rights and harmonies of others; as soon as we have laden a few more weeks with good acts—we are going home.

Two hours yet till midnight! How time does fly! Our mother to-night sits in the easy chair just there. She nods approvingly at the vase of fresh flowers arranged to give her welcome. She visits us as we write and she will be here till the clock strikes twelve, then she will take our work, our acts, our good intentions direct to God, and while the good is being saved, she will blot out the bad, and we can rest.

Only a little time now! There is always some work to be done before the day closes; something to be said before we go home. We have not done all the good this week we might have done; perhaps we can make up for neglect before midnight.

One day we stood under the gallows where a poor, weak man was to be hung. He was too much gnarled and warped by the accidents of ignorance to be of use to anyone here, so the officers of the law vented their spite on his body and threw his shrunken spirit over the walls into the laps of angels who finish "Over There" the work that was begun here. He had but ten minutes to live. We asked him if he had aught to say. He whispered:

"Give me sympathy!"

How often we have thought of that wish. What if he was the victim of causes that resulted in breaking a law which forced him to suffer the penalty? He was a sufferer. We had no war to make on him. A pressure of the hand told the story. It sent a thrill of life into his depleted magnetism. As the sail of a ship swell to shape in the rising breeze, so did the poor man lift his physical to fuller form as he took in life, pluck and air. Another pressure of the hand, and with compressed lips he closed his eyes and went home. With sympathy on the bridge as a carpet, he walked over with less pain to his trembling feet.

Sympathy for those who are in sorrow and trouble! This is what made Christ such a beautiful example. His coming and going is proof of Divine love. It was his sympathy for the poor, the sore, the week, the distressed, the robbed, the hungered, the outraged, the despised, the impoverished, the persecuted, the weary hearted, and the heavily-laden or over-loaded children of circumstances, that made him the head of a religion that we fear is forgetting his beautiful teachings.

Christ loved the poor, for they were the purest. They were more natural and less metalized in heart. They welcomed him because he did not seek to rob them. He gave them health, hope, life, love, kindness and sympathy. He lashed those who robbed the poor out of the temple. He was strong and positive in his power against those who, from the wants of the weak, drew gain for the wealthy. He was not a politician, but a magnificent legislator who believed in building up, and up, and up, the temporal, physical, and spiritual, till the hand of man should rest on the knees of God. He gave sympathy. Men respected, children loved, women caressed and the angels lifted him to life eternal.

A few days ago there came to our room a poor little girl in rags. She was a little beggar. She told of her father who, for four months, has been ill and out of work; of a mother who has three children to look after. She told how she had been forced out to beg, to keep father, mother and family from starving.

"Is it not hard work to beg?"

"Yes, sir. And it is hard to bear what people say."

"How old are you?"

"Nine years old."

"Are those the only shoes you have this cold day?"

"Yes, sir, and these are my mother's."

"I do not like to have you beg. Why do you not try to sell something?"

"I have nothing to buy with."

"I am a banker. In that little drawer is money to start little people in business. There is not much money—but a little. If I lend you some money to buy a few oranges with, what will you do?"

"I will sell the oranges and pay you back the money."

"Now, that is a bargain. Here is half a dollar. This will buy quite a little basketfull. Here is a note—a little letter—for you to carry in your pocket, asking some merchant to sell oranges to you at wholesale. If you sell the oranges well, come here and I will lend you another half-doller, and you can have it until you have made five dollars, then give it back to me without inferest. God pays the interest every day; so you who are poor need not worry about that part of it."

The little girl thanked us and went away. The next day she came with a little basket of oranges. She said our letter was a 'luck paper" for her; that she showed it to one merchant and he gave her a basket; that she showed it to another and he gave her six oranges; that she showed it to another and he at once gave her twelve oranges. She had been on the street nearly all day, and had made a dollar, which she had taken home and used to buy coal for her mother. She had bought a loaf of bread and a piece of meat, and her father was so happy to think her little brother and sister could have some nice soup with bread in it. We never saw our own dear little girl so happy with all the pretty things that are given her as was this poor little child at being helped to her feet.

We bought some of her oranges, and a kind-hearted lady bought more of them. Then she hurried away. To-night she came again. She had just gone when we sat down to this writing. She came to report her sales, and to say how much happier she was to work than to beg. Her profits had been good and she was doing well. Papa was encouraged and was getting better. He actually smiled this afternoon, she said. Her papa told her to come and give us an orange, but we prefered to pay for it. She has gone now. She sat in the great big chair where now sits the spirit of our sainted mother who was and who is all love for her boy. Before she went out this little girl in calico asked:

"May I come here as often as I wish to?"

"Yes, come at any time. I will always open the door for you. But why do you wish to come again? Suppose I buy all your oranges at once, so that I may not be bothered?"

"It does me so much good to come! You give me kind words and I take them home to papa, and it is helping him to get well! It is so bright and happy here! I feel good when I am here, and if it is very cold I will run from home any time to come and see you just a minute."

"All right, little brave one, come at any time. I have sunshine and magnetism to spare; come and get your fill, and then run home to papa with it. Tell him, and tell your mamma, that down town there is a man who wishes them well, and who was once very, very poor himself, but who never gives up, and they must not."

She said she would come; then went out into the cold and the darkness, but with heart warmed and the lamp in her soul relit. We know she is stronger for coming here. Sympathy gives wondrous strengh! It is God's best power. How often has it car-

ried us through labor to which no promised reward could have lured us. Years ago, when we began to work out of the meshes of ignorance, the sympathy of a mother in Heaven cut many a cord that bound us to the groveling. When we began to work for truth, it was the sympathy of those who had been robbed, and wronged that buoyed us on. When we began to battle for a great principle, it was the sympathy of friends—of men, of women, of children—that proved our salvation. It is glorious! It is Heaven itself, for it is rest for a patient soul!

Oh, the hearts that are starving for this one great reach of God to humanity! and the homes where are men and women and children to whom no sympathy is given! How often does the man who has no sympathy at home, but is forced to go into the street for it, fall by the wayside to be rolled into the gutter. How often does death, hell and despair enter into the soul of wife and mother because the one she loves or did love so well, gives her in her wilderness of care, aches, pains, troubles, griefs, doubts, sorrows and misgivings, not a partical of that sympathy, which, if a true woman has makes her an angel. And think of the children who are dying for want of sympathy, that sweetest of all the essences of love! and the people all around us who have no sympathy from the rich! Well, we can all huddle closer together and the hand of Christ can cover us the better. If we find not sympathy always on earth, we know that "Over There" are those who hold us to their hearts; who bless us with loves, and who thus bring us into closer relations with our Father in Heaven, who is so good to us, as we shall try to be to all on earth till comes our final Saturday Night. "BRICK" POMEROY.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Reply to J. Clegg Wright's Criticism.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

In the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of June 2nd, I find an article by Mr. Wright criticising my review of modern Spiritualism published in the JOURNAL two weeks earlier. Mr. Wright's passionate love of intellectual battle fits him for pre-eminence in a debating society; but it unfortunately leaves his sincerity an open question. What shall we say to the following paragraph in his present article?

"What would barren morality be without reverence? A civilization that kills its reverence, kills itself. A church that holds no reverence for the teacher in the pulpit is in a bad way. The curse of modern Spiritualism is its want of reverence.....I will pull off my hat in the presence of Gladstone. I would kneel before the majesty of a member of another world. A moral code dies without reverence. Reverence is an attribute of religion. Religion is that sentiment in my nature that makes its ideals from my knowledge and ignorance. It is the main thing about any man's life.....I mean by religion worship. It is a mental and moral act of reverence to some object."

Here is the plea that has been made by every priesthood and theological tyrant that has ever cursed the world. Reverence has always been the silver-plated shackle worn by the bigot and the devotee; and has been the mother of the awful crimes perpetrated in the name of religion. There is a tremendous difference between "reverence" and "respect." One permits me to retain my manhood; the other destroys it. Mr. Wright would stand bareheaded in the presence of Gladstone, as an inferior. But no member of parliament would remove his hat in legislative halls of out reverence for Mr. Gladstone. He maintains his brotherly equality every time. But Mr. Wright is not a member of parliament, so he is ready to proclaim his own littleness. The poet Southey tells us that the Devil's favorite vice is "the pride that apes humility." There is no place for such sycophancy in a land of freedom where manhood denies all "caste." Standing bareheaded before Gladstone, and kissing the Pope's toe, are exhibitions of the "reverence" which Mr. Wright admires, but are equally the scorn of every self-respecting man and woman. Both pope and premier may win our respect by conduct; or our admiration of genius; but the whole-souled man will never forget his own royalty.

I deny that "the curse of modern Spiritualism is its want of reverence." On the contrary, every careful investigator knows that "reverence" for spirits has been the foundation for many of the disgusting follies and frauds that have made the very name of Spiritualist stand for credulous belief. The entire parapraph is loaded with a belittled manhood.

Read again: "A church that has no reverence for the teacher in its pulpit is in a bad way. The old Puritan and the Catholic have each taught and rested upon that doctrine; and held manhood in the grasp of a self-asserted authority. We may well assume that this "reverence" for its teacher is to be the foundation thought of the "church" which I understand Mr. Wright is now endeavoring to establish in Philadelphia. But all the same, and once again contradicting Mr. Wright: Civilization has advanced just in proportion as it has cast off that "reverence"; and Mr. Wright will find himself held to a standard of conduct and ability in his pulpit. Even if he win respect, he will gain no "reverence" from self respecting men and women who have learned to draw a marked line between "respect" for a man and "reverence" for a truth.

It is such assertions as these which have made me hesitate to reply to Mr. Wright's articles. He is well known to be the most irreverential speaker now on our platform, therefore I doubt his present sincerity. He is evidently arguing in the spirit of the debating society; and I must decline to follow him in that direction. I devote my life to advocating just what I believe; and always appreciate honest differences of opinion. There are, however, some points made and questions asked by Mr. Wright that have an importance independent of any particular lecture, to which I will briefly allude.

My critic complains that I do not "tell us what morality is, nor what are the exact connections between it and modern Spiritualism." I defined morality as "conduct," but I did not deem it necessary to insult my intelligent audience by telling them conduct might be either good or bad. Such a truism was quite unnecessary. But Mr. Wright has a definition of which he is proud. He tells us that "morality is that code of conduct which will make the most people happy." This is reducing "morality" to a question of a majority. Here are one hundred respectable inhabitants of Chicago: 51 happy; 49 miserable. A moral 51, and an immoral 49 every time. That is the absurd position in which Mr. Wright's definition places him; and there I respectfully leave him.

Mr. Wright fails to comprehend the work that modern Spiritualism is doing to-day, and has done in the past, for he thinks it a strong point to deny that it has enlarged man's conception of morality. But all the same the field for ethical action has been wondrously enlarged by modern Spiritualism. It is showing us every day that man invisible and man mortal can affect each other by conduct; and it teaches that the mortal has a responsibility to his fellow man, not limited by the dark continent or the frozen north. As a result of modern Spiritualism we have learned that spirits and mortals are alike subject to the same rule of conduct we speak of as moral or immoral. I made this so plain in my review by actual illustration, that my critic must be almost the only one amongst the JOURNAL readers who has failed to comprehend it and understand my position.

I am sorry that Mr. Wright did not ascertain the meaning of "universal law" before he became a public teacher; and am surprised that he should offer the JOURNAL readers such "baby talk" as that "universal law is neither good nor evil. That is good which pleases me, and that is evil which displeases or hurts me." But that is his position, not mine. But he is assuming that, I, too, am mentally befogged when he writes as follows: "What is the difference between Jehovah and universal law? Universal law is Mr. Dawbarn's substitute for God. He cannot worship universal law; it cannot hear prayer; it is not a fountain of honor." The readers of the JOURNAL and my audiences know full well that I scorn worship of any being; and laugh at prayer talked up at the Infinite. But I know how often the human immortal can soothe the woe of his brother in earth life, and to him I turn, assured of sympathy and love; but worshiping neither Jehovah nor universal law. I presume that with such views it will be hopeless for me to apply for membership in Mr. Wright's new "church"; at least if its name is any indication of the process by which its members propose to climb heavenward.

But my critic further asserts that "Modern Spiritualism has thrown no light upon the nature of life that is new to us," and declares that "the doctrine of the universal law of life is simply unproved." The scientist has proved that matter, force and intelligence are always associated, so far as he can reach, and that they mean life everywhere, peeping out as conditions may permit. By his telescope he has discovered the triune sisters in the nebulous fire mist and the star dust of distant space; and by his microscope he discovers the same life, law and intelligence without limit of size or power that sense or imagination can discover. But eye, instrument, and brain are alike of the earth, earthy; and each has its hour of decay.

It is the glory of modern Spiritualism that it enters a world to which the mortal scientist can discover no portal; and in that world it finds the triune majesty associated with the same universal law, which man, the spirit, must study and obey ere he can learn to rule. I am aware that my debating brother may say, "Somewhere there may be a realm without universal law." He might as well say "somewhere, it may be, there is a realm where 2 and 2 make 5." Yes, it may be, but common sense and common experience demand a solid foundation, and know just what I meant when I said that "modern Spiritualism comes as a revelation of the universal law of life;" that is to say it follows that law into the world of the invisible, and finds it as much monarch there as in earth history.

Mr. Wright asks, "What can Mr. Dawbarn mean by the term 'religion'"? And yet I gave a number of illustrations to show just what I did mean. But he takes care to leave us in no uncertainty, for he says, speaking for himself, "I mean by it worship," which is exactly what each of my illustrations were used to prove. And after this declaration he writes two long paragraphs to argue that it was all right in the time of it, which no modern thinker disputes.

I feel that Mr. Wright's complaint of my statement that "myriads of men and women remain earth-bound spirits because they have lived solely to earth life here," is wholly for the sake of argument. He declares that he positively denies it. And why? His very remarkable reason is that "our knowledge comes through mediums and we have not yet settled what a medium is." If such is his public teaching, he has the proud distinction of being alone in his belief upon the spiritual rostrum. He makes a further argument that "this tenet of earth-bound spirit means that the universal law of life makes the life hereafter one of consequences; *in other words, a place where virtue is rewarded and vice is punished.*" As this is the opposite of the truth I have italicized his words. If the life hereafter be a life of consequences—that is, of cause and effect—then, as every school child could tell him, it is not a place of rewards and punishments; and it is because it is a life of consequences that we have the earth-bound spirit as a potent factor in spirit return.

Mr. Wright is strangely mixed in his ideas of religion and morality, for he calls my warning against "living for pleasure, for money, for ambition" a "religious exhortation." Yet I was speaking of the effect on the life of to-day, induced by association, no matter whether with mortals or spirits. It was conduct I was discussing, and its effect as between man and man. The word "religion" is a stench in my nostrils, for it is always associated with the "worship" which I abhor, but which Mr. Wright clings to, as essential to the reverence with which the pastor of every church should be treated by his flock.

Yet again Mr. Wright declares that he holds all mediums morally responsible for what is done by or through them. This is such cruel injustice and bespeaks such ignorance of both the nature and facts of mediumship, that I am surprised a public teacher of modern Spiritualism can take such a position. I published two articles on "The Responsibility of Mediums" in the *Carrier Dove* of last March, to which I must refer my critic, as fully expressing the truth from my standpoint.

Mr. Wright finds fault because I gave warning that modern Spiritualism may bring a curse instead of a blessing. I wonder what can be his thought in the face of everyday facts. Did not the circle of thieves in New Orleans, sit for and draw to itself spirit thieves who helped its members to become more skilful at robbery? Does not every one who uses "spirit return" for low and base purposes become by spirit association lower and baser than before? This is so palpable a truth that once again I can only take the criticism as from the standpoint of a debating society. In what possible respect my above assertion is "Jonah like talk" only Mr. Wright can explain, for he adds, "Spiritualism means certain facts which are found in nature, to be hunted for and then tested," in which we all agree with him.

Mr. Wright concludes by firing his heaviest gun in the following question: "How does the study of modern Spiritualism lead down to hell, if it be the universal law of life?" My reply is that modern Spiritualism is not the "universal law of life," and to the best of my belief no one has ever asserted that it is. The mortal scientist has discovered what he calls "the universal law of life," but limited by his experience of time and sense. The glory which I have claimed for modern Spiritualism is that it has revealed this "universal law of life," as all potent in the world of the invisible, and, therefore, truly "universal."

Thus in the conclusion as in the beginning and middle of his article, Mr. Wright makes assertion or inference for the prominent purpose of showing us his skill as a debater, by cleverly picking to pieces the thoughts born of his own imagination.

New York City.

TIME.

Amid all the prevalent discussions as to conditions under which matter is evolved out of spirit, or spirit out of matter, there is generally, with materialists and Spiritualists alike, a curious assumption of the permanence of present conditions. The Spiritualist who imagines his departed friend to be living a happy and agreeable life possibly in the possession of "property" that he was not blessed with here, has surely never grasped anything outside the continuity of the present state of things. Nor is there any attempt at realizing any other than these same conditions in the "erraticité" of the French spiritist. The dwellers in the "spheres" have the same time and space as we have, and come back to their different re-incarnations with only a change from "fluidic" to "solid." Now and then some speculators, but generally outside the circle of occultists, have attempted, as in "Flatland," to surmise, at any rate, the possible existence of a state of things different from this, different, that is, as respects the dimensions of space, and so forth, as we know them. But little else has been done.

When a clairvoyant sees through a stone wall, it may of course be said that the conditions of his sight are very different from ordinary conditions; so they are in a way, but the fundamental conditions are really the same. That the clairvoyant sees between the molecules is simply an exaltation of the faculty of vision, for we know there are spaces between those molecules, through which we could all see were our eyes adapted for the purpose. When, however, a prophecy of future events, afterwards realized, has taken place, or a true history of the past, a history unknown generally, is given, then we may fairly look for conditions absolutely and entirely different from those with which we are generally acquainted. The series of remarkable prophecies of the Scotch seer as to the fortunes of the Seaforth family is a case in point. It is strange to see the smile of incredulity flit across the face of the occult philosopher when space of four dimensions is mentioned; he dismisses it with as easy a grace as certain others have dismissed all the accredited phenomena of occultism. He does not understand it; that is enough. Yet it would seem a possible thing for such so called space to exist, even though one can neither understand nor explain it in terms of cognition at present at our disposal.

But though we can not say much about such space, very much because of the difficulty of expression; yet it does seem easier to talk about a condition in which what we call "Time" is of more than the one dimension in which we know it. As we know of space of three dimensions it seems a little less difficult to grasp the idea of an extension to two or three dimensions, of anything which we as a rule only conceive of as of one dimension.

The set of sequences which we call time is essentially of one dimension only. When we look back in the ordinary way of recollection we go back over the sequences, and apparently do little, if anything, more. But if an individual could stand outside the line of time, he would be conscious of neither past nor future, in the ordinary sense of those words. A man standing on a plain can look along a row of trees on that plain in either direction; so a person existing in two dimensional time could prophesy, or trace back the past as easily as we can see the present. To such a one there would be neither past, present, nor future.

We may go a step further. Across any surface an infinite number of lines may be drawn; What is there, then, to exclude an infinite number of different sequences, or of different times, to an equally indefinite number of individualities? It may be, indeed, that the crossing of these lines, or sets of sequences, may help to explain some of the phenomena of life which are such a puzzle to us now. Let us suppose a set of sequences of which a regular curve is the type, and not a straight line—such a curve, say, as that used for representing regular wave motion, a regular undulation curve, and let us suppose also such a curve running along by a straight line so as to touch it, as it would do, at regular intervals—the sequences of the life represented by the curve would then come into the sequences of the life represented by the straight line, and we have at least an illustration of that law of periodicity which even the stubborn facts of statistics show to be the rule in moral as well as in physical life.

The phenomena of dreaming seem in some ways to show that this speculation is not an idle one. The incongruous mixing up of details in certain dreams, and the well attested prophetic character of others, receive an explanation at once, if the dreamer is allowed at times to have stepped out of one dimensional time into a region in which there is no past, present, or future. Without going further into speculations as to *n*-fold extensions of space, and the corresponding multiplicity of sequences or times, what a vista of infinite variety is suggested—a vista which makes our present condition with all its stupendous interests sink into a nothingness to which the smallness of our earth, as compared with the visible universe, is but a feeble representation.—"M. A. (OXON.)" *in Light, London.*

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 23, 1888.

Death by the Electric Shock.

Governor Hill of New York has signed the bill passed by the Legislature of that State, substituting for the hanging of murderers death by electricity. The provisions of the bill require that the condemned prisoners shall be taken by the sheriff to one of the State prisons, and there kept in solitary confinement until the day of execution, to be visited only by officers or by his relatives, physicians, clergymen, and counsel. The court which imposes the sentence is to fix the week of the execution, the particular day being left to the discretion of the prison officials. Only the officials, clergymen, physicians and a limited number of citizens can be given permission to be present at the execution. The funeral services may be held within the prison grounds.

It has long been known that electricity can be applied to man in a way to destroy life instantly and without pain. The shock may be applied at a tension that will cause a rupture of the veins and even the right side of the heart. Great care is required in order to produce actual and not merely apparent death by the electric shock, which may produce prostration so complete as to be mistaken for death, when the victim is not only not dead, but in a condition admitting of restoration to consciousness if not further molested. This method of execution, therefore, requires on the part of those intrusted with the destruction of life, practical scientific knowledge in regard to the application of electricity for this specific purpose; else the criminal is liable to be buried alive when supposed to be dead. It is on record that the subject of a lightning stroke, who, when prepared for burial, heard the sound of his own funeral bell, and yet recovered and lived several years to recount his terrible experience.

The London *Lancet* raises a question as to the policy of ending the lives of criminals by electricity. It says:

> If the execution of criminals is to be maintained it must carry with it some degree of terror. If it does not, then, even in the eyes of those who are in favor of it, it will be looked upon as a solemn and cruel farce. It would be so, nothing more, nothing less. The argument for the act is that "it is a terror to evil-doers;" but, as we once before pointed out, if the dread of suffering is to be taken away, if the transit from life to death is to be made more easy than the common modes by disease, then in some cases an actual premium will be put upon crime. In plain words, if the death penalty be right there is nothing whatever in the present system that is one whit too severe.

The JOURNAL believes that the substitution of the electric shock for the horrible method of hanging is a great advance, and is one of the indications of intellectual and moral progress. The destruction of a criminal's life by hanging is one of the most primitive and brutal modes of punishment, and it is an Anomaly in our modern civilization. It is defended by the press and the pulpit, because generally public opinion still favors it. It is easy and profitable to support established usages, customs and methods.

But the fact that the New York Legislature has passed, and that the Governor of the State has signed a bill which abolishes in that State the barbarous method of executing criminals by breaking their necks or strangling them to death by the fall of their bodies at the end of a rope, and substitutes therefor instantaneous and painless death by an electrical shock, shows that public sentiment has undergone and is undergoing a radical change on this subject. It shows that the people are becoming more enlightened, more reasonable, more refined, and more humane.

If a fellow being must be deprived of life, the highest wisdom and all the best instincts and feelings of humanity require that the act be performed in a manner that will the least degrade those in whose interests it is done. The tendency of ordinary executions is to brutalize the beholders, to blunt the finer sensibilities of some, and to arouse the bestial passions of others. The effects of the sight or smell of blood on wild beasts is well known. There is much of the beast in the average man, however much it is covered with a veneering of civilization; and spectacles such as are afforded at public executions only serve to arouse and strengthen the worst that still lurks in human nature.

The JOURNAL is opposed to capital punishment in whatever form inflicted. It does not admit of defence on rational or moral grounds and it is unworthy a great and enlightened community. In the first place it utterly ignores one of the objects of punishment, which is the reformation of the offender. In the second place it fails to protect society from criminal acts. During those historic periods in which the penalty of death was inflicted for the greatest number of offences, such as the period of Henry VIII., these offences were the most common. The States of the Union which have substituted imprisonment for life for the death penalty, have never had just reason to change their laws. When there has been a return to the old barbarous system, it has been made because of an unadvanced public sentiment, in some cases lowered by the influence of accessions of the ignorant class of immigrants to the population.

Considered merely from the common standpoint, the protection of society, the execution of criminals is to be condemned; for it is not in accord with the highest thought and best spirit of the times; regarded from the Spiritualist's peculiar point of view, it is one of the follies and barbarisms incident to human progress, against which, however, protest can not be made too often or too strong. Punishment there must be for those who prey upon society, and the severest restraint and discipline are often required; but the taking of the criminal's life while it may, to some extent, deter brutal men from the crime of murder, tends to lower the moral tone of society in general and in many persons it revives the worst elements in their nature. Make the punishment of criminals certain and swift; keep them confined under a system that will exclude interviewers and that will prevent their posing as heroes or being objects of morbid sympathy; keep them employed at some useful work and under a strict, repressive and at the same time educational discipline which shall tend to arouse and strengthen whatever good there is in them, and the object of punishment will, the JOURNAL believes, be much more effectually promoted than by the barbarous and shocking spectacles now so often witnessed in our jail-yards.

Talmage's Court.

The Rev. DeWitt Talmage having arraigned Spiritualists and Spiritualism in his Court where he acts both as prosecutor, witness and judge; and having pronounced Spiritualism the spawn of hell, so to speak, and Spiritualists fools, knaves and lunatics, he now has time to turn his attention to some of the peculiarities of Christians. The JOURNAL therefore presents some cases for his consideration:

A few weeks ago the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* published the following dispatch from Wilkesbarre, Penn.:

> Rev. Hy Hyatman, the noted evangelist, is conducting large meetings in the Franklin Street M. E. Church, of this city. He has succeeded in making many conversions. This evening, in the midst of the service, a man named Leonard Johnson jumped out of his seat and cried out at the top of his voice: "Don't say another word now; I am saved. I see the Lord. Let me do the preaching." Johnson made a rush for the pulpit, becoming very desperate. He threatened to stab those surrounding him if they did not let him take possession of the pulpit. He was finally overpowered, and four policemen took him to the lock-up. The man is now a raving maniac.

Had such an incident occurred at a Spiritualist meeting it is clear what Judge Talmage's decision would be; as it was in a Christian church and under the auspices of a devout evangelist, the judgment of the Court is invited.

A San Francisco telegram of June 13th to the Chicago *Herald* reads as follows:

> The steamer Australia, which arrived late last night from the Sandwich Islands, brought news of Washington Irving Bishop, the mind reader, which shows he has become a total wreck from the use of cocaine. Bishop will be remembered as having fled from a private insane asylum in this city, where he was undergoing treatment for nervous prostration, which was the polite term for the morphine habit. He sailed for Honolulu, but the climate there seems to have had a bad effect on him. On June 2nd he was advertised to give an exhibition for the benefit of local charities. When he appeared on the stage nearly one hour after appointment he was in such a condition he could not talk audibly, and his physicians printed a card in the newspapers the next day, saying Bishop's condition was due to enormous doses of cocaine, which he had taken to brace his nerves. Honolulu has been fatal to a number of San Franciscans, who fell into drunkenness and the opium habit here, and who are now in the insane asylum on the Island. Bishop will probably go the way of these, as he is said to be in a bad condition, his left arm being paralyzed.

This is the pious and exemplary dude who for twenty years has had the friendly endorsement and active co-operation of preacher Talmage and very many other clergymen of wide notoriety or reputation, as the case may be. In whatever city Bishop played, he was always sure of the presence of leading orthodox ministers on the stage with him, and he carried autograph letters of a divine character—leastwise from divines, vouching for his mission and the tremendous potency of his work in exorcising the spiritualistic demon.

Will Judge Talmage give his earnest attention to this case and decide whether preacher Talmage and other pulpiteers demoralized Bishop by associating with him, and by assisting him in what he knew they knew to be an imposition upon the public? If not, then why not, and what is the cause of this brother's downfall?

In the city of Chicago, where pious church members have been convicted of "boodling" and sent to the penitentiary, there lives a man named C. B. Holmes who for years has been noted for his public efforts in philanthropic measures and as the Superintendent of Prof. Swing's Mission Sunday School where some four thousand pupils gather once a week. This man is at the head of the gigantic monopoly known as the South Side Cable road; and has an employe named Welch, whose principal business appears from a judicial investigation to be that of bribing jurors in cases where Mr. Holmes's railroad company is defendant. During the investigation testimony has been put in which seems to involve Mr. Holmes very seriously, and places him in a most unenviable plight before the community. The case against him is so serious that a movement is pushing to have him presented to the Grand Jury for indictment for connection with Welch's abominable practices. Whether evidence sufficient can be uncovered to hold him as the principal and responsible party, for whom Welch was only a tool, remains to be seen, but the general verdict of the community is that he is guilty.

Will Judge Talmage explain from his judicial perch why a man can so far separate business from religion as to furnish money to bribe juries six days in the week, and then on Sunday stand up and teach the Ten Commandments to prospective jurymen? Is it because according to preacher Talmage's orthodox creed one may be a jury briber all his life and yet with his last breath repent and by the help of Jesus be transported to the realms of eternal bliss?

The JOURNAL prays that his Honor will hasten to pass upon these several cases, as there are more upon the docket and new ones being entered daily.

Pope Mary I. of Boston.

Pope Mary I., the sacred as well as secular head of the Christian Science cult, was in town last week. She is also known as Rev. Mary Baker Grover Eddy, inventor and copyrighter of the Christian Science label and relict of three departed husbands, the last of the batch having been transported before his time by the "Malicious Magnetism" route. Pope Mary has a good thing and knows it. She not only knows how to put money in her purse but how to garnish her three score years with the adulation and veneration of a considerable body of effeminate natures, mostly women, who are never happy when not worshiping some sort of an anthropomorphic God, male or female.

The central principle of Christian Science is sound and sensible; it was not invented or discovered by Mrs. Eddy, nor by her former doctor and teacher, Quimby. Kant knew all about it and talked of it, as likewise did Buddha, and many others outside of India, Germany and Judea. Before Mrs. Eddy had popularized the thing it had already been cultivated with greater or less assiduity and more or less success by many Spiritualists who used it but failed to accentuate it as they should; relying in too many instances implicitly and passively upon spirits to help them out of their physical and mental troubles, instead of bracing up and stimulating their own spiritual powers and placing themselves in harmony with the Over-Soul. Mrs. Eddy realizing its value and also the necessity of giving it a name that would prove alluring bait for evangelical people evolved the title of Christian Science wherewith she has secured much money and fame.

Now it seems that a large number who have studied Christian Science, consider themselves perfectly competent to pursue their way without flexing the knee to Pope Mary of Boston; they acknowledge her good work but decline to worship the woman or obey her as the self-constituted secular and religious head of the Christian Science Church. They are grateful to her for what she has done but do not regard her as the infallible representative of God to man, nor as the only interpreter of His laws. The old lady don't like this characteristic exhibition of American spirit; and Chicago having become the headquarters of the insubordinates she made her pilgrimage here last week for the purpose of disciplining the recalcitrants and re establishing her waning personal sway.

That Mrs. Eddy filled Central Music Hall to suffocation with nearly three thousand people at ten o'clock in the morning is a significant fact from whatever point of view it is considered; doubtless a majority were attracted by curiosity, but there were hundreds of devoted admirers present who came feeling that for them this little old woman had been a Savior indeed. Let those laugh and sneer who will, the force which the Spirit-world has exerted upon mortals through this very human and imperfect instrument is something astounding and well worthy of profound consideration. Her desire to hold all students of Christian Science within her power and to arbitrarily dictate their course is an unwise assumption which will defeat her ambition and cloud her fame. Already the rebels far outnumber her loyal subjects, and only that they are split up into little cliques and fighting one another, Mary would find her earthly kingdom already gone. In time the warring factions will unite and dethrone the Boston Pope, and she, wringing her wasted hands, will cry aloud in her own trade vernacular, "Alas! malicious magnetism hath given me my death."

Send in the Facts.

The JOURNAL again requests its readers to supply it with well attested instances of spirit presence, as well as incidents showing the beneficent results of spirit communion and study of the spiritual philosophy. There are hundreds of households from whose wealth of incidents can be supplied valuable records calculated to cheer the hearts of those less favored, and stimulate to greater effort those struggling toward the light. Forget that you are writing for publication and tell your story in that unrestrained manner used between sympathetic friends, only using care to be accurate and clear. Remember that you are under obligations to humanity and should be willing to make some effort to share your knowledge and happiness with those less favored.

An account of a strange restoration to life comes from Memphis, Tenn. Mrs. Dicie Webb keeps a grocery store on Beale street, of that city, and is known to hundreds of people. Two years ago John Webb, a son of Mrs. Webb, married Sarah Kelley, a remarkably pretty girl, to whom the mother-in-law became greatly attached. Before the first year of their married life had passed Mrs. Webb junior become stricken with consumption. About a month ago the young lady became anxious to visit her parents in Henderson County. A telegram announced her death one day, and the husband started for the remains. Three days later he returned with the corpse. The mother-in-law plead so hard for a sight of the dead woman it was decided to open the coffin. While looking at the placid face Mrs. Webb became almost paralyzed with fright at beholding the eyelids of the dead woman slowly open. Mrs. Webb was unable to utter a sound. Finally she fell upon a chair near by, but her horror was only increased when the supposed corpse slowly sat upright and in an almost inaudible voice said: "O, where am I?" At this the weeping woman screamed. Friends who rushed into the room were almost paralyzed at the sight. One, bolder, than the others, returned and spoke to the woman, who asked to be laid on the bed. Hastily she was taken from the coffin and tenderly cared for. The day following she related, as her strength permitted, a wonderful story. She was conscious of all that occurred, and did not lose consciousness until she was put aboard the train for Memphis. Soon after being placed in her mother-in-law's home she regained consciousness. A supreme effort was made to speak while her mother-in-law was looking at her, and in that instant, while returning to life, she again lost track of her surroundings, which caused her to ask where she was. Mrs. Webb lived a number of days, when she again apparently died. The doctor pronounced her dead, and she was once more placed in the coffin from which she had been taken, and buried.

The startling information comes from Italy that there is great excitement in the Catholic world over the promulgation of the new criminal code of that nature, which, if rigidly enforced to its letter, might result in the imprisonment or exile to the pope. This code is explicit in its requirement that all eclesiastics shall in no way interfere with politics or criticise in any way the official acts of the Government of Umberto. Violations of this act are to be punished by imprisonment for three months or a year. There is no possible exception made. As the pope has been engaged in a direct contest with Umberto for years this law now creates great excitement and such interest that its rigid enforcement will certainly have great effect upon European politics. This code also abolishes the death penalty for murder or any serious crime. It substitutes therefor imprisonment for life. The first ten years is to be in solitary confinement at hard labor. At the end of that period if he has conducted himself well he can thereafter work among his associate convicts, but is still condemned to remain silent. For continued good behavior he is to be rewarded by permission to speak occasionally. Contract labor on public works is abolished. The new code punishes the sale of political influence and all citizens who work against the interest of Italy's allies. For adultery the woman and her accomplice are to be punished from three to thirty months The same punishment is provided for a husband who keeps a mistress and for the concubine also. In case of dueling the court has first to determine whether all the laws of honor have been complied with, and, then the penalty is six months' imprisonment for the men fighting; for death, five years' imprisonment. The seconds in the first case have three months; in the second case, two months and a half.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* says: "Among the trees that fringe the sloping shores of Lake Merritt the California Spiritualists have erected tents and have gone into camp 200 strong. A more delightful spot for a camp meeting could hardly be found so near San Francisco. Everything necessary to make the life of the camper pleasant is close at hand, and where nature has fallen short in some matters, detail-loving art has stepped in and provided them. This is the fourth annual gathering of the California Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association, and it opened June 4th under the most favorable auspices. Efforts were made by those assuming the management of the camp to make the quarters as pleasant and comfortable as possible, and the experiences of the first day under canvas prove how successful they were. There are forty tents on Lake Merritt Park, but many more will be erected. In that number is included the large meeting-tent, which has a seating capacity of 1,200. It is round, and is admirably adapted to the uses for which it was built. A convenient and comfortable platform has been built at one end, and this is flanked by a fine piano and a stand for the San Francisco Cornet Band. The floral decorations were very charming. Sentiments and mottoes were lettered in flowers pendent from post and pole in the commodious tent."

In the death of Emperor Frederick, Germany has lost an enlightened, wise and humane sovereign. He had for years lived in the midst of current progressive thought and he was saturated with its spirit and embued with an enthusiasm to infuse it into German life and the administration of German affairs. His ambition was to cultivate pacific relations with all nations, and to supersede the Bismarckian policy with one which should give more encouragement to science and literature, industrial progress and popular reform, and less to military display and effort to arouse the *furor Teutonicus*, and to keep other nations in apprehension and fear of German aggression. Frederick was no effeminate, no dilletante, but a strong man and a brave and skillful soldier, as his military services abundantly proved; but he saw that the true prosperity of the German people must, to be permanent, have a basis in the undisturbed freedom of the people, and in the successful arts and industries of the country. Frederick was sustained and aided in the noble work which marked his brief reign, by the Empress whose influence in German affairs was most conspicuous, and always on the side of the people's best interests. William, who succeeds to the throne, seems to be a reversion to the old German military type, but, elevated to power, he can hardly fail to be profoundly influenced, and if ambitious of military conquests, to be restrained by the progressive spirit and enlightened thought of the empire which his father and mother have so nobly represented.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Geo. H. Brooks has been lecturing at Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Prof. Maria Mitchell has been offered a home at Vassar College and a free use of the observatory for the rest of her life.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, according to late London advices, is not expected to return to the Baptist Union.

Mrs. Garfield, widow of the murdered President, is in comfortable financial circumstances. She is worth about $400,000, and her yearly income is about $25,000

Mr. George Knowles of Delphos, Kan., is at present sojourning at San Bernardino, Cal. He speaks very encouragingly of the country and the outlook for Spiritualism.

The Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists will hold their convention on June 22-24, at Rehearsal Hall, 383 Milwaukee st., Milwaukee. Mr. J. L. Potter of Wonewoc, Wis., and others, will address the meeting.

Prof. A. E. Carpenter's paper on Hypnotism, Trance, and Clairvoyance which appears on another page is an interesting and valuable contribution. The closing paragraph contains sentiments strikingly in accord with Mrs. Gestefeld's article.

It is said that Solon Humphreys of New York, for himself and associates, has closed an important deal for the sale of 400,000 acres of land in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, to Andrew J. Stewart and George M. Brown of Salt Lake City, agent of the Mormon Church of Latter Day Saints, for colonization.

John Bright has refused the offer of a title and seat in the House of Lords, just made to him by the government. His admirers, who like to remember him as a great commoner, are glad that, notwithstanding his serious illness, he had strength of character to refuse a title which would merely serve to conceal his identity.

Mrs. Gestefeld's contribution on "The Practical Benefits of Christian Science" published on another page is well worthy fair and sober consideration. Mrs. Gestefeld has, in the opinion of the JOURNAL, no superior as an exponent of pneumatopathy from the standpoint of the Christian Science cult. She brings to her task a good preliminary equipment, and is a living example of all that she claims for her teachings.

Mrs. Fredric Cunningham, a daughter of the late Amos Lawrence of Boston, is building cheap and model tenement houses for the working people of Brookline. Great care is taken to give the tenements, which have from three to four rooms each, perfect ventilation and sanitary arrangements. The rents are collected weekly and vary from $1.60 to $2.10. The tenants pay promptly.

The color line seems to cause as much trouble in religion as in politics. The Congregationalists encounter it in their missionary and educational work in the South, conducted through the American Missionary Association, but they have consistently declined to recognize any race distinction, and it is their attitude upon this point which provoked the infamous Glenn bill in Georgia, and, when that failed of enactment, led the Georgia legislature to withhold aid from Atlanta University. It is this race question and the disposition to establish separate religious organizations for the negroes which keeps the Southern Presbyterians from responding heartily to the cordial overtures of their northern brethren. Among the Episcopalians the prospect is that the division in the South Carolina diocese upon this issue will come before the next general convention on the question of the establishment of colored dioceses.

Miss Grace H. Dodge of the New York Board of Education is one of the few public officials who have no time to take a vacation. Her family have gone away for the summer, but she remains at home; she has an office and contrives to keep a stenographer busy most of the time. Miss Dodge is one of the few Commissioners who go to the schools and see all the rooms. She has made a close inspection of all the departments, both grammar and primary, except two.

Mr. Ruskin was asked recently what were his views and practice regarding the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. "My dear sir," replied the great critic and moralist, "I gladly take the bread, water, wine, or meat of the Lord's Supper with members of any family or nation who obey Him; and should be equally sure it was His giving—if I were myself worthy to receive it—whether the intermediate mortal hand were the Pope's, the Queen's, or a hedge-side gypsy's."

Dr. Rachel L. Bodley, Dean of the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania for twelve years, passed away suddenly on the 15th inst. Heart failure is the cause given. The remains were taken for interment to Cincinnati, her native place. Dr. Bodley was about 60 years of age, and had made the study of medicine her life work. She studied medicine and took a degree in Cincinnati, where she afterwards was an instructor.

Twenty years ago woman could not vote anywhere. To day they have full suffrage in Washington and Wyoming Territories; municipal suffrage in Kansas; municipal suffrage (single women and widows) in England, Scotland, Ontario, and Nova Scotia; and school suffrage in these fourteen of the United States: New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Oregon, and Wisconsin.

As the JOURNAL goes to press—Tuesday noon—the Republican Convention is assembling. For the past three days the city has been crowded with visitors from all parts of the country. The Grand Pacific Hotel, headquarters of the National Committee and most of the delegations, is a pandemonium, where men who are counted as staid fellows at home are working off long restrained—well, call it enthusiasm. There is a strong undercurrent toward Blaine and it would not surprise the JOURNAL if his nomination was the outcome of the contest.

Chauncey M. Depew, out of purely philanthropic motives of course, donated one hundred round trip tickets over his railroads for the benefit of patriots desirous of attending the Chicago convention. The JOURNAL meekly rises to ask Senator Cullom and the Inter-State Commissioners if President Depew's generosity is in accordance with the letter and spirit of the Inter-State Commerce Bill? Such noble charity is liable to be misconstrued by millions of horny-handed sons of toil, not to mention the views of stock and bondholders of the several railroads which Mr. Depew manages.

George W. DeLong Post, of Honolulu, is the only one of the Grand Army of the Republic in existence outside of the United States. The *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, published at Honolulu, gives two columns to the exercises of Decoration Day. Twenty-nine members of the local G. A. R. Post, assisted by twenty-seven visiting members, officers and marines from the U. S. vessels in the harbor, officers of the Hawaiian Government and citizens marched to the cemetery where a considerable number of U. S. Soldiers are buried, and after decorating the graves listened to an oration by Lieut. Rittenhouse, U. S. N., which is described by the *Advertiser* as a wonderfully eloquent effort.

A dispatch from Chicago to the New York *World*, states that the house here in which Wm. Barrett was murdered, is haunted. A bartender named James Pope lived in the same house with Barrett. June 11th, he died under somewhat peculiar circumstances. Three nights after the murder, it is said that he ran screaming into his sisters' room in a great fright and fell into a swoon. When he recovered he said that the ghost of the murdered man had stood by the head of the bed and awakened him. His sisters tried to convince him that he had been dreaming, but he insisted that he had seen a real spirit. The next night the scene was repeated, and for several nights thereafter. The young man began to grow thin and pale under the worry and excitement. The sisters say they sat up with him one night and heard the groanings and rappings which their brother had described.

Orthodoxy vs. Spiritualism.

Orthodoxy versus Spiritualism, is an answer to the sermon of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage against Spiritualism, by Hon. A. H. Dailey. Although this was delivered in May, 1884, it is especially appropriate at this time, after the tirade of Talmage delivered April 29th, on the same subject. Judge Dailey is a fair-minded believer in Spiritualism, and states facts and truths that cannot be gainsaid. Thousands of copies of this tract should be distributed to vindicate the cause so dear to many hearts. Price only five cents. For sale at this office.

The supply of J. J. Morse's book is temporarily exhausted at the JOURNAL office. Orders will be filled at the earliest moment.

The Report of the Seybert Commission should be read by all fair-minded thinkers, price, $1; and this should be followed by A. B. Richmond's able Reply to the Seybert Commissioners, showing how unfair and narrow the experiments were carried on of which this is a report. Price, $1.25. For sale at this office.

The Possibilities of the Soul.

A CONTROL BY THE DRUIDICAL ASTRONOMER, "ASTRA."

Thou great Supreme! Thou in Thy grand creations clothed in eternal splendor! the highest language on earth fails to express Thy Infinitude. O Eternal One! open the eyes and hearts of all men, to hear and see Thy grandeur, and the beautiful beneficence manifested for Thy creatures' enjoyment.

In Thy Wisdom Thou hast ordained that the Soul of Man, the germ of Thy Spirit, should begin its individuality in the lowest grade of earth's existence; and through the progressive discipline and experiences of that state, should attain to the knowledge of its Divinity; by searching for knowledge and wisdom in the exalted spheres of life, where dwelleth wisdom, love and purity, and where reigneth peace and righteousness.

But while the Spirit is incarnate in matter, it must work out its own unfoldment, until it becomes a perfected life.

The soul is the intelligent principle in man; constantly in motion; creating impressions on the brain, and by the exercise of this faculty, mental culture is obtained.

Light hath God given to all men, that they may progress for ever; but the All Highest can never be attained; however high we soar there is always something higher: but whether a denizen on earth or in the heavens, let thy soul work with thy Creator, and thou shalt become one with Him, even His Son!

After the lapse of countless ages, when the soul has passed through all the vicissitudes and all the knowledge of Divine wisdom, and sees in everything the attributes of Deity, power will be given to that soul to govern a world, in the dominions of the Grand Universe.

There are different degrees of attainment of each soul, and according to the capabilities unto which that soul has reached, he will receive a world, or many worlds, to command and govern.

The power of the Infinite dwelleth in his heart and hands, the shining worlds that you behold in the blue vault of night, are each held in equipoise and guided in its orbit by a mighty angel who once was human upon some planet of the Universe.

Those suns, stars, and planets that you behold, have all had their birth from the great fountain of life and light; and they move in their eternal cycles by a power that man calls magnetic and electric, but in the thought of an angel, it has another name, which earthly language cannot define.

This earth on which you dwell is a star or globe of small magnitude; though there are some smaller, and many ten thousand times larger.

The earth is yet in an undeveloped state, and the light from it is very dim, because of its denseness; but it is passing on from stage to stage of development, and will ultimately become refined, and shine with a brighter light.

During the last age, nebulæ from the creative heavens have been falling upon it, and it is now receiving a stratum of refined matter, and by this refining process, and a progressive parentage, a race of beings will be produced upon it, that will excel in intelligence and wisdom.

The new race has already begun, and pure intelligences, from superior planets, will come and visit the earth, and impart wisdom to its inhabitants.

Those planets in the solar system, that you observe with the naked eye, are inhabited by human intelligences, some of very superior order, and others inferior to man on earth, according to the progression and refinement of the planet; and these planets are constantly casting off an emanation of refined particles; and are held in a definite reaction to the planet from which they emanate, and these form a real tangible spiritual planet.

Thus every planet has a duplicate in spirit-life, which becomes the home of those, who once inhabited mortal bodies on the natural planet.

This spiritual planet is not a separate globe, suspended in space; but it encircles the natural or cruder planet, like a hollow globe.

Clairvoyants on earth have plainly seen the spiritual zone.

There are spiritual suns, and worlds, for angels of high degree; who have passed beyond the spiritual zones of their planet.

The splendor and purity of those worlds can not be described in earthly language.

The sun of our system of worlds and planets is not habitable. It is the fountain of life-essences that forms, creates, and sustains its family of minor suns, stars and planets in its own system.

It is a parent, continually providing and educating its children, and clothing them with glory and beauty inexpressible.

Upon every planet, where the human family exists, they will by infinite progression, become perfected in purity and holiness; and they shall shine resplendent with glory and beauty; exalted in wisdom, love and power; and they will glorify the Infinite Father of the everlasting universe, and praise Him for the gift of eternal life. O Thou Omniscient and Omnipresent Spirit! we would ever praise Thee.—*Medium and Daybreak.*

Shepard on Wright.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have read with deep satisfaction Mr. Clegg Wright's masterly article in the JOURNAL of June 2nd. I remember nothing like it for lucid, concise, plain statements of the mental and physical facts relating to Spiritualism to-day. The few exceptions I take to Mr. Wright's article I have neither the time nor the inclination to state, for there is so much good, so much direct, outspoken truth in it, that I have no desire to stop on the way to cavil over some minor points. As I pondered over this powerful array of spiritual facts aimed with such keen intuition; such positive, out-spoken sentiments against the glaring materialistic tendency of the times, I felt as if the JOURNAL ought to be read in every home where the selfish God of phenomenalism is alone worshiped, where, in other words, the manifestations of spirits are the only aim and ambition of this life.

Mr. Wright says, "Liberty would be anarchy without religion in the present state of the world," a statement that no healthy, experienced mind can for a moment doubt; but the most striking and needful sentiments, according to my experience and knowledge of modern thought, are the following: "Morals without religion is like a man without feet"; and again, "What would barren morality be without reverence?" An answer is given to this in the following admirable aphorism: "A civilization that kills its reverence, kills itself. A church that holds no reverence for the teacher in the pulpit is in a bad way; the curse of Spiritualism is its want of reverence."

Here we have the secret of the selfishness and materiality of what I term Spiritism. The want of reverence has been, and is the curse of the movement from first to last. A man who refuses to take off his hat to his mental and spiritual superiors is not fit to govern in the family or in the councils of the nation; a man without reverence for the good and the great of earth and heaven, is an atheist, pure and simple. "I bow the knee neither to God nor to man," said a wealthy, progressive, Spiritist to me one day; and indeed, he put his maxims into practice by sitting with mediums without paying them; by borrowing the spiritual papers from his poor neighbors, and by attending lectures without contributing a penny towards the general expenses. Note this fact well, you who expatiate on the glories of spirit return. A man without the elements of true reverence, morality and religion will build no hospitals, endow no institutions of art, set no worthy example before the eyes of the world, do nothing to build up and spiritualize humanity. He will live to himself, and die to himself. He makes no friends while here and can have no real hope for future peace and soul contentment when his spirit leaves the body.

George Eliot, although an agnostic, was raised to sublime heights by her love of the beautiful and her reverence for the great of every age and every clime. We may call such a mind materialistic, but it is in reality so far spiritualized that it soars into regions far above the conceptions of the modern phenomenalist, who sees and recognizes nothing here below, but a vulgar manifestation of machine mediumship.

Mr. Wright does not err when he says: "A moral code dies without reverence. Reverence is an attribute of religion. Religion is that sentiment in my nature that makes ideals from my knowledge and ignorance. It is the main thing about any man's life." The last line might have been uttered by Carlyle, who declared that only mean men refuse to do homage to greatness.

Avoid that individual who refuses to recognize true merit in others. Such a man will be found at all times, on all occasions, full of hypocritical sophistry, mediocre in intellect, obscure in reasoning faculties, and audacious to the verge of insanity. The old adage taught by ignorant people in my younger days, that "we are all young Gods," was but a forerunner of the shocking materialism that was to be forced, *nolens volens*, into the minds of the coming generation. Such sentiments are at present, signs of spiritual and intellectual decadence.

Nothing will revive it, so far as the present age is concerned, because maxims and codes fostered and founded by men without reverence, die with the inventors or the age that gave them birth. JESSE SHEPARD.

San Diego, Cal.

General News.

It is said that Ex-Senator Fair has had a streak of bad luck lately, but there are still some $20,000,000 between him and the poor-house.—Judge Albion W. Tourgée, the author, is an inventor of mechanical devices as well as of lurid plots for Ku-Klux stories. He has recently patented a metal fence-post for wire fences.—Frank Lisbie of San Francisco has worn a silver assistant-windpipe for twenty years.—William II., the new Emperor of Germany, spent two years in learning to set type and one year in a press-room.—The King of Holland's heiress, the Princes Wilhelmina, aged 7 years, has been betrothed to the 12-year-old Prince of Saxe-Weimar.—Paul Fechter, son of the well-known actor, died recently in Paris from a wound inflicted by his brother-in-law while fencing.—President Cleveland has been presented with one of the gorgeous badges worn by the California delegation at St. Louis; the solitary souvenir possessed by him of the convention which renounced him for the Presidency.—Isaiah W. Williamson of Philadelphia, the richest bachelor in the United States, has seen 85 summers and winters, but he still keeps his little office and is industriously adding to his fortune of twenty millions.

Mark Twain is an enthusiast regarding base ball, and attends all the games played at Hartford.—Rev. Dr. Augustus C. Cowles, for thirty-three years President of Elmira College for Women, has resigned.—Professor Maria Mitchell has been tendered a home in Vassar College and free use of the observatory for the rest of her life.—Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt has resigned his appointment on the New York State Fishery Commission, after twenty years of voluntary and unremunerative services.—Eighty-six young men were graduated at Columbia College, New York. For the first time in the history of the college the degree of bachelor of arts was conferred upon a woman, Miss Alice Louise Pond, the 20-year-old daughter of a New York editor.—The late Colonel King Harman had an estate of nearly 44,000 acres in Ireland; and until the Land League disturbances began he enjoyed an income of more than $100,000 therefrom.—Mr. Orange Judd, the veteran agricultural editor, has recently relinquished his management of the *Prairie Farmer*, of this city, and Mr. Jonathan Periam, another veteran agricultural writer, succeeds him.—The window glass factories have closed down until Sept. 1.—Solomon Strauss was killed by a runaway horse at Cincinnati.—At Three River, Mich., Irving Homer, aged 18, was drowned while bathing.—The Anawan mills at Fall River were struck by lightning and burned. Loss, $80,000.—William Sass, the murderer of William Martin, has escaped from the Fond du Lac jail.—At Goldsberry, Mo., Florence Hilton took poison because her lover had jilted her.—Mary N. Prescott, a sister of Harriet Prescott Spofford and a writer of some celebrity, is dead at Newburyport, Mass.—The gambling dens of Marion, Ind., were raided by the police, a dozen of the occupants being captured, together with all the gambling outfits.—Great indignation prevails at Toronto over the arrest of the Rev. W. F. Wilson, a prominent Methodist divine, who refused to "move on" when hustled by the police.—Twelve thousand crates of the choicest southern fruits were dumped into the Atlantic outside of Sandy Hook to prevent breaking down prices in the New York markets.

"Ouida," it is reported in Europe, has become extremely religious, and will give up literature.—President Carnot, of France, will pass his summer holiday in preparing materials for a history of his illustrious family of republican patriots.—Lady Randolph Churchill is now regarded as one of the leading authorities on dress in London.—Miss Florence Bayard, the daughter of the secretary, has won the first prize at a tennis tournament, and her dog brought home a third prize from a dog show.—Ten presidents have been renominated for office, and of these seven were elected and three defeated. Old John Adams, his son, John Quincy Adams, and Martin Van Buren were the unsuccessful ones.—Miss Julia Bryant, a daughter of William Cullen Bryant, who has been living in Paris since the death of her father, has returned to New York.—The Parisian *Petit Journal* recently appealed to Bismarck to restore Alsace and Lorraine to France, to kiss and make up, and then both have a go at England.—Calvin Brice, the railroad millionaire, is the son of a Presbyterian clergymen, who saved money enough out of his $300 a year salary to give the young man a good education.—The case of the watch formerly belonging to Louis Napoleon, Prince Imperial, who was killed in South Africa, has been sent to London.—Mr. Alexandre Dumas lives by measure and weight. He rises at 6:30 in the summer and at 7 in the winter. His breakfast invariably consists of milk.—Rev. Mr. Ralnsford, of St. George's Church, New York, startled his congregation a few Sundays ago by the novel suggestion that, while those of its members who lived in large, comfortable houses were away for the summer, they should allow the respectable poor of the parish, who were huddled together in hot tenements, to occupy them during their absence.

Samuel Russel Hawks passed to spirit life, June 1st, at the home of his daughter, at Englewood, in the 78th year of his age. Being a Spiritualist, his religion consisted in doing good, and his field of action was only limited by his ability. The remains were taken to Watseka, Ill., for interment. At the funeral, which took place there, Rev. Florence E. Kolloch, of Englewood, delivered a beautiful and touching discourse, paying the highest tribute to the memory of her dead friend and speaking words of comfort to the living. She gave a roseate view of death, and read words of consolation from the Bible to show that death is not the King of Terrors but a joy unto the righteous.

Mr. J. A. Unthank of Arlington, Neb., called at our office June 18th. He came over to the convention, and while here will see all he can in a Spiritualist way as well as otherwise.

Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography. By M. A. (Oxon.) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four eesays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents,

The Watseka Wonder. A narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum. Also a case of Double Consciousness. These cases are wonderful psychic and physio-psychological studies and have attracted world-wide attention by their authenticity and startling phenomena. Price, 15 cents.

The following works are by Giles B. Stebbins: Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. These chapters are selected with great care from the Hindu, Vedas, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Talmuds, Bible, Plato, Luther, Milton, Max Muller, Lucretia Mott, T. Starr King, Parker, Emerson, Denton, Tuttle, and many other authentic sources. It is a most valuable collection and is a work that has received enconiums from high authority. Cloth bound, price reduced from $1.50 to $1.00 postpaid.

After Dogmatic Theology, What? Materialism or Spiritual Philosophy and Natural Religion. The aim of this work is to state materialism fairly, and to hold it as inconsistent. A wide range of ancient and modern proof of the higher aspects of the God idea in history is given. Cloth, 150 pages; only 60 cents, postpaid.

Poems From the Life Beyond and Within. Voices from many lands and centuries saying: "Man, thou shalt never die." The compiler has gathered these poems from ancient Hindostan, Persia, Arabia, Greece, Rome, and Northern Europe, and from the great poets of the centuries in Europe down to some of the best words of living men and women, closing with inspired voices from the spirit land. Cloth, price, $1.50, postpaid.

The American Protectionist's Manual. This work is especially sought after at this time when the tariff question is discussed by all stanch American citizens. A subject that has entered as a vital question into the politics of America deserves careful thought and serious attention and the statements in this work are offered as a help to all classes. A chapter on prtection and free trade will enlighten many that are present groping for light on this all absorbing subject. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper cover, 25 cets, postpaid.

Progress from Poverty. This is a review and criticism of Henry George's Progress and Poverty and Protection and Free Trade. Price, cloth, 50 cents, paper 25 cts.

A Prize of $100,000

is a good thing to get, and the man who wins it by superior skill, or by an unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel, is to be congratulated. But he who escapes from the clutches of that dread monster, Consumption, and wins back health and happiness, is far more fortunate. The chances of winning $100,000 are small, but every consumptive may be absolutely sure of recovery, if he takes Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in time. For all scrofulous diseases (consumption is one of them), it is an unfailing remedy. All druggists.

The Voices.

The twelfth edition of The Voices by Warren Sumner Barlow is just from the press. This book of poems has had a wonderful sale and the demand is now greater than ever before. The price has been reduced to $1, and is cheap at that. A new edition also of Orthodox Hash has been issued, and with this popular author's well known poem, If Then and When is being called for by all readers that have not now got a copy. These pamphlets are 10 cents each and well worth the time spent in perusal. For sale at this office.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla operates radically upon the blood, thoroughly cleansing and invigorating it. As a safe and absolute cure for the various disorders caused by constitutional taint or infection, this remedy has no equal. Take it this month.

A new series of Mental Evolution, or the Process of Intellectual Development, by the Spirit Prof. M. Faraday, late Chemist and Electrician in the Royal Institute, London. Price, 15 cents; for sale here.

Campers Attention! Onset Station.

The Onset Station on the Old Colony Railroad is now open and excursion tickets are sold to Onset, which is the most direct way of reaching the Onset Bay camp-ground. The Onset street rail way is also in operation, connecting with all trains to and from the grove.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

Foreign periodicals received for May: The Theosophist with a good table of contents, price 50 cents; Lucifer, the new Theosophical Journal with able contributors, price 35 cents. We are prepared to fill orders for these.

WHY?

WHY do I have this drowsy, lifeless feelings? **WHY** do I have Backache? **WHY** Neuralgia and Rheumatism? **WHY** does Scrofulous taint and Erysipelas show itself?

BECAUSE your blood is filled with **Poison**, which must be **Completely Eradicated** before you can regain health. You must go to the root of the matter. Put the Kidneys——the great and only blood purifying organs——in complete order, which is complete health, and with

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WHY do we know this? **BECAUSE** tens of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the world have voluntarily written us to this effect.

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WHY not **to-day** resort to that medicine, which has veritably **Cured Millions**, and which will cure **you** if you will give it a chance?

All of Warner's preparations are Purely Vegetable. They are made on honor. They are time-tried. They are **No New Discovery. Untried and Worthless**; on the contrary, they have stood the test——they have proved their superiority. They stand alone in pre-eminent merit, and **YOU KNOW IT.**

Are You Making Money?

There is no reason why you should not make large sums of money if you are able to work. All you need is the right kind of employment or business. Write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will send you free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, wherever you are located, earning thereby from $5 to $25 per day, and upwards. Capital not required; you are started free. Either sex; all ages. Better not delay.

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MEDIUMSHIP.

—A—

CHAPTER OF EXPERIENCES.

By MRS. MARIA M. KING.

This Pamphlet of 50 pages is a condensed statement of the laws of Mediumship illustrated by the Author's own experiences. It explains the Religious experiences of the Christian in consonance with Spiritual laws and the Spiritual Philosophy. It is valuable to all, and especially to the Christian who would know the true philosophy of a "change of heart." It ought to be largely circulated as a tract by Spiritualists.

Price $6 per hundred; $3.50 for 50; $1 for 13, and 10 cent per single copy

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OF

IMMORTALITY,

Being an Account of the Materialization Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, with Remarks on the Relations of the Facts to Theology, Morals and Religion.

By EPES SARGENT,

Author of "Planchette," "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," etc.

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HOW TO MAGNETIZE,

OR

MAGNETISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

A practical treatise on the choice, management, and capabilities of subjects with instructions on the method of procedure.

By JAMES VICTOR WILSON.

This is a work of more than ordinary merit. It contains more valuable matter on the subject of Magnetism or Mesmerism and the psychic laws relating thereto presented in a concise and practical manner than any work we know of. Every one investigating the psychic phenomena should get and read this little book. 104 pp., 16mo, Price 25 cents.

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HOME CIRCLES.

How to Investigate Spiritualism

SUGGESTIONS AND RULES,

TOGETHER WITH

Information for Investigators, Spiritualists and Skeptics.

AND AN

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CONTENTS.—Home Circles. Suggestions and Rules. By Giles B. Stebbins. Cultivation of Mediumship. By Hudson Tuttle. Physical Phenomena; Hints to Investigators and Mediums, prepared by representative Investigators and Mediums. Conjurers on Psychic Phenomena and Legerdemain, $1,000 Offer to "Exposers" and Conjurers by the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. What Do Spiritualists Believe? The Other World—a Poem by H. R. Stowe. To Whom it May Concern.

A forty-page Pamphlet with cover printed in two colors and illuminated with a likeness of Stevens S. Jones, founder of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Price 10 cents, 3 copies for 25 cents, postage free.

Just the book which thousands need

Just the book for Spiritualists.

Just the book to place in the hands of the Investigator before he begins.

Just the book to scatter broadcast as a missionary document.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

Miss Grace H. Dodge of the New York Board of Education is one of the few public officials who have no time to take a vacation. Her family have gone away for the summer, but she remains at home; she has an office and contrives to keep a stenographer busy most of the time. Miss Dodge is one of the few Commissioners who go to the schools and see all the rooms. She has made a close inspection of all the departments, both grammar and primary, except two.

Mr. Ruskin was asked recently what were his views and practice regarding the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. "My dear sir," replied the great critic and moralist, "I gladly take the bread, water, wine, or meat of the Lord's Supper with members of any family or nation who obey Him; and should be equally sure it was His giving—if I were myself worthy to receive it—whether the intermediate mortal hand were the Pope's, the Queen's, or a hedge-side gypsy's."

Dr. Rachel L. Bodley, Dean of the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania for twelve years, passed away suddenly on the 15th inst. Heart failure is the cause given. The remains were taken for interment to Cincinnati, her native place. Dr. Bodley was about 60 years of age, and had made the study of medicine her life work. She studied medicine and took a degree in Cincinnati, where she afterwards was an instructor.

Twenty years ago women could not vote anywhere. To day they have full suffrage in Washington and Wyoming Territories; municipal suffrage in Kansas; municipal suffrage (single women and widows) in England, Scotland, Ontario, and Nova Scotia; and school suffrage in these fourteen of the United States: New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Oregon, and Wisconsin.

As the JOURNAL goes to press—Tuesday noon—the Republican Convention is assembling. For the past three days the city has been crowded with visitors from all parts of the country. The Grand Pacific Hotel, headquarters of the National Committee and most of the delegations, is a pandemonium, where men who are counted as staid fellows at home are working off long restrained—well, call it enthusiasm. There is a strong undercurrent toward Blaine and it would not surprise the JOURNAL if his nomination was the outcome of the contest.

Chauncey M. Depew, out of purely philanthropic motives of course, donated one hundred round trip tickets over his railroads for the benefit of patriots desirous of attending the Chicago convention. The JOURNAL meekly rises to ask Senator Cullom and the Inter-State Commissioners if President Depew's generosity is in accordance with the letter and spirit of the Inter-State Commerce Bill? Such noble charity is liable to be misconstrued by millions of horny-handed sons of toil, not to mention the views of stock and bondholders of the several railroads which Mr. Depew manages.

George W. DeLong Post, of Honolulu, is the only one of the Grand Army of the Republic in existence outside of the United States. The *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, published at Honolulu, gives two columns to the exercises of Decoration Day. Twenty-nine members of the local G. A. R. Post, assisted by twenty-seven visiting members, officers and marines from the U. S. vessels in the harbor, officers of the Hawaiian Government and citizens marched to the cemetery where a considerable number of U. S. Soldiers are buried, and after decorating the graves listened to an oration by Lieut. Rittenhouse, U. S. N., which is described by the *Advertiser* as a wonderfully eloquent effort.

A dispatch from Chicago to the New York *World*, states that the house here in which Wm. Barrett was murdered, is haunted. A bartender named James Pope lived in the same house with Barrett. June 11th, he died under somewhat peculiar circumstances. Three nights after the murder, it is said that he ran screaming into his sisters' room in a great fright and fell into a swoon. When he recovered he said that the ghost of the murdered man had stood by the head of the bed and awakened him. His sisters tried to convince him that he had been dreaming, but he insisted that he had seen a real spirit. The next night the scene was repeated, and for several nights thereafter. The young man began to grow thin and pale under the worry and excitement. The sisters say they sat up with him one night and heard the groanings and rappings which their brother had described.

Orthodoxy vs. Spiritualism.

Orthodoxy versus Spiritualism, is an answer to the sermon of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage against Spiritualism, by Hon. A. H. Dailey. Although this was delivered in May, 1884, it is especially appropriate at this time, after the tirade of Talmage delivered April 29th, on the same subject. Judge Dailey is a fair-minded believer in Spiritualism, and states facts and truths that cannot be gainsaid. Thousands of copies of this tract should be distributed to vindicate the cause so dear to many hearts. Price only five cents. For sale at this office.

The supply of J. J. Morse's book is temporarily exhausted at the JOURNAL office. Orders will be filled at the earliest moment.

The Report of the Seybert Commission should be read by all fair-minded thinkers, price, $1; and this should be followed by A. B. Richmond's able Reply to the Seybert Commissioners, showing how unfair and narrow the experiments were carried on of which this is a report. Price, $1.25. For sale at this office.

The Possibilities of the Soul.

A CONTROL BY THE DRUIDICAL ASTRONOMER, "ASTRA."

Thou great Supreme! Thou in Thy grand creations clothed in eternal splendor! the highest language on earth fails to express Thy Infinitude. O Eternal One! open the eyes and hearts of all men, to hear and see Thy grandeur, and the beautiful beneficence manifested for Thy creatures' enjoyment.

In Thy Wisdom Thou hast ordained that the Soul of Man, the germ of Thy Spirit, should begin its individuality in the lowest grade of earth's existence; and through the progressive discipline and experiences of that state, should attain to the knowledge of its Divinity; by searching for knowledge and wisdom in the exalted spheres of life, where dwelleth wisdom, love and purity, and where reigneth peace and righteousness.

But while the Spirit is incarnate in matter, it must work out its own unfoldment, until it becomes a perfected life.

The soul is the intelligent principle in man; constantly in motion; creating impressions on the brain, and by the exercise of this faculty, mental culture is obtained.

Light hath God given to all men, that they may progress for ever; but the All Highest can never be attained; however high we soar there is always something higher: but whether a denizen on earth or in the heavens, let thy soul work with thy Creator, and thou shalt become one with Him, even His Son!

After the lapse of countless ages, when the soul has passed through all the vicissitudes and all the knowledge of Divine wisdom, and sees in everything the attributes of Deity, power will be given to that soul to govern a world, in the dominions of the Grand Universe.

There are different degrees of attainment of each soul, and according to the capabilities unto which that soul has reached, he will receive a world, or many worlds, to command and govern.

The power of the Infinite dwelleth in his heart and hands, the shining worlds that you behold in the blue vault of night, are each held in equipoise and guided in its orbit by a mighty angel who once was human upon some planet of the Universe.

Those suns, stars, and planets that you behold, have all had their birth from the great fountain of life and light; and they move in their eternal cycles by a power that man calls magnetic and electric, but in the thought of an angel, it has another name, which earthly language cannot define.

This earth on which you dwell is a star or globe of small magnitude; though there are some smaller, and many ten thousand times larger.

The earth is yet in an undeveloped state, and the light from it is very dim, because of its denseness; but it is passing on from stage to stage of development, and will ultimately become refined, and shine with a brighter light.

During the last age, nebulæ from the creative heavens have been falling upon it, and it is now receiving a stratum of refined matter, and by this refining process, and a progressive parentage, a race of beings will be produced upon it, that will excel in intelligence and wisdom.

The new race has already begun, and pure intelligences, from superior planets, will come and visit the earth, and impart wisdom to its inhabitants.

Those planets in the solar system, that you observe with the naked eye, are inhabited by human intelligences, some of very superior order, and others inferior to man on earth, according to the progression and refinement of the planet; and these planets are constantly casting off an emanation of refined particles; and are held in a definite reaction to the planet from which they emanate, and these form a real tangible spiritual planet.

Thus every planet has a duplicate in spirit-life, which becomes the home of those, who once inhabited mortal bodies on the natural planet.

This spiritual planet is not a separate globe, suspended in space; but it encircles the natural or cruder planet, like a hollow globe.

Clairvoyants on earth have plainly seen the spiritual zone.

There are spiritual suns, and worlds, for angels of high degree; who have passed beyond the spiritual zones of their planet.

The splendor and purity of those worlds can not be described in earthly language.

The sun of our system of worlds and planets is not habitable. It is the fountain of life-essences that forms, creates, and sustains its family of minor suns, stars and planets in its own system.

It is a parent, continually providing and educating its children, and clothing them with glory and beauty inexpressible.

Upon every planet, where the human family exists, they will by infinite progression, become perfected in purity and holiness; and they shall shine resplendent with glory and beauty; exalted in wisdom, love and power; and they will glorify the Infinite Father of the everlasting universe, and praise Him for the gift of eternal life. O Thou Omniscient and Omnipresent Spirit! we would ever praise Thee.—*Medium and Daybreak.*

Shepard on Wright.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have read with deep satisfaction Mr. Clegg Wright's masterly article in the JOURNAL of June 2nd. I remember nothing like it for lucid, concise, plain statements of the mental and physical facts relating to Spiritualism to-day. The few exceptions I take to Mr. Wright's article I have neither the time nor the inclination to state, for there is so much good, so much direct, outspoken truth in it, that I have no desire to stop on the way to cavil over some minor points. As I pondered over this powerful array of spiritual facts aimed with such keen intuition, such positive, out-spoken sentiments against the glaring materialistic tendency of the times, I felt as if the JOURNAL ought to be read in every home where the selfish God of phenomenalism is alone worshiped, where, in other words, the manifestations of spirits are the only aim and ambition of this life.

Mr. Wright says, "Liberty would be anarchy without religion in the present state of the world," a statement that no healthy, experienced mind can for a moment doubt; but the most striking and needful sentiments, according to my experience and knowledge of modern thought, are the following: "Morals without religion is like a man without feet"; and again, "What would barren morality be without reverence?" An answer is given to this in the following admirable aphorism: "A civilization that kills its reverence, kills itself. A church that holds no reverence for the teacher in the pulpit is in a bad way; the curse of Spiritualism is its want of reverence."

Here we have the secret of the selfishness and materiality of what I term Spiritism. The want of reverence has been, and is the curse of the movement from first to last. A man who refuses to take off his hat to his mental and spiritual superiors is not fit to govern in the family or in the councils of the nation; a man without reverence for the good and the great of earth and heaven, is an atheist, pure and simple. "I bow the knee neither to God nor to man," said a wealthy, progressive, Spiritist to me one day; and indeed, he put his maxims into practice by sitting with mediums without paying them; by borrowing the spiritual papers from his poor neighbors, and by attending lectures without contributing a penny towards the general expenses. Note this fact well, you who expatiate on the glories of spirit return. A man without the elements of true reverence, morality and religion will build no hospitals, endow no institutions of art, set no worthy example before the eyes of the world, do nothing to build up and spiritualize humanity. He will live to himself, and die to himself. He makes no friends while here and can have no real hope for future peace and soul contentment when his spirit leaves the body.

George Eliot, although an agnostic, was raised to sublime heights by her love of the beautiful and her reverence for the great of every age and every clime. We may call such a mind materialistic, but it is in reality so far spiritualized that it soars into regions far above the conceptions of the modern phenomenalist, who sees and recognizes nothing here below, but a vulgar manifestation of machine mediumship.

Mr. Wright does not err when he says: "A moral code dies without reverence. Reverence is an attribute of religion. Religion is that sentiment in my nature that makes ideals from my knowledge and ignorance. It is the main thing about any man's life." The last line might have been uttered by Carlyle, who declared that only mean men refuse to do homage to greatness.

Avoid that individual who refuses to recognize true merit in others. Such a man will be found at all times, on all occasions, full of hypocritical sophistry, mediocre in intellect, obscure in reasoning faculties, and audacious to the verge of insanity. The old adage taught by ignorant people in my younger days, that "we are all young Gods," was but a forerunner of the shocking materialism that was to be forced, *nolens volens*, into the minds of the coming generation. Such sentiments are at present, signs of spiritual and intellectual decadence.

Nothing will revive it, so far as the present age is concerned, because maxims and codes fostered and founded by men without reverence, die with the inventors or the age that gave them birth. JESSE SHEPARD.

San Diego, Cal.

General News.

It is said that Ex-Senator Fair has had a streak of bad luck lately, but there are still some $20,000,000 between him and the poor-house.—Judge Albion W. Tourgée, the author, is an inventor of mechanical devices as well as of lurid plots for Ku-Klux stories. He has recently patented a metal fence-post for wire fences.—Frank Lisbic of San Francisco has worn a silver assistant-windpipe for twenty years.—William II., the new Emperor of Germany, spent two years in learning to set type and one year in a press-room.—The King of Holland's heiress, the Princes Wilhelmina, aged 7 years, has been betrothed to the 12-year-old Prince of Saxe-Weimar.—Paul Fechter, son of the well-known actor, died recently in Paris from a wound inflicted by his brother-in-law while fencing.—President Cleveland has been presented with one of the gorgeous badges worn by the California delegation at St. Louis; the solitary souvenir possessed by him of the convention which renounced him for the Presidency.—Isaiah V. Williamson of Philadelphia, the richest bachelor in the United States, has seen 85 summers and winters, but he still keeps his little office and is industriously adding to his fortune of twenty millions.

Mark Twain is an enthusiast regarding base ball, and attends all the games played at Hartford.—Rev. Dr. Augustus C. Cowles, for thirty-three years President of Elmira College for Women, has resigned.—Professor Maria Mitchell has been tendered a home in Vassar College and free use of the observatory for the rest of her life.—Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt has resigned his appointment on the New York State Fishery Commission, after twenty years of voluntary and unremunerative services.—Eighty-six young men were graduated at Columbia College, New York. For the first time in the history of the college the degree of bachelor of arts was conferred upon a woman, Miss Alice Louise Pond, the 20-year-old daughter of a New York editor.—The late Colonel King Harman had an estate of nearly 44,000 acres in Ireland; and until the Land League disturbances began he enjoyed an income of more than $100,000 therefrom.—Mr. Orange Judd, the veteran agricultural editor, has recently relinquished his management of the *Prairie Farmer*, of this city, and Mr. Jonathan Periam, another veteran agricultural writer, succeeds him.—The window glass factories have closed down until Sept. 1.—Solomon Strauss was killed by a runaway horse at Cincinnati.—At Three River, Mich., Irving Homer, aged 18, was drowned while bathing.—The Anawan mills at Fall River were struck by lightning and burned. Loss, $80,000.—William Sass, the murderer of William Martin, has escaped from the Fond du Lac jail.—At Goldsberry, Mo., Florence Hilton took poison because her lover had jilted her.—Mary N. Prescott, a sister of Harriet Prescott Spofford and a writer of some celebrity, is dead at Newburyport, Mass.—The gambling dens of Marion, Ind., were raided by the police, a dozen of the occupants being captured, together with all the gambling outfits.—Great indignation prevails at Toronto over the arrest of the Rev. W. F. Wilson, a prominent Methodist divine, who refused to "move on" when hustled by the police.—Twelve thousand crates of the choicest southern fruits were dumped into the Atlantic outside of Sandy Hook to prevent breaking down prices in the New York markets.

"Ouida," it is reported in Europe, has become extremely religious, and will give up literature.—President Carnot, of France, will pass his summer holiday in preparing materials for a history of his illustrious family of republican patriots.—Lady Randolph Churchill is now regarded as one of the leading authorities on dress in London.—Miss Florence Bayard, the daughter of the secretary, has won the first prize at a tennis tournament, and her dog brought home a third prize from a dog show.—Ten presidents have been renominated for office, and of these seven were elected and three defeated. Old John Adams, his son, John Quincy Adams, and Martin Van Buren were the unsuccessful ones.—Miss Julia Bryant, a daughter of William Cullen Bryant, who has been living in Paris since the death of her father, has returned to New York.—The Parisian *Petit Journal* recently appealed to Bismarck to restore Alsace and Lorraine to France, to kiss and make up, and then both have a go at England.—Calvin Brice, the railroad millionaire, is the son of a Presbyterian clergymen, who saved money enough out of his $300 a year salary to give the young man a good education.—The case of the watch formerly belonging to Louis Napoleon, Prince Imperial, who was killed in South Africa, has been sent to London.—Mr. Alexandre Dumas lives by measure and weight. He rises at 6:30 in the summer and at 7 in the winter. His breakfast invariably consists of milk.—Rev. Mr. Rainsford, of St. George's Church, New York, startled his congregation a few Sundays ago by the novel suggestion that, while those of its members who lived in large, comfortable houses were away for the summer, they should allow the respectable poor of the parish, who were huddled together in hot tenements, to occupy them during their absence.

Samuel Russel Hawks passed to spirit life, June 1st, at the home of his daughter, at Englewood, in the 78th year of his age. Being a Spiritualist, his religion consisted in doing good, and his field of action was only limited by his ability. The remains were taken to Watseka, Ill., for interment. At the funeral, which took place there, Rev. Florence E. Kolloch, of Englewood, delivered a beautiful and touching discourse, paying the highest tribute to the memory of her dead friend and speaking words of comfort to the living. She gave a roseate view of death, and read words of consolation from the Bible to show that death is not the King of Terrors but a joy unto the righteous.

Mr. J. A. Unthank of Arlington, Neb., called at our office June 18th. He came over to the convention, and while here will see all he can in a Spiritualist way as well as otherwise.

Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography. By M. A. (Oxon.) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four eessays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents,

The Watseka Wonder. A narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum. Also a case of Double Consciousness. These cases are wonderful psychic and physio-psychological studies and have attracted world-wide attention by their authenticity and startling phenomena. Price, 15 cents.

The following works are by Giles B. Stebbins: Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. These chapters are selected with great care from the Hindu, Vedas, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Talmuds, Bible, Plato, Luther, Milton, Max Muller, Lucretia Mott, T. Starr King, Parker, Emerson, Denton, Tuttle, and many other authentic sources. It is a most valuable collection and is a work that has received enconiums from high authority. Cloth bound, price reduced from $1.50 to $1.00 postpaid.

After Dogmatic Theology, What? Materialism or Spiritual Philosophy and Natural Religion. The aim of this work is to state materialism fairly, and to hold it as inconsistent. A wide range of ancient and modern proof of the higher aspects of the God idea in history is given. Cloth, 150 pages; only 60 cents, postpaid.

Poems From the Life Beyond and Within. Voices from many lands and centuries saying: "Man, thou shalt never die." The compiler has gathered these poems from ancient Hindostan, Persia, Arabia, Greece, Rome, and Northern Europe, and from the great poets of the centuries in Europe down to some of the best words of living men and women, closing with inspired voices from the spirit land. Cloth, price, $1.50, postpaid.

The American Protectionist's Manual. This work is especially sought after at this time when the tariff question is discussed by all stanch American citizens. A subject that has entered as a vital question into the politics of America deserves careful thought and serious attention and the statements in this work are offered as a help to all classes. A chapter on prtection and free trade will enlighten many that are present, groping for light on this all absorbing subject. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper cover, 25 cets, postpaid.

Progress from Poverty. This is a review and criticism of Henry George's Progress and Poverty and Protection and Free Trade. Price, cloth, 50 cents, paper 25 cts.

A Prize of $100,000

is a good thing to get, and the man who wins it by superior skill, or by an unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel, is to be congratulated. But he who escapes from the clutches of that dread monster, Consumption, and wins back health and happiness, is far more fortunate. The chances of winning $100,000 are small, but every consumptive may be absolutely sure of recovery, if he takes Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in time. For all scrofulous diseases (consumption is one of them), it is an unfailing remedy. All druggists.

The Voices.

The twelfth edition of The Voices by Warren Sumner Barlow is just from the press. This book of poems has had a wonderful sale and the demand is now greater than ever before. The price has been reduced to $1, and is cheap at that. A new edition also of Orthodox Hash has been issued, and with this popular author's well known poem, If Then and When is being called for by all readers that have not now got a copy. These pamphlets are 10 cents each and well worth the time spent in perusal. For sale at this office.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla operates radically upon the blood, thoroughly cleansing and invigorating it. As a safe and absolute cure for the various disorders caused by constitutional taint or infection, this remedy has no equal. Take it this month.

A new series of Mental Evolution, or the Process of Intellectual Development, by the Spirit Prof. M. Faraday, late Chemist and Electrician in the Royal Institute, London. Price, 15 cents; for sale here.

Campers Attention! Onset Station.

The Onset Station on the Old Colony Railroad is now open and excursion tickets are sold to Onset, which is the most direct way of reaching the Onset Bay camp-ground. The Onset street rail way is also in operation, connecting with all trains to and from the grove.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

Foreign periodicals received for May: The Theosophist with a good table of contents, price 50 cents; Lucifer, the new Theosophical Journal with able contributors, price 35 cents. We are prepared to fill orders for these.

WHY?

WHY do I have this drowsy, lifeless feelings? **WHY** do I have Backache? **WHY** Neuralgia and Rheumatism? **WHY** does Scrofulous taint and Erysipelas show itself?

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—A—

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This Pamphlet of 50 pages is a condensed statement of the laws of Mediumship illustrated by the Author's own experiences. It explains the Religious experiences of the Christian in consonance with Spiritual laws and the Spiritual Philosophy. It is valuable to all, and especially to the Christian who would know the true philosophy of a "change of heart." It ought to be largely circulated as a tract by Spiritualists.

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OF

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Being an Account of the Materialization Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, with Remarks on the Relations of the Facts to Theology, Morals and Religion.

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OR

MAGNETISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

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By JAMES VICTOR WILSON.

This is a work of more than ordinary merit. It contains more valuable matter on the subject of Magnetism or Mesmerism and the psychic laws relating thereto presented in a concise and practical manner than any work we know of. Every one investigating the psychic phenomena should get and read this little book. 104 pp., 16mo, Price 25 cents.

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TOGETHER WITH

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Voices From the People.
AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio Philosophical Journal.

Heaven's Telegram.

MRS. L. B. DERMOND.

With no heralding noise or commotion,
It comes through the darkness to me,
A gem from the bed of the ocean,
A pearl from the depths of the sea.

A message of love and of warning,
That brings blessed visions of light,
Comes softly as first rays of morning,
To break on the shadows of night.

We read the glad tidings that never
Are our dear ones so far from our side,
But are near us, and love us as ever,
And linger to cheer and to guide.

That Heaven's no far away city
Where the few tread its pavements of gold,
While the many are crying for pity
Outside of the heavenly fold.

But a world all around and above us,
The earth and ethereal meet;
And those who are gone and still love us,
Are watching and guiding our feet.

Spiritualism—Its Connection with Fraud.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The following article on "Spiritualism—Its Connection with Fraud," was sent to the New York *World*. As it has not appeared in print, I suppose its publication has been declined. It may not contain much that will interest the Spiritualist reader, but will show that the *World* at least is not disposed to manifest much fairness in the treatment of the subject of Spiritualism. Why I sent it to the *World* the article will explain itself. You can publish the same if you think best. A. S. D.

As much is said and published just now in regard to Spiritualism, as one who has been identified with the subject, more or less for over thirty years, I thought it would be an appropriate time to say a few words through your widely circulated paper as to the attitude of the more conservative and considerate class of believers in reference to this subject. So far as the matter of fraudulent mediums(?) is concerned, there is a misapprehension on the part of the general public relative to the position of Spiritualists. No class of persons are more desirous to have all frauds and impostures exposed, than are the Spiritualists themselves. In fact, no one is more interested and competent to engage in this line of duty than the cautious and critical believer with respect to this subject. Having arrived at his conclusions from previous investigations upon indubitable proof, he does not hesitate to attack error wherever it may be found; and in doing this work, he welcomes the co-operation of all well disposed persons, whether believers or skeptics. But the general misapprehension is this: That Spiritualists believe in all that claims to be manifestation of spirit power through professed mediums; that the entire fabric of Spiritualism depends on maintaining the credibility of all its claimants, and that the exposure of one or more professed mediums endangers the entire spiritualistic superstructure. Hence it is erroneously supposed that the adherents of this doctrine are oversensitive to any interference with mediums, and ever ready to defend them when assailed. They only ask for fair play and the exercise of a wise discrimination.

Another mistake, I apprehend is, that in this effort to expose fraud, in the courts or otherwise, that Spiritualism is on trial. Spiritualism is the outgrowth of centuries, although modern in its more significant phenomenal phases, and is no more affected by the exposure of a fraud, than the fundamental principles of Christianity are affected by the exposure of a ministerial imposture. Much is said about fraudulent mediums. The test of criticism can be applied to the real medium without fear as to the final result. This is being done daily throughout the civilized world. Finally, I think I speak the sentiment of all true Spiritualists when I say that eliminating the false and the doubtful, when we have explained and successfully simulated as much as is possible of its so-called evidences, there is still enough left properly appertaining to Spiritualism, resting on the knowledge of the thoroughly enlightened, whose numbers are counted by the tens of thousands, that cannot be explained on any other probable hypothesis than that man lives after what is called death, and can and does hold communion with mortals. This is immortality demonstrated, and should it not commend itself to the thoughtful and the wise everywhere? A. S. DAVIS.

New York City.

Not Strong Enough.

As an equal suffragist, to whom the right of citizenship is a matter of abstract justice, based upon no reformatory or philanthropic grounds, I protest against the so-called equal suffrage plank in the Prohibition platform. It is most palpably an evasion, a sop thrown to the Southern cerberus, which the North has been conciliating ever since the days of Puritan and Cavalier. If suffrage is to be granted women on an educational basis in which men are nominally included, to hoodwink the too confiding, the discrimination is not without purpose. Those who devised it knew perfectly well that it is diametrically opposed to the spirit of the Constitution, wherein full and unqualified representation is made the only compensation for taxation. Had it been practicable, would it not have been urged long ago in the case of ignorant foreigners, who vote when they are unable to speak one word of English, or in the case of the negro, newly emancipated and wholly uneducated? There is but one aim in the so-called plank, and that is to still deprive tax-paying, educated women of the rights which they most certainly had reason to expect the Prohibition party would recognize. There is nothing inconsistent in the Democratic coalition with the liquor league, and its consequent contempt for the political claim of women; it has made no promises and is bound by none.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY,

in its high license measure, has taken a definite stand, and probably the most practicable are, from a legal stand-point, in favor of temperance, and it might as well be admitted now that if women ever are enfranchised it will be by the Republican party. This is not saying that they will be. As to the Prohibitionists, their action is an unmistakable breach of faith. They are bound in all honor to further the political interests of the women from whom they have demanded and accepted every possible sacrifice. It is the women, beginning with Mrs. Stewart, who have borne the brunt of the fight. They began it, stood by the cause when many of the men who are now monopolizing the honors were weighing the questions of popularity and personal political interest. The party has greedily accepted their money and their labor, as insatiable as the daughters of the horse-leech, and now, when it can manage without them, insults them with a namby-pamby, lukewarm, indefinite plank that the suffragist and anti-suffragist may interpret each to suit himself. It is an affront to every intelligent, self-respecting woman in the country, who is perfectly well aware that the educational clause, while it will not affect those who are already enfranchised by right of sex, can do nothing whatever to alter her political disqualification, though she be a marvel of accomplishment and a miracle of learning. Verily, it does bear upon it, from beginning to end, the imprint of Sam Small.—*Mary H. Krout, in Inter-Ocean.*

"Takes Me Out of My Own Self."

The June *Book Buyer* has the best portrait of Dr. Holmes yet seen. It was engraved from a photograph taken in London two years ago. In the accompanying sketch the genial poet is quoted as follows: "What is the history of 'The Chambered Nautilus?' It has none—it wrote itself. So, too, did 'The One Hoss Shay.' That was one of those random conceptions that gallop through the brain, and that you catch by the bridle. I caught it and reined it. All my poems are written while I am in a sort of spasmodic mental condition that almost takes me out of my own self, and I write only when under such influence. It is for this reason, I think, that I can never remember a poem a short time after it is written any more than the subject of double consciousness can recall the ideas of his other state."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Woman of Endor.

Reading the recent tirade of Dr. Talmage against Spiritualism I could but note the willful or ignorant misstatement of the séance of Saul with the woman of Endor. It seems almost incredible that one at all desirous for truth, and, presumably, as familiar with the Jewish history called the "Word of God" as is Dr. Talmage, should so misstate a simple historical fact. There is no evidence to show that she was old and shriveled, or a witch, and practiced the arts of the sorcerer; none that Saul saw anything whatever; none that Saul or his attendants fell into fits of fright when Samuel came. Saul assumed a posture of reverence or supplication. From first to last the taint of evil is not upon the séance. The truth only was revealed.

Dr. Talmage's account is highly dramatic, and gave him, doubtlessly, scope for a very pretty piece of pulpit stage work; but for general reading it is wanting in the very necessary element of truthfulness to the text. If Saul was sometimes troubled with an "evil spirit from the Lord," is it not just possible that this divine is troubled with a lying one from the same source? As far as history shows, the woman may have been of any age of puberty. She had "a familiar spirit" (we call such people trance mediums) and under influence was clairvoyant. She saw the spirit of Samuel, and at once recognized Saul. Knowing of his recent acts she was immediately frightened for her own personal safety at his hands.

Saul certainly did not see Samuel, but held converse with him, either by independent voice, or more probably by the spirit controlling the medium and speaking through her lips. It was only when he realized the doom awaiting him and his on the morrow that he became frightened.

I have heard something like forty sermons preached about this séance, and in all it was branded as evil, and damned as infamous. A common sense view of it shows it to be neither. In her words she proves herself law-abiding. She refused the sitting offering, and had he been as good as she was he would have respected her principle.

If it be said that fear of Saul alone made her law-abiding, then what of it? At least one-half of the world's population observe the laws through fear, and the power of the church that keeps the flock well together is fear. What do not religion, social science and government owe to a fear of the law? What mankind has so universally recognized as a safeguard to human and (so-called) divine institutions, certainly can not be imputed to her as dastardly. As a medium she was truthful and reliable. All that the spirit foretold was literally fulfilled on the morrow. As a woman, she was thoughtful, kind and humane. When Saul fell groveling on her floor, overcome by his sorrow and cowardly fear, and she learned of his long fasting, she nourished and fed him and strove to strengthen him for his trials. She knew him for an oppressor; she had found him deceiving her but a few minutes before. She did not know but that he would have her murdered before the dawn of day, and yet, in the spirit of brotherhood that all true mediums should show, she ministered unto his needs. Was there evil in this?

Samuel, the communicating spirit, had been a judge and leader of Israel, made such by his wonderful powers as a medium. He became known to all Israel as a "Seer" or "Prophet," (for the Prophet was often termed the Seer) and the people sought him whenever his counsel or instructions were needed, even about so trifling a matter as the straying of live stock. He was a priest, "a man of God" (because he was a Seer), and in 1 Sam. 12:3, he proves himself "an honorable man" in the enumeration of virtues that moderns would do well to emulate. It was not considered to be evil to consult him while he was yet in the body. Where was the sin of it after his death? He spoke the truth just as unerringly through the medium as in his own proper person. What is there damnable in the spirit of a good man speaking the truth?

Saul, the "Anointed of the Lord," seems to have been addicted to occult inquiry. He had sought information by his own medial powers as a dreamer. He had interviewed the seers or prophets, and consulted the crystal or prophetic image—the Urim and Thummim—and received nothing; so he comes to his friend who had never failed to tell him truly, whether he told of good or ill. He recognized Samuel on a very meagre description. If a modern Spiritualist recognize a spirit on such slight evidence as Saul did, he would be called "credulous," and twenty-four hours after he would be found denying to himself ever having talked with a spirit at all. However, Saul had good cause to remember the cloak (which, by the way, was not a "sepulchral" wrapping, but a part of Samuel's well-known garb) in connection with their last memorable interview. Like the veteran seeker of mediums that he was, he took on trust that which was speedily demonstrated as true. As it is no where apparent from history that any part of Saul's doom came upon him for thus hunting mediums, but because he did not obey the instructions thus received, the charge of evil in the act of so doing, stands "not proven." His curse fell on him largely for worshiping by sacrifice when the medium Samuel was not present.

It was natural to the man to seek information by occult powers. It was a practice among the common people to seek the seer, prophet or priest on all occasions, and the law enforced by Saul was against sorcerers (practicers of Black Magic) and not against the true mediums, else he would have attacked the priesthood, the very foundation of their national strength.

One of their sacred practices was consultation by Urim and Thummim. This certainly has more the look of magic and incantation than the simple séance with the Woman of Endor. How is it that the one is holy and the other evil? As for the Woman of Endor I feel constrained to ask, like Pilate of old, "Why, what evil hath she done?" OTTO.

Letter from an Appreciative Reader.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

For a year I have been a reader of your valuable and interesting paper. It is truly distressing that in many articles there are thoughts and words which grate harshly. Of the many theories and opinions they all centre or focus upon the same conclusion. In the Bible we find: "I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." None can read our thoughts; none can see our soul, but Science says when the lips speak, then that which is within us is revealed—revealed forever: "The pulses of articulated air may pass away from the cognizance of the senses, but as no motion can ever wholly cease, they quiver in that sensitive medium until the end; in other words, registered for aye." Spiritualism says, "As a man is so shall he be." Our genuine thoughts are the shadow of the soul. Many spirit communications tell us "we must work out our own salvation, not only here but there," and must give an account of the deeds done in the body.

I find many cruel, unkind words from those who are firmly established in the spiritualistic knowledge, and who purport to be conveyers of messages from our loved ones. I do not understand or comprehend this. Are the "iniquities of the third and fourth generations" not yet eliminated or evolved? Try the practice of their philosophy and see if it won't win: "Peace on earth and good will to man."

I am told that many Spiritualists look upon Christ as the greatest of mediums. Why not heed the Master's words and put them into practice? We have master-builders of all kinds, and was not he the master-builder of character? Many, by violent language and unjust deeds, are endeavoring to root out stem and branch this new philosophy; yet the advocates and thinkers turn upon them with the same weapon. Are they not still flaunting the old and uncharitable sentiment, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth?" Oh! Col. Bundy, how I wish you could destroy the gross materialism which is so closely allied in many cases to your beautiful philosophy; mortals and immortals eating, drinking and talking together in true sensuous style. Do not our loved ones come to us purified, sanctified and with higher thoughts than those which satisfy carnal man? They have passed into the beautiful beyond. If there are those who can tread the unknown and unseen way, bringing to us messages from idolized ones, oh! I beg of you, urge them to cleanse and purify themselves, so that they may be the receptacles for the highest, holiest thought that can come to us. Teach them to live unadulterated, harmonious, unspotted lives, that they may be a blessing to humanity and the swift, unfaltering, faithful messengers of the two worlds. Let us have the broad, free, liberal, generous sentiment of the nineteenth century, "With malice towards none, with charity to all." Why mind the tempest of yesterday or to-day? Give us a bright, beautiful future, a sure knowledge of the hereafter, where all is joy, peace and love. MRS. NORAH GRIDLEY.

Jackson, Mich.

SUPERSTITIONS OF MINERS.

A Veteran Tells How He Was Saved by Premonitions.

San Francisco *Alta:* "I do not know of a more superstitious class of men in the world than miners. Their strange fancies and beliefs are at least called superstition, but by miners whose lives have often been saved by timely premonitions of impending danger, they are as sacred as a religion. I could give facts to substantiate my assertions."

The speaker was a veteran mining man who had spent the greater part of his life among the miners of California and Arizona. At the request of an *Alta* reporter, who had become interested in the subject, the miner continued, and related some thrilling tales of his own personal experiences.

"No one," he said, "treated the peculiar beliefs of the miner with more derision than myself before I became one of them. A few years' experience, however, taught me, the skeptic, to hold these so-called superstitions sacred. Would you like to hear how my life was saved through a feeling of danger which I fortunately heeded? Well. You must know that in 1879, after the mines in the vicinity of Bodie had been pronounced a failure, there was a great rush for the gold and silver producing districts of Arizona. I lost no time in beginning a prospecting tour in the new and what appeared to be then inexhaustible territory. I was fortunate enough to soon strike a rich lead and, with the assistance of an intelligent young man whom I had taken into partnership, began operations. We dug into the bank of a gully, said to be a wonderfully rich spot. The work progressed favorably, and in a week our excavations extended in some fifteen feet from the mouth. Not knowing that our mine would be permanent, little attention was paid to putting in the proper timbers for safety. Well, I was working steadily ahead with pick and shovel one afternoon after my partner had departed to prepare supper at our cabin, when I experienced a most peculiar feeling. My whole body seemed to turn as cold as ice, and my hands trembled so violently that I could not wield the pick. After trembling for a few seconds a voice of thunder seemed to sound in my ears: 'Run for your life; the mine is caving!' I obeyed this strange and unaccountable warning or premonition, and never ran faster in my life as I started for the mouth of our little mine. An instant after I reached the open air the roof caved in and the mine was completely filled with the falling rocks and dirt. Was this a premonition, superstition, or imagination? I firmly believe that the timely warning I received was the voice of the spirit that watches over the miners and saves thousands from violent deaths. Laugh, if you will; but I can account for it in no other way. In the case I have cited, an instant's delay or hesitation would have caused my life to come to a terrible end. You may be sure that after that experience I never failed to take advantage of these strange warnings; and I am firmly convinced that they have saved my life on at least half a dozen occasions.

"A peculiar circumstance of the case I have told you is that the night previous to the caving in of the mine my partner dreamed that it was going to cave in. He did not tell me of the dream for fear that I would have nothing more to do with the mine. After a little more experience he also came to believe in these warnings as firmly as I do.

"I know of a vastly rich mine in the San Gabriel Mountains, Los Angeles County, that has caused the death of every man who tried to carry ore away from it. You may call this superstition also, but there are a dozen miners besides myself who know of the millions that could be taken from this mine and yet are afraid to go near it. Some half a dozen men had been killed by caves, etc., when my partner and I arrived after a run of six months of hard luck in Arizona. We worked around a few days and took out some specimens of as beautiful gold quartz as man ever laid eyes upon. My partner desired to go to San Francisco to purchase tools and material for developing the mine. He went and took several pieces of ore for assaying with him. The ore was found to be worth about $1,000 a ton. In the meantime I remained in Los Angeles awaiting my partner's return. The next I heard of him was that he had been stricken with leprosy and died a horrible death in the pesthouse. It is hardly necessary to state that I never returned to the mine. The certainty that I also would come to my death in short order prevents me from doing so."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

An Open Letter

To William Emmette Coleman, Hudson Tuttle, J. G. Jackson and Others of the Same Class.

Gentlemen, recognizing you as the exponents of rational, common-sense Spiritualism, and having confidence in such judgment as yours, based upon scientific and scholarly attainments, joined to extensive experience, I with thousands of decent, earnest Spiritualists will place such reliance on what you say as these facts justify. Doubtlessly it can not have escaped your notice, that in communications, genuine or otherwise, an immense amount of platitudes and "glittering generalities" appear, while that plain common-sense information, so much desired by practical people, is painfully absent. Desiring to put to you a few plain questions, I feel I will be doing what thousands have long desired. Will you, gentlemen, answer, through the columns of the valued JOURNAL, in plain *non-sentimental* manner, the following questions:

Where in the universe do the the disembodied spirits of this earth dwell as their homes? Are they confined to this planet? Do they dwell on any of the planets of our solar system?

What are the actual relations of the sexes in the Spirit-world? I mean, does the union in true marriage in this world continue in the Spirit-world, and, if so, how do you know?

What are the avocations in the Spirit-world?

How are the bad spirits restrained in the future State?

Is death into a higher life a feature of life in the Spirit-world?

Do children grow in body and intelligence out of the material body?

Has Prof. Crookes ever written or published a full and detailed account of his experiences with Florence Cook, and does he yet hold that no fraud could have been practiced on him, and that Katie King was a veritable personal entity?

Have you ever known a case where any spirit has ever tried to excuse such gross frauds as those perpetrated by the Bangs Sisters and others, who possess genuine mediumistic powers?

Is not the mental inanity exhibited by many Spiritualists, an evidence of the danger arising from phenomena following?

I hope each of you and as many others of like education, character and reliability will reply, as can find time. F. H. S.

Governor Hill Signs the Electric Death Penalty Bill.

Gov. Hill of New York, June 6th, signed the bill which abolishes hanging for all murders committed after Jan. 1889, in that State, and provides that executions shall be carried out by the use of electricity. The bill provides that a prisoner sentenced to death shall be immediately conveyed by the sheriff to one of the State prisons, and there kept in solitary confinement until the day of execution, to be visited only by officers or by relatives, a physician, his clergyman or counsel. The court delivering the sentence shall name merely the week within which the execution shall take place, the day of execution being left to the discretion of the principal officer of the prison.

The execution is required to be practically private, only officials, clergymen, physicians, and a limited number of citizens being allowed to be present. After execution the funeral services may be held within prison walls, and the body shall be delivered into the the custody of relatives, if requested; otherwise it shall be decently interred within the prison grounds.

This bill is the outcome of a recommendation contained in the first annual message of Gov. Hill to the Legislature in 1885, as follows:

"The present mode of executing criminals by hanging has come down to us from the dark ages, and it may well be questioned whether science of the present day cannot provide a means for taking the life of such as are condemned to death in a less barbarous manner. I commend the suggestion to to the consideration of the Legislature."

The attention of scientific men was attracted to the subject by this message, and in 1886 a commission was appointed by the Legislature to investigate and report the most humane and practical method of carrying into effect the sentence of death in capital cases. This bill is substantially in accordance with the recommendation of such commission to the Legislature of the present year.

The Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week was held the annual gathering of Progressive Friends at their Longwood meeting house, near Kennett Square, Pa. These free meetings or liberal conventions, which have been held for over thirty years, are a rallying point for various shades of liberal thought. The founders were members of the Hixsite Friends (the most liberal branch of Quakers), who were disowned from membership in that society because of what was considered their too active interest in the cause of abolition. The progressives insisted on the holding of meetings in the old meeting houses in behalf of the anti-slavery agitation by Stephen Foster and other radicals, which course became obnoxious to the more conservative members who, being in a majority, read the radicals out of meeting.

At these meetings William Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Parker, Lucretia Mott, Oliver Johnson, Giles B. Stebbins, and a host of others identified with the anti-slavery movement, as well as leading advocates of temperance, woman's equality and other kindred reforms, have gladly come from year to year and exchanged thoughts, and adopted resolutions, "testimonies" in Quaker language, which have been sent to the world in their "annual proceedings."

The morning session of the first day, Thursday, was opened by a brief address by the chairman, Frederick A. Hinckley, of Providence, R. I., when followed a variety of business varied with beautiful selections of vocal music by Misses Turner and Low of Philadelphia. These were continued throughout the three days and were one of the chief attractions of the meetings.

The Thursday afternoon meeting was devoted to a consideration of the "Scientific Charities," the subject being opened by an able and carefully prepared paper by Mrs. Frances Wood, of New York city, in which the evils attending alms-giving and the most of our methods of attempting to aid the poorer classes were clearly shown, and more rational means were outlined.

The Friday morning session was opened by a discourse from Abbey Morton Diaz upon "What shall we Do for Humanity?" She traced to superficial and false ideas and the greed for wealth the most that is bad in our civilization, the remedy being through true education and the upbuilding of character; and this must come largely through the home, and the unconscious influences there at work moulding the character of the children. People must everywhere come together and consider how they can practically work for uplifting man, which meetings will form centers of enlightenment.

On Friday afternoon memorials were read of Edward M. Davis and Willam Loyd, active participants in the meetings, deceased during the year. Then a discussion ensued upon the adoption of a "testimony" favoring political prohibition but opposing the attitude of the Prohibition party in asking for the insertion of any theological ideas into the constitution of our nation or of any State. This resolution was finally divided into two, one covering each point noted above. After full discussion both were adopted as the sense of the meeting.

The leading speaker was Mrs. Hammer, Superintendent of Home Work for the Nat. W. C. T. U., who, however, was not in sympathy with testimony in opposition to the God-in-the-Constitution movement.

Saturday's meeting was opened by an eloquent address by Rev. Mangassar Mangasarian of Philadelphia, who has recently come out of an orthodox church, of which he was pastor. His present position is that man knows of nothing higher than his own ideals. Mrs. Hammer then rose to say a few words in favor of orthodoxy. The subject of discussion for the remainder of the meeting was Free Trade vs. Protection. William Lloyd Garrison of Boston, son of the distinguished abolitionist, opened for Free Trade, and Mr. Galvin of Germantown for Protection. Mr. Hinckley in his closing words spoke of the importance and completeness of a meeting which welcomed the widest variety of belief and opinion so long as all were earnest to aid truth and the welfare of man. F. M. P.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Letter.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The pastor of the Church of the Blessed Hope repeated his sermon on "Spiritualism" last night, by request. He began by saying that he would enter into no personal abuse regarding our mediums or the cause in general, but present rather the ideas held by us, in a kindly though critical spirit, and weigh them according to God's word as found in the Bible. He selected as a text passages which warned against consulting "familiar spirits," rather than those which prophesy the coming of such an age as this, when even the young men and maidens shall prophesy and do divers strange things. He was fairer than Dr. Talmage; more just, more rational, more balanced in his brain organization and thought; and it is wonderful how much the general and special conformation of a man's head (brain also) has to do with what he utters, and we have only to observe our speakers and our friends, with this point in view, to verify the statement. He mentioned having been at the general Methodist Conference in New York, and hearing one of the bishops say he felt that the risen and departed saints of their faith were there in council with them; and if this were so, it was much the same as the claims of Spiritualism.

He claimed that the spirit, however, came from God and went back again to Him at death, if one died in Christ; consequently there could be no "world of spirits," for all who were really saved went straight to God. Now, if our world of spirits or Spirit-world is not a part and parcel of the great body of God or Universal Spirit, so that a man might die and go to the Spirit-world, and still go to God and heaven as well, then I am much mistaken. It is these little quibbles of creed and thought, and this reason without intuition and spiritual enlightenment, that break mankind up into so many sects and establish so small a church as his where 200 people are looking for the coming of the Lord in their own special way and in their own church, while at the same time the whole Christian world is also looking for that self-same coming in power and glory. Instead of coming right to the movement and judging it on its own merits, he must weigh it almost wholly from what the Bible tells him he must think about it; not from the dictates of his own God given reason (though he used that to a considerable extent), but from what a book says that was written long ago, before mankind generally were ready to think for themselves upon such a subject as the hereafter.

Toward the close he spoke of the coming of Christ as "the brilliant morning of a day that should have no night." How little he realized that this very movement and time are in reality the 'dawning of this very age or "day," and that because of the enlightenment of truth now coming to us, there shall ultimately be no night or ignorance regarding spiritual things. The very figures of the Bible, which we can readily admit to be God's word from our own standpoint, based upon mediumship, inspiration and prophecy, are construed literally when they should be read spiritually.

All denominations have yet to come to us for demonstrated truth regarding Bible prophecy, and for those facts out of which shall finally be evolved a true spiritual science.

Mr. W. C. Bowen is occupying the rostrum of our leading Sunday meeting in place of Mrs. Hyzer and will continue probably until the close of season.

W. J. C.

Priestly Craft of the Orient.

If the barbarian reporter have carried away a true chronicle, the priests of the Chinese oracles at New York City have been following the practices of all time.

Joss, as he is worshiped in this unhappy clime, has eighteen claws which, to every Chinaman, profoundly attest a power to get back, to punish. In the flowery region which gave Joss for the solace of mankind, it is a legend that the golden dragon should not be moved around. When, in journeying to the end of the new earth, the laundrymen arrived in New York, they rented a room at 18 Mott street. For many years Tom Lee, the landlord, has religiously directed the attention of worshipers to the eighteen claws of Joss, and raised the rent. Fearing to incur the displeasure of the lord of heaven, the demands of the landlord have been sorrowfully met. This year a Martin Luther rose up. The landlord was defied, and the god was toted around the corner into Pell street, at a marvelous reduction of rent.—*Chicago Herald.*

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A planter at Brookville, Fla., cleared $1,000 off a cabbage patch of 100 acres.

Farmers in Salem and New Vineyard, Me., are suffering from the depredations of bears.

"Woolenite" is a new word used to designate the man who wears garments entirely of wool.

A girl of ten years, who is missing from Whitehall, Va., is believed to have been devoured by a bear.

The ravages of a new green bug are causing a steady and increasing decline in coffee production in Ceylon.

A five-foot alligator was captured in Central Park, New York, by two policemen the other day. It had escaped from the menagerie.

The frame house in which General Grant was born has been floated down the river from Point Pleasant, Ohio, to Cincinnati, where it is to be placed on exhibition.

A copy of "Pickwick" in the original parts has just been sold in London for $150. It was the first from the press, and was presented by Dickens to Mary Hogarth.

An Alaska Indian sentenced to prison for ninety-nine years for murder wants to know if the government is going to keep him alive long enough to serve the whole term.

A heavy rainfall has visited Colorado this season, extending throughout the state, and the region formerly known as the great American desert is blooming like a garden.

The fastest run on an American railroad was made on the Philadelphia & Reading Road, when a train run ninety-two miles in ninety-three minutes. One mile was made in forty-six seconds.

A Carbon Township, Huntington County, hen last week laid an egg upon the shell of which was clearly and plainly raised the figure of a snake about three inches long with head poised for a blow.

There are about thirty grand dukes in Russia, all of them being near relatives of the Czar. Each receives from the state an annual pension amounting to $8,000, and the majority of them have large private fortunes besides.

The largest ship afloat is the British iron ship Palgrove, which has a gross tonnage of 3,187 tons. The Palgrove is a four-masted vessel, and was built in Glasgow in 1884. Her length is 322.5 feet, and her breadth 49.2 feet.

A new kind of strike occurred in a female seminary at Nashville, Tenn., the other day, where a class of young ladies indignantly struck against instruction from a text book on history which recited the old story of Jefferson Davis' capture in female attire.

A correspondent of a Kentucky newspaper writes that he recently visited the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, in Laure County, and found the neighborhood the most unpromising locality in the State, the land immediately surrounding it being almost as barren as a desert.

"Ik Marvel," the author, has a habit of jotting down valuable thoughts as they occur to him, but it is said that often, when he has been unable, after a few minutes' search through his note books, to find the particular thought he wants, he angrily casts the books into the fire.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe apparently did not look upon her marriage as an end of her school days, for since her marriage she has learned to speak French, Italian, and modern Greek fluently, and has acquired a profound knowledge of the works of Kant, Hegel, Spinoza, Compte, and Fichte.

English farmers, as a class, keep no regular accounts. Chalk marks on the backs of doors or scattered notes in memorandum books are the usual means of telling farmers how they stand. It would be interesting to know how many American farmers understand and employ the art of bookkeeping.

Moscow Jackson, a sleeping car porter on the Central Georgia Railroad, has been in the employ of Southern railroads since 1833. He was a slave, and was sold by his master to the Macon & Western Road, now a part of the Central, and was for eighteen years put down among the valuable assets of that corporation.

A new state is about to be admitted to the sisterhood of nations. Letters patent have been granted to "The British East African Company," giving them full power to erect and maintain a government, with taxes and army. It lies north of the German East African Society, near Zanzibar, and includes some of the finest land in Central Africa.

A native of Finland, named Runen, was sent two years ago by the government to try to discover the art of Persian carpet weaving. He finally obtained employment in a small factory in Smyrna, where he acquired the desired information and made the design of the loom. A Persian carpet factory has now been established in Finland, and great results are expected.

The largest umbrella in the world has been made in Glasgow for the King of East Africa. It can be opened and shut in the usual way, and when open is 21 feet in diameter; the staff is also 21 feet long. It is lined with cardinal red and white, has a lot of straw tassels, and a border of crimson satin. The canopy itself is made of Italian straw, and the top terminates in a gilded cone.

There is no city in the world in which so much black is worn as Paris, writes a correspondent. It is a rule in all large establishments that the saleswomen should be clad in black. Dark colors are made the badge of respectability, so that the mother of a family hesitates to engage a teacher or governess who makes her appearance in anything that is not drab, black or brown.

The authorities of Vienna, the most musical city of Europe, have shut down upon the organ grinders. A decree has just been issued by the Imperial Government banishing all grinders of organs, with their instruments, from the streets. In future the hale and strong organ grinders will be treated as vagrants, while those who are crippled or otherwise afflicted will be relegated to the alms houses.

A correspondent writes that Mrs. T. S. Moulton, of Hampton Falls, N. H., was attracted by the actions of two robins in her front yard. They would fly and almost strike her, and then to an arbor vitæ tree in the hedge, then back to her again. When the tree was examined a nest was found with young birds and a large speckled adder eating the young birds. The adder was killed, but he had eaten all but one of the young birds.

Governor Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, has been asked for a photo of his phiz by an inventor who is getting up a pack of cards, forty-eight of which will show the faces of the forty-eight Governors of the states and territories. Four more will have the pictures of the Presidential candidates of the two leading parties, and the little joker, or fifty-third card, will bear upon its face a picture of either Mr. Blaine or Mr. Butler.

The violet is the popular flower in Berlin and Paris. In the German Emperor's room his favorite flower is placed in vases; the loyal Berliners wear violets as signs of their devotion, and the flower figures in all sorts of advertisements. An enormous sale of violets in Paris has a very different cause. It is said that boiling milk poured over violet flowers produces a fine complexion, and fashionable dames are experimenting with this recipe of beauty.

While a squad of United States soldiers from Fort Ontario, under command of Lieutenant Davidson, was engaged in rifle practice upon the government reservation bordering upon the lake, a bullet passed over the target at the same time that a tug was towing a scow down the lake. Passing the range the stray bullet struck and seriously wounded one of the men on the scow, although the scow was more than half a mile from the shore and nearly a mile from the firing point.

An incident in red tape proceedings comes from a Hiram, Ohio, correspondent: A few days ago a small sealed package came to the Hiram Postoffice, addressed to a young lady and stamped at the New York Custom House, where all foreign mail must be examined, "supposed liable to custom duties." This made it necessary for the Postmaster to notify a Custom House officer to come from Cleveland in order that the package might be opened in his presence and examined by him and the proper duty assessed, which possibly might have amounted to half of his traveling expenses; but it did not, for it contained simply a letter and a small slice of wedding cake, the value of which could not well be assessed.

The Reformer.

All grim, and soil'd, and brown with tan,
I saw a strong one, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling dome,
Essay'd in vain her ghostly charm,
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in;
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile,
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare!"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Grey-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustom'd stone,
Lean'd on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with pale locks of gold;
"Why smite," he asked, in sad surprise,
"The fair—the old?"

Yet louder rang the strong one's stroke;
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam,
Shuddering and sick of heart, I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked; aside the dust-cloud rolled;
The waster seemed the builder, too;
Up-springing from the ruined old
I saw the new.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad,
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheer'd
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and the plow.

Where frown'd the fort, pavilions gay,
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay,
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreath'd cups, with wine once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head,
And mossy rill.

Through prison-walls, like heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed;
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child play'd.

Where the doom'd victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That where the share is deepest driven
The best fruits grow.

Take heart, the waster builds again—
A charmed life old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish; but the grain
Is not for death.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Saw the Spirit of Mr. H.

A valued correspondent sends me this:—

"A Mrs. B., in Paraguay, was staying with her daughter, who was ill, and does not believe her thoughts were at all in England at the time. One night she awoke very cold and shivering, though the heat in the room was 82, and saw a Mr. H. standing dressed in evening clothes. He said, 'Oh, I want you. Tommy worries me so—I am dying and he keeps on telling me to cheer up and not give way—and I know I am dying.'

"Mrs. B. related her reason for believing her friend had passed away to her daughter next morning. The next night the same thing occurred, and at Geneva, for the third time, she saw Mr. H. *quite distinctly*. On landing she was not at all surprised to hear that Mr. H. had passed away at the time she saw him in Paraguay. On calling on his widow she was told that he talked of her, and said he was so hot, the window must be opened, and stated that he was in a foreign country, and could not understand the language they spoke. In vain his wife assured him he was at home and in England, and that it was very cold, and those around him supposed he was delirious."—"*M. A. (Oxon.)*," *Light, London.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

What Would You Call This?

When I was a boy, about seventeen, 1874, I went to college during the day, and after school hours I worked for my board at my step-father's. One afternoon, returning from college, and about five blocks from home, I suddenly made an involuntary jump, such as boys are wont to make when something pleases them, and said aloud, "Grandfather is here!" He lived nearly 50 miles distant in the country, and of whose coming none of the family was aware, as he seldom visited this city. I thought it strange to act as I did, and when I reached home I asked my mother: "Is grandfather here?"

She replied, "No!" looking surprised, and said, "Why do you ask?"

"Oh! just for fun," I replied.

Going up stairs at once to change my clothes, as I came down the front stairs and entered the shop by a side door, who should come in the front door simultaneously, but grandfather! Now, no one of all the relatives knew of his coming, and all were greatly surprised at the occurrence, and how I should know what no one else knew in the city.

FRANK W. DIEHL.

Rev. Albert C. White, of Amesbury, Mass., is the latest claimant to the honor of being the youngest soldier who enlisted during the war of the rebellion. Probably his claim is good, for he was but nine years and twenty-nine days old when mustered in as drummer of Company D, Sixty-fourth Ohio volunteers. He says that sometimes at the end of a day's march, when he went the rounds to beat the "taps" at night, his father, a lieutenant of the same company, went with him to keep him from falling asleep. He served nine months, and then was mustered out.

How to Reduce Your Expenses.

You can do it easily, and you will not have to deprive yourself of a single comfort; on the contrary, you will enjoy life more than ever. How can you accomplish this result? Easily; cut down your doctor's bills. When you lose your appetite, and become bilious and constipated, and therefore low-spirited, don't rush off to the family physician for a prescription, or, on the other hand, wait until you are sick abed before doing anything at all; but just go to the druggist's and for twenty-five cents get a supply of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Take them as directed, and our word for it, your unpleasant symptoms will disappear as if by magic, you will have no big doctor's bill to pay, and everybody interested (except the doctor), will feel happy.

The Psychograph or Dial Planchette is an instrument that has been well tested by numerous investigators. Our well known contributor, Giles B. Stebbins, writes:

"Soon after this new and curious instrument for getting spirit messages was made known, I obtained one. Having no gift for its use I was obliged to wait for the right medium. At last I found a reliable person under whose touch on a first trial, the disk swung to and fro, and the second time was done still more readily." We are prepared to fill any and all orders. Price, $1, postpaid.

We have no hesitation in recommending Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer as a *sure* cure for dandruff, and to restore the natural color of the hair.

I like my wife to use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder because it improves her looks and is as fragrant as violets.

Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a **radical change** in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, **the result is certain.** Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was completely cured."—John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonderful Results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Fla.,) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

$230 *A MONTH. Agents Wanted.* 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample *Free* Address *JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich*

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An illustrated monthly of women's house work; contains plain directions for making useful and decorative articles; a recognized authority on crochet-work, knitting, netting embroidery, art needlework, &c.; its suggestions, regarding both old and new industries for women, are invaluable, and all women to become self-supporting; subscription price 50 cts a year; 25cts for six months. Address THE DORCAS MAGAZINE, 239 Broadway, New York.

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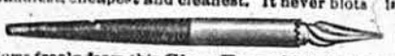
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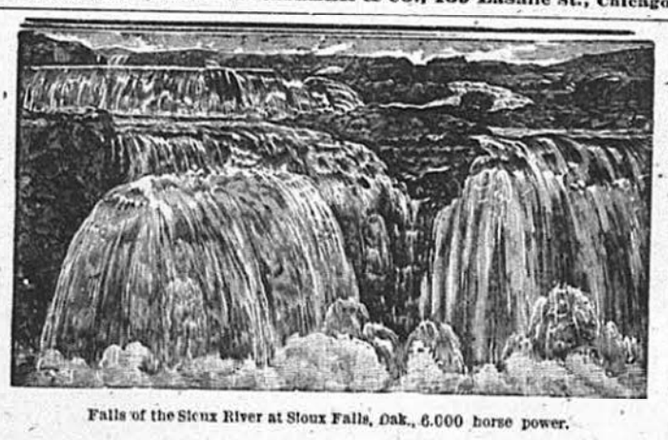
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In Germany, which now furnishes more of our immigrant population than any other country, much the same state of things prevails. The public gardens and the beer saloons generally are all closed during the forenoon of Sunday, but all are open in the afternoon. They are considered places of enjoyment, recreation and social intercourse, where the masses spend the afternoons of their holidays. There is no protest from the churches or churchmen. The believers in Rome and the believers in Luther enjoy Sunday afternoon in the beer garden as fully as the disciples of Kant and Heine and Karl Marx. The strictest Sabbatarian of Germany does not object to what is the universal custom. And so it is among the Protestant population of Holland and the Scandinavian countries as it is among the Catholic and agnostic populations of the Latin countries. The drinking places and social resorts are closed during the forenoons of Sundays. They are crowded in the afternoon. The French Huguenot enjoys his glass of wine, the conversazione, and the concert in the wine-gardens and arbors in the afternoon of the first day of the week as the Parisian unbeliever does his wine-glass in the café or the wine room. In Italy and Spain the Sunday afternoon is devoted largely to wine and music, and in the rural districts to dancing and other amusements of a like nature. In Russia, also, Sunday forenoons partake of the Sabbath stillness of a New England village, but the afternoons are given up to spirituous enjoyment. In fact, throughout Europe, except in the Mohammedan districts of Turkey, where the opium pipe and other luxuries of an equally pernicious and demoralizing character are indulged in, the afternoon of Sunday is given up largely to amusement and recreation, in which beer and wine and other liquors play an important part.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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In the annals of the Christian Church and in the history of our art, the name of Michael Servetus occupies a place of equal prominence but not of equal respect. By the ecclesiastical historian, he is still regarded as a mocking blasphemer whose chief crime was a denial of the triune God; by the historian of medicine he is looked upon as a great scientific discoverer who opened a path for progress in medicine which previously, although not entirely unexplored, was but little understood. The former can see in him only a fierce heretic, while the latter views him as a martyr to the cause of science and the victim of the religious fanaticism of the age. It is more than probable that the truth lies between these two extremes, and it will be my endeavor to give in this article a candid and impartial account of the life, discovery, and fate of this unfortunate man. My materials have been drawn mainly from foreign authors, and necessarily so, since, up to the present time, no complete history of medicine has appeared in our language. The discovery which has rendered the name of Servetus immortal was that of the lesser circulation, and in order the better to appreciate his contribution to science it will be well to review the doctrines of the movement of the blood which were held previous to his time.

Among the ancient schools of medicine, the Alexandrian University was the most important. The warrior whose name it bears conceived, in the year 332 B. C., the grand idea of founding a city upon the banks of the Nile, which should be a model of architectural beauty, a center of intellectual life, and a lasting monument to his own greatness and magnificence. Connected with his school was a library of seven hundred thousand volumes, a botanical and zoological garden, an astronomical observatory, a chemical laboratory, and a room for the dissection of the dead. It was here that those great anatomists of antiquity, Erasistratus and Herophilus, taught the science of organization from actual dissections. It has even been asserted that one of them, Herophilus, did not scruple to employ his scalpel upon the bodies of living criminals, but this tradition, which was believed by the fathers of the church, is not alluded to by any contemporary writer, and Celsus, who is the first to mention it, speaks of it as a doubtful fact. It is not impossible to believe, however, as Renouard remarks, that men have occasionally lived who were so lost to the sentiments of humanity as to be willing to deliver into the hands of the anatomists living criminals, in the vain hope that among the breeding entails and in the heaving thorax they might find the secret of life.

Erasistratus gave names to the auricle of the heart, named the tricuspid valve, recognized the use of the trachea as the tube which conveys air to the lungs, declared that the veins are blood-vessels and that the arteries were air vessels. He believed that the purpose of respiration was to fill the arteries with air; the air distended the arteries, made them beat, and in this manner the pulse was produced. When once the air gained entrance to the left ventricle, it became the vital spirits. The function of the veins was to carry blood to the extremities.

The errors of Erasistratus were left unrefuted until the time of Galen (A. D. 131—200), who, in turn, held many erroneous views regarding the circulation. Galen proved that the arteries are blood vessels, and to do this he resorted to vivisections. We will ask him to speak for himself. He says:

"There are certain persons who offer to prove that the arteries do not contain blood, yet never test their assertion by vivisections. A teacher of this sort having asserted his ability to show that the aorta is always empty, and not demonstrating the fact, was exhorted to do so by a number of ambitious young men who had provided animals for the purpose. At first he refused to comply with their request unless suitably rewarded, whereupon they placed before him a thousand denarii as an inducement to prove his assertion. After much prevarication, when urged to proceed by all present, he took the scalpel and began by making an incision in the left side of the chest, where he imagined the artery could be exposed; but such was his want of anatomical skill that he cut directly down upon the bone. One of his associates, however, having opened through the intercostal spaces, he, again proceeding, injured in the first place the artery and afterward the vein. The young men who had deposited the money with the spectators, now laughing at him, undertook the experiment themselves. They dissected through the intercostal spaces, as they had been previously taught by me, in such a way as not to injure the vessels; and without delay surrounded the artery with two ligatures; one at its point of departure from the heart and the other where it rests upon the spine, just as these boastful teachers had promised to do, in order that when the animal was dead one might see, from so much of the vessel as lay between the ligatures, whether or not the artery was empty of blood. But when it was found not to be empty, they declared that an incision must have been made in it at the time of applying the ligature, as if some other individual, and not the teachers themselves, had promised the demonstration."

Galen declared that the pulse was the dilation of the artery caused by the contraction of the heart. He erroneously taught that the purpose of respiration, was to allow the air to enter the lungs, where it cooled the blood. This theory was held even as late as the last century by the so-called father of modern physiology, Albrecht von Haller. Galen also taught that foramina existed in the interventricular septum of the heart, that the arterial blood nourished organs of a delicate texture such as the lungs, while the venous blood nourished the grosser organs.

Another of the ancients, although not properly a physician, who seems to have had an obscure view of the circulation, was Nemesius, who was bishop of Emissa, a Syrian city, at the end of the fourth century. He lived during the reign of Theodosius and wrote his work "De Natura Hominis," in which a curious passage occurs which would indicate that he possessed some knowledge of the circulation. This is more noteworthy since Bishop Fell, the editor of the Oxford edition of that work, was a bitter enemy of William Harvey, whose great discovery he attempted to show was anticipated by Nemesius. Following is the passage which has been translated by Friend:

"The motion of the pulse takes its rise from the heart, and chiefly from the left ventricle of it; the artery is with great vehemence dilated and contracted, by a sort of constant harmony and order. While it dilated, it draws the thinner part of the blood from the next veins, the exaltation or vapor of which blood is made the ailment for the vital spirit. But, while it is contracted, it exhales whatever fumes it has through the whole body, and by secret passages. So that the heart throws out whatever is fuliginous, through the mouth and nose by expiration."

Upon this single slender proof does Fell attribute the great discovery of the circulation to Nemesius, and although it may be allowed that the latter had a little insight into the circulation fifteen hundred years ago, yet it was so imperfect that he neither comprehended it himself nor made it understood by any who followed him.

The man who above all others destroyed the anatomical errors of the ancients was Andreas Vesalius, of Brussels. This wonderful anatomist, before he attained the age of thirty, had written the most complete, accurate, and the best illustrated work upon anatomy that had ever been seen. The illustrations were designed by Stephan van Calcar, and the best engraver cut them in wood to adorn that massive old folio which was published in Basle in the year 1543. Vesalius in the "Corporis Humani Fabrica" declares that no apertures exist in the interventricular septum, and, in this manner, the greatest of Galen's errors was corrected and a long step was taken toward the discovery of the circulation. Such, then, is a resume of the knowledge of the ancients upon this subject, and now we must turn to the subject of this sketch.

Servetus, whose Spanish name was Miguel Servede, was born in the year 1509 at Villanueva in Arragon. But little is known of his early life; it is certain, however, that he was educated in jurisprudence and theology at the University of Toulouse. He made the scriptures and the fathers of the church his principal study, and it was at this time that a foundation was laid for the heresy which, in later years, was to cost him his life.

In his twenty-sixth year we find him in Paris engaged in the study of medicine; in two years he was lecturing to the students, and in a short time he published a work on syrups and their medicinel uses. In this book, which refuted many of the cherished statements of the Greek and Arab writers, the spirit of a bold reformer can be plainly discerned. Previous to this time, in 1530, he traveled to Italy in company with Quintaine, father confessor to Charles V., and here, associating with anti-trinitarians, he was strengthened in his doubts regarding the orthodox teaching. On his return he took the liberty to visit Oecolampadius, a Swiss reformer living in Basle, and Bucer, of Strasburg, to whom he communicated his scruples. These protestants, however, instead of refuting his arguments, denounced him as a heretic, loaded him with insults and ignominy, and warned all Christian teachers to shun him as a dangerous foe.

Hated by both religious parties, and misrepresented by officious enemies, Servetus decided to proclaim his views to the world, and, accordingly in 1501, published his work, "De Erroribus Trinitatibus." After many persecutions he issued, in 1553, another theological work with the title, "De Christianismi Restitutio." Servetus was now in great danger, and the feeling against him was so strong that seven years previous to this time, Calvin, when writing to his friend Viret, threatened the heretic with death. Tired of persecution and weary of life, Servetus unsuspectingly entered Geneva, where he hoped, among the independent Swiss, to find a refuge and pass his days in peace. He was immediately apprehended, and, at the instigation of Calvin, thirty-eight articles of accusation were drawn up against him; he was tried before a council of sixty; the trial lasted three days, and the verdict was that of guilt. The sentence was a heavy fine and death by slow torturing fires. On the twenty-seventh day of October, 1553, an anxious and excited mob might have been seen passing out of the old Swiss city of Geneva. At the head of the procession, and securely placed between files of armed men, stood a scholar past forty years of age who was soon to be offered as a living sacrifice to the fanaticism of the time. A neighboring hill was soon reached, and here the excited populace halted; a stake was planted firmly in the ground, and to this the victim was securely fastened; fagots were placed around his feet, and on these were piled all the copies of his works which could be collected; the torch was then applied, and the soul of Michael Servetus went up in agony to its Maker amid the ribald jests and blasphemy of the people of that wicked city. After reflecting on this horrible sin, it is edifying to turn to a recent theological work and read the following:

"On the twenty seventh of October, 1853, Servetus had been dead three hundred years. The people of Geneva went up to Chappel, the hillside where the ashes of Servetus had been strewn, and observed the day before the Lord, honoring Christian toleration and liberty of conscience, and begging forgiveness, in the name of the old council, respecting Servetus, even though he was guilty of transgression. But to Calvin....was decreed a statue before the cathedral of St. Peter's" (Piper, Lives of the Leaders of Our Church Universal).

In the book of Servetus, "The Restitution of Christianity," is contained the first account of the lesser circulation; it states in plain and unmistakable language that the blood is sent by the contraction of the heart from the right ventricle through the pulmonary artery to the lungs, where it is changed in color from dark to red, and is thence returned to the left side of the heart. Contrary to the teaching of Galen, it declared the lungs, and not the liver, to be the seat of sanguification. Such was the discovery made by this unfortunate heretic.

Mrs. Chant—Women in London and Chicago.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

At the camp meeting, on the lovely island on Orion Lake last Wednesday, the 6th, I had the privilege of speaking an hour, and filled the time with an effort to give some idea of the deeply interesting lectures of Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant, which I had just heard in this city, and to tell something of the great International Council of women at Washington,—one of the most important and significant events of our day.

One leading object in my mind was to tell the people of the excellent work of gifted and accomplished London women for the protection of the friendless and the saving of fallen women, and how these women went out themselves from their pleasant homes, into the wretched by-ways of the great city by day and night, with a high fearlessness and a noble devotedness, on their errands of sisterly help and mercy.

The audience was much interested, and thoughtful women, coming from their homes on secluded farms, seemed glad to know that there were such true and gifted ladies in far-off London, who lived for something more than the giddy round of fashion and selfish display.

A late letter in the Detroit *Tribune* from "L. H. S."—Mrs. Stone of Kalamazoo—tells of the Women's Club in Chicago, with its 400 members meeting in their pleasant rooms "for mutual sympathy and counsel and united effort toward the higher civilization of humanity," as their circular states, and with committees on "Education, Art, Literature, Reform, Home, Philanthropy, Philosophy, and Science."

Of that part of the work of the Chicago Club which is like that in London, so admirably described by Mrs. Chant, Mrs. Stone writes:

"What the good women of Chicago have done by united effort through this club to ameliorate evils and bring about a higher civilization and more humane treatment of the poor and unfortunate and helpless in many ways, is really astonishing. The reform committee have succeeded in placing humane Christian women in the police stations, and ameliorating the shameless brutality that was often practiced there. They have placed female physicians in the county asylum for the insane and ferreted out inhuman abuses that had been concealed there. They have established a woman's "protective agency" by which wrongs and abuses practiced upon servant girls have been brought to light and righted. They have aided and helped the wronged and distressed in ways without number. Facts were related to me of the wonderful work of reform effected by these untiring workers for humanity in the Women's club which indeed show that a new day is dawning. They are now at work most earnestly and with good prospect of success, to place women on the school boards and they will not rest until this and many other humane reforms are effected.

"And the rich women of Chicago are engaged in this work. The mistresses of the most elegant mansions in the city, are many of them leaders in the various committees in these clubs, not only for study but for work There are Browning clubs, Emerson clubs, Dante, Goethe and science clubs, and it would seem that even in this great, gay city there must be as small a proportion of utterly frivolous women—women who do nothing—as in any city in the world. It is, I believe, in this respect, typical of the new time coming."

This is well for Chicago, and shows that our American womanhood is awakening to a sense of duty and a feeling of tender humanity as well as the womanhood of England.

A fine poem, written years ago by Mrs. Chant and sent over to Washington by her, with a note from Mrs. McLaren, a daughter of John Bright, to the International Council at Washington, eloquently tells what many women deeply feel in this "Woman's Century" as Victor Hugo calls our age:

"From England to America."

BY L. ORMISTON CHANT.

We send the authoress of these almost prophetic lines to be the bearer of her own beautiful message to you, and as our delegate to your great International Congress at Washington.

PRISCILLA BRIGHT McLAREN, President.

Newington House, London, March, 1888.

Clasp hands, O friends, across the broad Atlantic!
Touch ours with yours, athwart the mighty sea!
So that we feel the thrilling of your pulses
Stirring our own to cordial sympathy.

What though the clamor of uncounted billows
Racks the resounding air from shore to shore,
Waiting, we listen for the tender echoes
Rising above them, ever more and more.

Echoes of prayers, from lips of kneeling women,
Echoes of songs, that chant of what shall be
In the glad day when justice, truth and freedom,
Welcome the universal jubilee.

We in our little island, for our thousands,
Fight the brave fight that can not know defeat;
You in your larger country, for your millions,
Tread the long march that never can retreat.

We too, like you, are passing from the portal
Of the dull prison of our womanhood,
Into the glorious sunshine of the future,
Into the free, pure air of equal good.

Over the mountain rising high before us,
Dark with the gloomy mists of prejudice,
Lies the long road that leads to light supernal,
Stony and steep, past crag and precipice.

Reach out your hands, oh, sisters o'er the ocean,
Union is strength; ours we to you extend,
So that with clasps of love, and highest courage,
We may press on together to the end.

It surely speaks well for Chicago that two such gifted women as Mrs. Chant and Mrs. E. L. Watson called out such large and good audiences in that city. G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich.

Mad King Otto is growing worse. He now wanders aimlessly about his big, lonely palace outside the City of Munich. He has abandoned his last distraction, that of peeling potatoes, and has no pleasure left, but spends all his time hiding away in a dark corner, thinking every one wants to hurt him.

CAMP CASSADAGA.

Annual Picnic of the Spiritualists at Cassadaga Lake.

The annual June meeting of the Spiritualists at Cassadaga Lake closed on the 10th and this morning, the 11th, most of the people had left the camp. Quite a number who own cottages on the ground will remain through the summer. The attendance has been larger than usual at the spring meeting, and on the three days the audiences steadily increased in numbers until at yesterday afternoon's lecture the amphitheatre was comfortably filled. Mr. J. Clegg Wright and Mrs. E. L. Watson were the speakers for the three days, and they delivered some very able addresses. Mrs. Watson is a remarkable woman. She possesses rare gifts as a speaker, and her eloquence at times was highly dramatic.

The people who attend these meetings are not exactly the sort described by Dr. Talmage, who characterizes Spiritualists as a lean, lank, cadaverous set. The proportion of large, robust and fleshy people was greater than in any gathering your correspondent ever attended. It was proposed to form a group of some of the heavy-weights, have them photographed, and send a copy to the Brooklyn pastor as proof that he had been misinformed on the subject of the avoirdupois of Spiritualists. Contemplation of the Spirit-world does not seem to impair the appetite for the good things of this world, and Spiritualists seem to have, as a rule, a very good digestion.

The meetings were enlivened by the excellent music of the Northwestern Band of Meadville, which fine organization has been engaged for the coming season, beginning July 21st. There was a pleasant hop in the amphitheatre Saturday night, which was well attended by both young and old. These people hold that if it was right for David to dance before the Lord, it is right nowadays to indulge in a similar exercise. The dancing ceased at midnight, not so much because they had religious scruples against dancing on Sunday, as because they believe in temperance in all things, and that sleep is a divine institution not to be disregarded.

From conversation with a number of representative people here, your correspondent learns that spirit communications are by no means the only subject in which Spiritualists are interested. Christian Science, Faith Cure, Mental Healing, Theosophy, Esoteric Buddhism, are among the subjects which one will hear discussed at every social circle. From the rostrum one will hear sound sense on the subjects of temperance, the use of tobacco, the laws of health, and on various questions of social economy. The Spiritualists as a body are reformers, and while there are some cranks who take advantage of the free platform to ventilate their peculiar ideas, the greater part of the people here are sensible and sober thinkers, earnestly striving to elevate the condition of mankind. Most of the speakers are religious in their temperament. Some are radical, and there are a few who denounce all religion as superstition and all worship as a waste of time; but these are exceptions, rather than the rule. Your correspondent has never heard from pulpit or platform a finer or more eloquent tribute to the character and work of Christ, than that of Mrs. Watson in her address yesterday afternoon; while the touching prayer with which she preceded the address would reflect honor upon any pulpit from which it might be uttered.

The grounds of the Association have been enlarged by the recent purchase of twenty acres on the lake front. Many improvements are in progress, several new buildings are in process of erection, and general preparations are being made for the coming season. The programme for the summer has been issued and contains names of many of the ablest and most popular speakers in the ranks. A few mediums are now on the grounds, and a number of noted ones are engaged for the summer, so that anybody who wants to find out whether spirits can return from the vasty deep, will have ample opportunity for doing so. One of the speakers yesterday said there was open communication between the two worlds, and that Spiritualists believe in free trade; but your correspondent, who has had some experience with professional mediums, thinks there is a pretty high tariff on some of the imported products of the spiritual world. However, it may be that the tariff is not for protection, but for revenue only. The mediums have evidently adopted the philosophy of the colored brother who remarked to his congregation, "De watahs ob salvation am free, but I is de hydrant, an' yo' got to pay foh de hydrant." GRAPHO.

Cassadaga, June 11th.

The earlier symptoms of dyspepsia, such as distress after eating, heartburn, and occasional headaches, should not be neglected. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you wish to be cured of dyspepsia.

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VOL. XLIV. CHICAGO, JUNE 30, 1888. No. 19

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones, movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

INTIMATIONS

Of an Intelligent Force Beyond the Individuality of the Actor.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

After referring to hypnotism, somnambulism, clairvoyance and thought-transference, a great mass of the facts presented for explanation, there still remain a large number which stand apart by themselves, and which bring an outside or independent intelligence with them, which no exaltation on the part of the actor can supply. The only adequate or even plausible explanation of these facts is that which refers them to the agency of intelligent beings beyond our ken. The presence of such entities may or may not be recognized by the percipient. The ideas and motives may be impressed all the same. We may be assured that unconsciously those who by study and practical experience become adept in particular lines of thought or practical affairs, are the most proper mediums for the communication of spirits dwelling in the same sphere of thought, and that such communications are continuously made unconsciously to the recipients. The weird stories which come up from the rugged toilers of the sea are full of interest in this particular. The infinite solitude of waters; the long and lonely watches, with the sweep of waves and the silent stars, conduce to a state of abstraction and reverie, peculiarly favorable to the reception of impressions. If there is need in this world of the watchful care of guardian angels, the sailor on the lone ship which plows the trackless waste at the mercy of the elements requires them most. Human skill and foresight may provide to the utmost, and yet there remains the greater dangers which can not be foreseen or provided against. The sailor, feeling that he is helpless in the hands of the elements, becomes superstitious, though often what is called in him superstition, is belief in influences which future knowledge may accept as valuable accessions to the realm of mental science. I have from the lips of Capt. D. B. Edwards, the narratives of two incidents in the life of his brother, which illustrate this faculty of intuition, if we may give it that name, and if one were to gather up similar stories which are told by the officers, volumes might be filled.

Capt. John B. Edwards was in command of the steamship "Monterey," one of the New York and New Orleans line of steamers. In one of his voyages he came up with Sandy Hook in a terrible snow storm. The air was so full of driving snow that the officers could not see the length of the vessel. The sea was high and rapidly increasing, and no pilot responded. To remain was impossible, to go on was almost certain destruction. If the Captain could make the light-ship he would know his bearings and be able to steer into harbor. But in that drift of blinding snow and rush of waters, in which he had made his approach from the sea, he had been unable to make observations, and he had no assurance that he had not deviated his course under the influence of the drift of wind or current, at least to the variation of a league or more. In his perplexity he ordered the ship to be stopped, and for a moment reflected on the perplexities of his position. While thus waiting, with every sense strained to the utmost, the impression came like a flash of light, that the light-ship lay in a certain direction. He immediately ordered the officers to keep a sharp lookout forward, for he should run ten minutes in a certain direction to test his impression. The great wheels again revolved, and the steamer swung obedient to command, and rushed on into the drift. In six minutes the mate on the bow threw up his hands, crying: "Hard a-port, hard a port," and the steamer quickly responded to her helm, passed the stern of the light-ship, from which the Captain easily took his bearings and safely steamed in to the port of New York.

During the war Capt. Edwards was coast pilot for the government steamer "Vanderbilt." During one voyage he came up to the "Hook," a storm was coming on and no pilot in sight. The Commodore came to the wheel-house and asked Capt. Edwards if he thought he could take the ship into port. Edwards shrank and trembled at the question, for he knew the ship was drawing as much, if not more water, as there was on the bar, and the responsibility thus thrust upon him was overwhelming. But suddenly he was forced to speak, replying without hesitation: "Yes, sir." "Go ahead," was the order of the Commodore. With every faculty intensely active, his strong and steady hand held the wheel and the ship went over the bar without touching, and all was well. His ability and trustworthiness for this action received the highest recommendation from the Commodore.

It is sad to learn that this noble man sacrificed his own life in caring for his mate who was a victim of yellow fever in the hospital of Rio Janeiro. From the many remarkable experiences in his own life, Capt. D. B. Edwards related, I take one which is characteristic of the others. He is a strong and powerfully built man, with every line indicative of honest resolution and endurance. He has retired from the sea-faring life, but has made his home by the coast. He impresses one with rare and sterling honesty and purity of character, and a self-contained repose which is characteristic of most officers who have passed their lives at sea.

He said that one bright day in March, sailing up Long Island, he was overtaken by a snow storm which suddenly concealed all landmarks, and the wind momentarily increasing, soon became a terrific gale. In that narrow strait one has not to sail for a great length of time in the wrong direction to reach the coast. As night came on the situation became more appalling, and wreck most certain. He gave the wheel to the mate and allowed himself time to reflect. He could arrive at no conclusion. Suddenly it flashed through his mind to steer by the lead! How? "Why, where the Thames enters the Sound it is deeper. When you reach that channel follow it into safety." It was the only chance, and he seized it. He went to the bow, for he would trust no one, ordering the mate to implicitly, and with utmost readiness obey orders, and hold the vessel on her present course. Standing at the bow with the spray falling in torrents over him, and the wind straining the spars to the utmost, he cast the lead to find the ordinary level of the Sound. He continued to cast until suddenly deeper water was indicated, and with joy he gave the order that changed the course of the vessel, and in a few minutes brought her into the still waters of the Thames. Then, he said, in a change of warm, dry clothing, they sat in the snug cabin and drank their hot coffee with a sense of peace words can feebly express.

SAVED FROM A HORRIBLE DEATH BY A PREMONITION.

It may be said that under the stimulus of danger and great emergency, the mental faculties become intensified, and that we cannot fix their limits; that all that was required of Capt. Edwards was courage to act in response to knowledge he had acquired, but which was latent until called forth by the extraordinary demand. We shall now introduce facts to which this pleading will not apply. The first shows two distinct intelligences, one of which was superior to that of mortals, for it could foresee the future, and must have acted on Capt. MacGowan, to compel him to relinquish a well formed plan, and without any assignable reason and pursue one entirely different. The thought of the theatre had not entered his mind, and he gave his boys no excuse for breaking his word with them.

Capt. MacGowan, 12th U. S. I., thus relates this strange story,—(Journal of the Society for Psychical Research, Feb. 1885):

"In Jan., 1877, I was on leave of absence in Brooklyn, with my two boys, then on a vacation from school. I promised them to take them to the theatre that night and engaged seats for us three. At the same time I had opportunity to examine the interior of the theatre, and went over it carefully, stage and all. These seats were engaged on the previous day, but on the day of the proposed visit it seemed as if a voice within me was constantly saying, 'Do not go to the theatre; take the boys back to school.' I could not keep these words out of my mind; they grew stronger and stronger, and at noon I told my friends and the boys I would not go to the theatre. My friends remonstrated with me, and said I was cruel to deprive the boys of a promised and unfamiliar pleasure, and I partially relented; but all the afternoon the words kept repeating themselves and impressed themselves upon me. That evening, less than an hour before the doors opened, I insisted on the boys going to New York with me, and spending the night at a hotel convenient to the railroad, by which we could start in the early morning. I felt ashamed of the feeling which impelled me to act thus, but there seemed no escape from it. That night the theatre was destroyed by fire with the loss of 300 lives. Had I been present from my previous examination of the building, I should certainly have taken my children over the stage when the fire broke out, in order to escape by a private exit, and would just as certainly have been lost as were all those who trusted to it, for that passage by an accident could not be used. .... I never had a presentiment before nor since. What was it that caused me against my desire, to abandon the play after having secured the seats and carefully arranged for the pleasure?"

A SOLDIER'S LIFE SAVED BY A DREAM.

This story is yet more remarkable. Rev. L. W. Lewis, in his "Reminiscences of the War," published in the *Christian Advocate*, relates an instance where a dream saved the life of a soldier: "A man by the name of Joe Williams had told a dream to his fellow soldiers, some of whom related it to me months previous to the occurrence which I now relate. He dreamed that he crossed a river, marched over a mountain and camped near a church located in a wood, near which a terrible battle ensued, and in a charge just as we crossed the ravine he was shot in the heart. On the ever memorable 7th of December, 1862 (Battle of Prairie Grove, Northern Arkansas), as we moved at double quick to take our place in line of battle, then already hotly engaged, we passed the church, a small frame building. I was riding in the flank of the command opposite to Williams, as we came in view of the house. 'That is the church I saw in my dream,' said he. I made no reply, and never thought of the matter again until the evening. We had broken the enemy's lines and were in full pursuit, when we came to a dry ravine in the wood; and Williams said: 'Just on the other side of this ravine I was shot in my dream, and I'll stick my hat under my shirt.' Suiting the action to the word he doubled up his hat as he ran along and crammed it into his bosom. Scarcely had he adjusted it when a minie ball knocked him out of line; jumping up quickly he pulled out his hat, waved it over his head shouting, 'I'm all right!' The ball raised a black spot about the size of a man's hand, just over his heart, and dropped into his shoe."

Here the prophecy was a long time ahead, and foretold the exact coming of a ball depending on a combination of circumstances which it would seem impossible for reason or intuition to foresee and foreknow. Its fulfillment is peculiar, for by guarding against it, the danger was averted and the dream proved untrue.

AN ERROR CORRECTED IN A REMARKABLE MANNER.

The head bookkeeper in one of the largest sewing machine companies in New York City, in balancing his books found an error of $5.00. It was a small sum, but as a mistake was as damaging as $500. He set his assistants at work to find it, yet day after day their labor was in vain. They worked for a week and accomplished nothing. He became greatly annoyed and filled with anxiety. In his own words: "The third Sunday after the search was begun, I got up late after a sleepless night and started out on a walk for exercise. My mind was on my books and I paid no attention to the direction I took. My surprise was, therefore, genuine when I found myself at the door of the company's office in Union Square, for I had not certainly intended to go there. Mechanically I put my hand in my pocket, drew out the key, opened the door and went in. As if in a dream I walked to the office where I turned the combination and unlocked the safe. There were the books, a dozen of them in a row. I did not consider for a moment which to take up. It was no volition on my part that my hand moved toward a certain one, and drew it from the safe. Placing it on the desk, I opened it; my eye ran along the column of figures, and there before me, plain as day, was the missing $5.00. I made a note of the page, put the book back in the safe, and went home. It was then noon. I lay down and fell into a deep sleep from which I did not awake until nine o'clock on Monday morning. After a hearty breakfast I hastened to the office feeling like a new man. It seemed as if a burden had fallen from me, and I was walking on air."

This bookkeeper, by anxiety and overwork, had become very sensitive. He was, by the account he gives of himself, in a state bordering on clairvoyance. He was automatically used, not by a "dominant idea," for the dominant idea was his mistake, and that could not suggest to him the book and page, which were readily found by his hand moving of itself. As the hand never moves itself, it must have been moved by an intelligent, independent force.

A MOTHER SAVES THE LIFE OF HER SON.

Of warnings there are no end, and however much the truth of prophecy may be denied, it is certain that within at least narrow bounds future events may be foretold. One instance of this being correctly done may be referred to coincidence, but two places the probabilities on the other side, and three makes it impossible. It will be readily comprehended that no guess told the soldier a ball would strike him at a certain time and place, or the father that the theatre would be burned on a certain night.

There is a series of facts which show direct interposition of superior intelligence, of which the following may be taken as examples. Col. Walter B. Daulay gives his personal experience when on shipboard off the Gulf of Lyons in a gale of wind:

"I had the mid-watch. The night was dark and terrible, the wind howled furiously and the heaving sea tossed our ship about like a bit of cork. I stood by the mizzen mast, holding on by the fife-rail, and shielding my face from the blinding spray that came driving over the deck. Suddenly I heard my name pronounced as distinctly as I ever heard it in my life,—'Walter! Walter!' and it was my mother's voice that spoke. She continued to call me from the gloom about the main mast, and without stopping to reflect, or thinking where I was, I leaped forward. Hardly had I reached the after-companion way, when I heard a crash behind me, and was called to myself. I turned and found that an iron-banded burton-block had fallen from the top and struck the deck exactly where I had been standing! Had I remained by the fife-rail three seconds longer than I did, my brains would have been dashed out. I always regarded that as an interposition in my behalf of a power independent of human will."

The following facts are vouched for by S. Bigelow, a gentleman of unquestioned integrity and a shrewd observer. In the early days of our war one Albert Dexter, near Ionia, Mich., enlisted in Co. D, Third Michigan Cavalry. His sister, Mrs. John Dunham, living then and now in Ionia, had what she terms a vision the day before he enlisted in which she saw him—her brother Albert—on horseback; saw him wheel and fall from his horse. She told Albert of her vision and importuned him not to go, but he made light of her fears and vision, and went with his company to the fields of blood and carnage, and often in his letters he referred to his sister's fears and vision, in a light and joyful mood; but in his last letter he seemed to believe in the vision and in its probable fulfillment. More than two years had passed since the vision and no unfavorable news from Albert, when one afternoon in autumn as Mrs. Dunham was alone in her quiet home, she heard a loud rap at the door, opened it, saw no one, felt impressed, and queried with herself, "Why can't they tell me?" but could get nothing definite beyond her impressions, and the plain, loud rap about which she could not be mistaken. But during the quiet hours of night her spiritual vision was quickened and she saw Albert on horseback, advance, then wheel, and then saw him shot and fall, all as plainly as though she had been by his side. She saw just where he was hit, how he fell, etc. Hence she knew all, having full confidence in such manifestations, as they were not new to her.

She suffered intense agony and a sleepless night, not expecting herself to survive; was pale and haggard in the morning and scarcely able to be up. She told her friends and family about the matter in detail, even to the writing of a letter by the lieutenant informing them. She gave the contents of the letter before it was written. This was on Tuesday night and following morning. The next Sunday Mrs. D. was visiting six miles from Ionia, and during the day a messenger came bringing a letter, which John Dexter had just received from the Lieutenant of the 3rd Michigan Cavalry, giving particulars of his brother Albert's death while engaged in action the previous Tuesday, confirming in every detail what Mrs. D. had seen and told; and farther she felt or saw the messenger with the letter while yet far from the house, and told him what he had, and gave the contents of the letter, assuring him that it was no news to her.

Another brother, James, enlisted and went to the war, and one evening as Mrs. D. was in bed and Mr. D. was reading, they both heard plainly the report of a pistol (or what seemed to them such) and Mrs. D. saw Albert and James come in and fall near her bed, and told Mr. D. that James was dead, which was fully confirmed by letter in about two weeks.

THE ASSASSINATION OF GARFIELD PREDICTED.

The assassination of Garfield was foretold by many sensitives, for that great event seemed to cast a strong shadow before it. Several of these prophecies have been published since the event, and consequently have lost their weight as evidence, while others have been widely published before the events described. The following rests on the integrity of S. Bigelow, and is unquestionably true.

A gentleman in Cleveland, O., well known there, saw and knew that Garfield would be assassinated long before he left his quiet Mentor home, and was so oppressed with the knowledge that he told Mayor Rose and Dr. Streator, two very prominent and wealthy friends of Garfield, and both active politicians as well, and they conferred with others and finally wrote to Garfield about it; but the medium, in the meantime, felt impelled to do something, and that he must go and see Garfield and warn him, but being a stranger and in humble circumstances he thought he could not go; but he could get no peace till he did, and finally plucked up courage to undertake the, to him, dreaded mission, and went alone and sad to Mentor. Garfield met him in person (not by secretary as he did others) at the door, and greeted him cordially and thus enabled him to overcome his embarrassment in a measure and to talk freely, which he did, and as a consequence Garfield's bed was moved from his bedroom on the lower floor to the chamber.

This precaution prevented the crime for the time, which was ripe for execution. The same gentleman felt impelled to go to Washington with the fateful vision, but was prevented from going, and thus unwarned Garfield met his death.

OMENS.

Almost every one has good and bad omens and although they may think that they have entirely outgrown such superstition, they will find that there yet lingers more or less of the feeling from education or heredity. They do not believe that seeing the moon over the left shoulder indicates bad luck, and over the right good fortune, yet they would prefer to see it over the right. They do not think Friday a more unlucky day than the other six, yet avoid commencing important business on that day. There are a great number of omens and signs, many peculiar to the individual; others world wide, and held from remote antiquity. Of these it may be said that while of themselves these signs and omens have no relation to the events they presage, if we suppose a person to accept a certain omen as foreshadowing a certain event, a superior being foreknowing that event and desiring to impress it on the mind of such person, might use the sign to convey the warning. To further illustrate: There may be no connection between seeing the moon over one's right shoulder and a fortunate event in store; but a superior being, foreseeing that event may so influence our minds as to make us catch a glimpse of the crescent on the right.

Mrs. Bancroft, a daughter-in-law of the great historian, has described an uncanny circumstance which happened at a wedding in 1863, where the wives of Major Thos. Y. Brent and Capt. Eugene Barnes, of the C. S. A. met, each wearing her bridal dress. While dressing for the occasion, Mrs. Brent's companion discovered a blood spot upon the dress of the Major's wife, which could not be accounted for, and somewhat excitedly exclaimed: "It is a bad omen!" Two days after Mrs. Brent experienced a severe pain in the region of her heart, although at the time in the best of health. This occurred at the birth-place of her husband. Two days later she heard that while storming a federal fortification her husband was killed on July 4, 1863, as far as she could learn at the identical time that she had experienced the heart pain. The Major was shot in the breast by a Minnie-ball and instantly killed. Another fact occurred at the time of finding the blood spot, and that was Mr. Thomas Bright addressing the two ladies as "war widows." She believes in omens, and believes that these facts pointed to the death of the lady's husband which occurred so soon after.

A DREAM REALIZED.

The Mobile *Register* published the following, under the title of a "Dream Realized," which should be regarded as a trance, in which state the transcendent knowledge was given by some superior intelligence:

"A man named Bronson, who was an agent for a seed house, was travelling through Tennessee making collections. One night, after he had finished his business in Chattanooga, he made ready for a horseback ride of fifteen or twenty miles the next day. Upon retiring to his room for the night he sat down to smoke a cigar.

"He was neither overtired nor sleepy, but, after smoking a few minutes, he had what he termed, a vision. He was riding over the country on horseback, when at the junction of two roads he was joined by a stranger. He saw this man as plainly as one man can see another in broad daylight, noting the color of his hair and eyes and taking particular notice of the fact that the horse, which was gray in color, had a "y" branded on his left shoulder.

"The two rode along together for a mile or more, and then came to a spot where a tree had blown down and fallen across the narrow highway. They turned into the woods to pass the spot, he in advance, when he saw the stranger pull a pistol and fire at his back. He felt the bullet tear into him, reeled and fell from his horse, and was conscious when the assassin robbed him and drew his body further into the woods. He seemed to see all this, and yet at the same time, knew that he was dead. His corpse was rolled into a hollow and covered with brush, and then the murderer went away and left him alone.

"In making an effort to throw off the brush, he awoke. His cigar had gone out, and, as near as he could calculate, he had been unconscious, as you might call it, for about fifteen minutes. He was deeply agitated, and it was some time before he could convince himself that he had not suffered any injury. By-and-by he went to bed and slept soundly, and next morning the remembrance of what had happened in his vision had almost faded from his mind.

"He set out on his journey in good spirits, and found the road so romantic and met horsemen going to town so often, that he reached the junction of the roads without having given a serious thought to his vision.

"Then every circumstance was recalled in the most vivid manner.

"He was joined there by a stranger on a gray horse, and man and beast tallied exactly with those in the vision. The man did not, however, have the look or bearing of an evil minded person. On the contrary, he seemed to be in a jolly mood, and he saluted Bronson as frankly as an honest stranger would have done. He had no weapons in sight, and he soon explained that he was going to the village to which Bronson was bound, on business connected with the law.

"The agent could not help but feel astonished and startled at the curious coincidence, but the stranger was so talkative and friendly that there was no possible excuse to suspect him. Indeed, as if to prove to his companion that he meditated no evil, he kept a little in advance for the next half hour. Bronson's distrust had entirely vanished, when a turn in the road brought an obstruc-

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Reviewer of a Review Reviewed; an Effort to Prove that Wright is Wrong.

I know not what impelled Mr. Wright to criticise, in the JOURNAL of June 2nd, the Boston lecture of Mr. Dawbarn. I presume to criticise Mr. Wright's article because he teaches by implication and otherwise doctrines that I deem pernicious. I hope that I have not been so unfortunate as was Mr. Wright in the choice of a theme for discussion, for I am sure that he could not have found one that would have given his readers less benefit, or that would have left him less credit. He gives us his mental index in these words, which I quote:

"Mr. Dawbarn talks of universal law. I do not know what he means. What is that law? What is the difference between Jehovah and universal law? Universal law is Mr. Dawbarn's substitute for God.* He cannot worship law; it cannot hear prayer. It is not a fountain of honor, it makes no distinction between good and evil, it is a general term."

Again he says:

"A church that holds no reverence for its preacher is in a bad way. The curse of Spiritualism is its want of reverence. I will pull off my hat in the presence of Gladstone. I would kneel before the majesty of a member of another world. Religion is that sentiment in my nature that makes ideals from my knowledge and ignorance. It is the main thing about a man's life."

How Mr. Wright, can be a teacher of Spiritualism and not know what Mr. Dawbarn means by universal law is a riddle, perhaps, not worth the guessing; but I will venture time enough to answer his query as to the difference between Jehovah and universal law, because everybody who has got beyond the drawl and drivel of the pulpit ought to know the difference. All that we know of Jehovah we have learned from the Bible and its expounders. From them we learn that Jehovah is but another name for capricious will. Its manifestation is sometimes of one of the baser passions and sometimes of another. He is as vacillating, as whimsical and incompetent in the creation and government of the world as is man in the management of his little affairs. He disappoints Himself and in rage rends His work. He is the patron of lust, and proclaims himself a jealous God. He gives no rewards for merit; He sells indulgences in all conceivable abominations for praise of himself.

Should Mr. Wright claim that this is not his Jehovah, and that he has made for himself a better one than that cast in the moulds of Jewish minds and morals, I beg that he examine his work carefully with a view to revision, as the man who cannot comprehend something of the nature of universal law will surely make his God like himself. The only difference will be found in the exaggerations in his God, of those traits that he deems virtuous but which in reality may be vicious. Indeed, Mr. Wright's desire for something to worship, and to which he can pray settles the question as to the nature of his Jehovah. He may have eliminated some of the bloodier and baser elements of the Jewish Jehovah, but in the main he has the same divine coxcomb who demands that men shall becomes less than men, and groveling in the dust implore Him for what is their natural due. If it be claimed that the things prayed for and granted are not naturally and of right due to man, then the sycophant must admit that his God's love of adulation is greater than His sense of justice, and that it moves Him far more than does sympathy for mankind.

Here and there is one who has outgrown the hereditary weakness that requires something to lean upon; to pray to; to worship. Such an one is given to thought instead of emotion. He investigates his own nature and wants, and therefrom learns something of the design or will of his Creator. A beautiful and stupendous moral structure unfolds itself to his mind. This mighty fabric is supported and made imperishable by a wonderful keystone. It is difficult to name the material of this keystone because language has no means equivalent to its expression. It is in effect the omnipresence of the elements of good; of those principles that are favorable to the growth of the physical and moral universe of which man and his environments are a part. This is universal law. By it man is guaranteed compensation for all his ills. To understand it is a flash of light divine, sufficient to make tears, even of sorrow, glow like dew-gems in the morning sunbeam. While it cannot be said that "everything that is, is right," it may be said that no result in all nature can be wholly wrong. Optimism is truer than pessimism, for it is a law universal that some good shall always come to us even from our direst misfortunes.

It matters not whether we call the universal code by any other name. If we have become so much accustomed to having a God in name that one in fact will not satisfy us, we might continue the old term, but let us not forget that we mean something better and higher than what that name has heretofore meant to the world.

Mr. Wright says that universal law is Mr. Dawbarn's substitute for God. I think Mr. Wright is mistaken; "Jehovah" is his substitute for universal law, and a very poor one at that. It cannot be proven that He cannot hear prayer, perhaps, but the countless millions of earnest petitions that breaking hearts have sent out to drop from quivering lips impotent and unanswered, should, I think, convince Mr. Wright and all others who have a mania for worship, that Jehovah as a prayer-god is about as useless as the Hindu praying machine.

Mr. Wright says that "universal law is not a fountain of honor." And is Jehovah a fountain of honor? I think that he is, for honor is but an empty name. It is the wages for which fools labor. It is fame; and that which is in the view of ignorance and passion famous, is to the eye of reason infamous in many cases. It is for the most part the estimate formed by the unthinking mass and voiced in air redolent of the fumes of inebrients. Reader, mark me: the man whose hat would be ready to fly off in the presence of Gladstone, or any other man simply because he is "famous"; or whose knees would ache in the presence of royalty for a chance to show their suppleness, would if opportunity presented itself become the despot of any circle in which he might move, small or great, and demand from his inferior in station the same "worship" that he so freely gives to his superiors.

Mr. Wright says: "The curse of Spiritualism is its want of reverence." What an unfounded declaration is this? How fortunate for us that so many of his utterances are incorrect? In this case he is diametrically opposed to the truth. Its want of misplaced reverence is its glory and the hope of our nation. To the child there is something awful in the darkness of the room. To the adult mind that which is not understood is awful; if there is a suspicion of danger about it it is revered. Spiritualism is rapidly clearing u the dark corners and people are learning that they have nothing to fear. Thanks to universal law we can for ourselves learn something of life and its destiny without going to the preacher for the stuff that he takes and gives "on faith."

Does not Mr. Wright tell too much when he says: "Religion is that sentiment in my nature that makes ideals from my knowledge and ignorance"?

It is only ignorance that makes what is generally practised as religion, possible. Hitherto there has been a vast domain unknown to man. The self-appointed vicegerents of God forbade its exploration. It was declared to be God's mystery. It could be entered and known only by two routes, faith and reason. Faith was the only road that was safe, and that was for the priest. He went and came, bringing to his followers such samples of the flora and fauna as he saw fit. If any questioned the quality of what he brought them, "He that doubts shall be damned," procured silence. But a change has come over the spirit of the religious dream. Men have refused to smother their reason and have dared to doubt. To doubt was to explore the dread domain. To explore is to banish fear; for instead of finding it a dismal jungle wherein wait poisonous serpents and ravenous beasts, coiled to sting, and couchant for prey, it proves to be a dangerless region of beauty that is to be a joy forever.

Religious enthusiasm is always in proportion with the ignorance of the devotee. If Mr. Wright will look in upon the negro churches of the South he will be convinced of this fact; in them there is tenfold more religion to the square foot than can be found any where else. If Spiritualists have less reverence than others it is because they have more knowledge. Everywhere I note the wane of religion, and I hail with delight the fact that it "grows smaller by degrees and beautifully less." I thus rejoice because I love freedom better than all else and I know that men can not, will not, dare to be free so long as a ruthless despotism is recognized even in the heavens.

I hope that my language may not seem intemperate; I have no patience with the man who would enslave my fellow beings, or aid in extending over them a supermundane despotism. I pity hero-worshipers and despise the priests who incite to that worship. Carlyle was one of the latter and became famous as a writer to an extent that he never would have reached had he not been a literary ruffian. It is thus by force of ruffianism that the ruling element too often obtain their commanding position. Down with them, and down with the manner of their elevation and support.

I shall now quote two clauses that show Mr. Wright's undemocratic drift of thought, and which led me to review his letter:

"Some propositions are boldly taken with the assurance that grave philosophers were all agreed upon them.....Conclusions are declared without a shadow of a syllogism to support them upon subjects which learned men have treated with great gravity and reverential moderation."

Here we have it. No common man or woman must venture a new assertion, nor draw a conclusion not authorized by "grave philosophers." Where would Spiritualism have been if the people had waited to receive from "grave philosophers" knowledge in regard to it? Suppose the political interests of France had been left to the Empire's Judiciary, "learned men who would have treated with great gravity and reverential moderation" their claims. Saving a brutal mob, there is no despotism on earth so injuriously oppressive as the social influence of the dominant class of men. This class is chiefly made up of the Judge, the Reverend, the Doctor, with a sufficient quantity of Cols. and Majors. Beg pardon, I forgot the Professor; he's one of 'em. This class assumes to know it all. No one but a "scientist" is supposed to be capable of knowing a physical or psychical fact from a fallacy. To the official dignitary must be left the political welfare of the country. The parson claims to be "the man of God," and as such having peculiar means of understanding the "science" of theology; few or none can escape the devil's clutches save through his agency. He is an important personage. I think his position is coveted by some Spiritualist lecturers. He visits where he chooses through the week, and on Sunday he goes to church, and behold the modiste's and milliner's best are displayed before him. By divine right he invades the domain of the doctor and the politician. He visits the doctor's patient and by prayers suggestive of death and hell, helps to kill him. Don't understand me to say that he helps the doctor to kill the patient, oh! no, he helps the disease and the medicine to do it. Not content with saving the souls of men he poaches upon the premises of the "Judge," and insists on saving the republic by putting God in the constitution. About the doctor, for peculiar reasons, I prefer to say little; but as he belongs to the high-class Brahmins he must be noticed. Personally he is a pretty good fellow, but there are more business arts than scientific ones in his trade, and if you are not very careful he will administer to you your grandmother's remedy under a new name, even while he laughs at you for using it under its old name. He holds a very self-important position in society and will retain it by the aid of the "doctor's law" until a majority of the fools are dead, after which it is to be hoped that there will be no more class legislation for any of the would-be aristocracies.

The Col. is, in my part of the country, the most numerous of the high-toned elements mentioned. He is always willing to bear his part of the public burden. If there is a post-office, or any other office to be had he will take it, but if not he usually takes whisky. The Col., and even the Major, is respectable, but "the line has to be drawn somewhere" and below the latter no white man can get the suffrage, respect, nor even the labor, of a negro unless the latter is very hungry indeed.

These people are well enough in their place, but I insist that they must not presume upon their superior importance because of their position. Too long has their showy style dazzled the eyes, and their loud claims of superiority "split the ears of the groundlings;" while "the judicious grieve" to know that place and power are oftener attained by the assumption of virtue than by the possession of real merit. To this rule the "grave Professor" is no exception, and we object to the common practice of setting him up in the midst of the literary field with arms threateningly extended to frighten out the unpretending crows who go there to scratch up something for themselves and their fellows.

Gravity in owls and donkeys is the proper thing, because they are "to the manner born;" but for man with healthy livers and hopeful lives "it is more honored in the breach than in the observance."

I know many men who go through life playing the part of "heavy villain"—to use a phrase sometimes heard about the stage. They have every feature set, and make every movement to call out: "Look at me; you common folk; you triflers, see how solemn and solid I am."

Now there are persons whose gravity is natural and becoming, but the sort that Mr. Wright and his ilk admire so much is generally spurious art, fit only to provoke a quiet laugh from those who know that seeming is a sure evidence of the permanent absence of reality.

In conclusion, let me say to the Socialists: Right here is where you have your chief cause, and nearly your whole cause of complaint; and right here you ought to begin your agitation, your fight. Instead of calling yourselves Socialists you should call yourselves Individualists, for such you must be to reach the ends you desire. Do this, and to the last day of my life I shall be with you in the effort to rid the common people of this Old Man of the Sea; this incubus so detestable to so many overburdened souls, but which is, alas, invisible to most of them. We all know that oppression comes from some quarter. Nearly all trace it to capital and the capitalist and begin resistance there. I pray you do so no more. Reach beyond the capitalist and strike the privileged class of which I have just been writing. It is this class that assumes to determine the cut and color of your coat, as well as of your manners and morals.

I know that you have been "beaten with many stripes," but never again strike back until you know your enemy. Oh! that the labor agitators and the honest Socialists of our country would think more of this aspect of their case. Let them understand that their greatest evil is the frowning down of individual effort in humble life, through the social tyranny of the dominant class.

Reader, think of this and make your conclusions known, and mayhap one of these days we shall hold a convention and begin a social revolution that will not tend to anarchy and thus end itself. It will be founded upon Universal Law. FARMER LEE.

Allen, La.

Dealings With the Other World.

ALDERMAN BARKAS, F.G.S.

In previous papers I have given a digest of the physical and psychological phenomena that have taken place in my presence during a lengthened series of spiritualistic séances. The first papers were devoted to the description of physical phenomena that appear to be inexplicable according to recognized physical laws, and the second series of papers consist for the most part of replies to various scientific questions, with which the young lady medium whose hand wrote the answers was presumably unacquainted, and which were alleged to be written by the control of well-educated persons who had departed this life, and are now denizens of the world to come. I now propose in my nineteenth paper to give some replies I received to many critical questions, having reference for the most part to the conditions of the future life. Whether accepted as true, or rejected as illusory, the replies are able and ingenious, and as they were written at the impulse of the moment with great speed and spontaneity, and without the slightest subsequent correction, they are, if nothing more, at least psychological studies of a very high order, and would be difficult to be excelled even by Mr. Goschen or Mr. Gladstone, who are masters of rhetoric, illustration, and verbal ingenuity.

The questions were prepared and asked by me, and were, before being asked, not known to any other human being. The replies, therefore, must be credited with spontaneity, and on any hypothesis they are, at least, far from being drivelling or commonplace, a charge which is frequently but erroneously made against all alleged communications from persons in the future world.

The following are questions I asked and the answers I received:

Q.—Are your mountains, valleys, and landscapes as impervious to you as ours to us?

A.—Yes, and, with the exception of our being able to travel, as it were, by the exercise of will power or volition, would present the same obtacles to our progress.

Q.—Please describe some of the laws that regulate spiritual subsistances. Have you spiritual physics, as we have material physics?

A.—It is very difficult to give you a definite explanation of the laws which govern us, and then, when you consider that what to you seem intangible substances are to us ponderable realities, and *vice versa*, you can easily understand that the whole laws which govern the realities of our life and associations are absolutely reversed, or it would seem so to you, until you are able to study and examine for yourself. It seems to me that it is almost a waste of time to try to explain that which I am so little fitted to do. I only mystify you instead of making things clear, yet indeed it seems such a simple state of matters to us, till we try to explain; then we are at a stand still for words to give you the ideas we want to convey.

Q.—Is there anything in your world equivalent to speech and singing in our world?

A.—Imagine yourself deprived of every organ of sense, such as seeing, hearing, speaking, etc., and yet having all sense, or one embodiment of all the senses; that you can understand without hearing, see without seeing, speak without speaking. Can you imagine such a state of acute perception, such an intuitive faculty? If you can, then I can give you no better idea of the manner in which we see, hear, speak, and understand; though I am not now speaking of those poor, miserable beings who come among us without these senses or sense developed, as many do, and who are for a time virtually blind, deaf, dumb, and devoid of understanding, and only by slow, painful degrees obtain the gift of each of these senses, till in time they become merged into one.

Q.—Can you in the spiritual world produce oratories, etc., such as are produced in the natural world?

A.—Such music as may be produced on earth is but the faintest echo of the sounds which may be heard among us, where everything, every sense, is the perfection of the senses; every faculty we possess is the perfection of the faculties we possessed on earth. Can you not understand that any artistic attempts on our part are the perfection of those we attempted on earth?

Q.—Have you books and collections of records in your spheres as we have in ours?

A.—Yes. Not the smallest trifle escapes record; there are histories of those who inhabited this sphere before us, and who have gone on. Not the smallest detail is lost among us.

Q.—Is your writing alphabetic, and if so, is it phonetic?

A.—Perhaps the Chinese writing resembles ours more nearly than anything else I could give you as an example. Each symbol is a thought, an idea, and the reader is able to interpret, not the symbol he sees, but the thought expressed by the writer, and according to the reader's development of sense or senses—so much does the writer convey. For example: a comparatively undeveloped being, reading a sentence, would understand just so much as his development gives him power to understand, while one more advanced would read much more than the other. This is also difficult to explain.

Q.—Thanks. This, of course, is also the case in the reading of terrestrial writings. Could you favor us with a sketch of any one of the written forms to which you refer, and give us its interpretation?

A.—I would, but I may not.

Q.—What are the common occupations of the inhabitants of your sphere?

A.—There are many—nay more—than in yours, and of a somewhat similar character.

Q.—Do the inhabitants of your sphere accumulate property in a manner somewhat resembling that adopted by the inhabitants of this sphere?

A.—No; in a commonwealth such as ours it is impossible. Here everyone works as much for his neighbor as himself. A man can not rise unless he does so, because he has helped others to rise, and gains only riches because he has helped others to do the same; he only gains to bestow it upon others, and the more he bestows upon others the richer he becomes.

Q.—Can you give us any idea of the knowledge you acquire in your sphere, and in what respect it differs from that we acquire here?

A.—I can only tell you how I gain or acquire knowledge. When you or others wish me to tell you something respecting your laws of physics, I can, by studying the laws of those in our sphere, and repeat them to you, interpreted, of course, into language suitable to the times in which you live. The physical sciences which you are so much interested in in your world have their counterparts in ours, and a skilful interpreter can easily make the reading of one do for the other, bearing in mind the difference of each development, etc., which has been attained by our friends to whom we communicate. We may not advance theories which are in your province to discover and treat as facts; you would not believe us if we did. We can only go with the times. We hear of your discoveries and they amaze us with wonder; what would be the result of the communications we could make to you, if we were allowed to do so?

Q.—You have said that angels occasionally visit your sphere; in what form do they come?

A.—In the form common to us all; they have come in the same to you in times gone by, but they have not been received as such; even here they are doubted by the incredulous, who do not believe in the existence of a yet higher sphere. There are many here who, if the Deity Himself were to come amongst them, would ask one another, How do we know that He is what He represents Himself to be; where are His credentials?

Q.—Do you ever in person visit our earth; or, do any inhabitants of the spiritual world now do so?

A.—Assuredly, I have been among you many times, not visible to any but those gifted with the faculty of what you call clear sight, yet still in person.

Q.—Is there any limit to the number of persons whom you can instruct at one time, as there is on earth? We can only address by voice a few hundreds; can you in your sphere address much larger numbers, and if so, how?

A.—There are none of us omnipotent; at the best we are but men, and have no power beyond that of mankind. After death we still have the same powers and gifts, enlarged perhaps, but others share the same, so that our power to instruct and address others is in the same proportion as on earth.

Q.—Have you training schools, colleges, professorships, and modes of instruction similar to those we have here, and if not similar to ours, what are their peculiar characteristics?

A.—If I say we have schools for training the unopened minds of our young and comparatively undeveloped, you must not understand that we educate our uninstructed after the same manner as you do. We have methods and methods. The greatest among us is the best teacher, and he who is the best teacher and instructor claims the highest position among us. There have been teachers, doctors, professors among you, who have come to us as ignorant and uneducated in the necessary rudiments of a spiritual education, if you call it so, as the most ignorant child, and their progress has been slower. There are different grades of professors and teachers among us, as there are different classes of scholars; the wisest is the richest, and a man's riches consist in the amount of wisdom he possesses.

Q.—What are your ordinary avocations? Please to describe an ordinary day's work in your sphere?

A.—This I cannot do perfectly. I am a teacher, as, indeed, most of us are; I am also a scholar—all of us here are both teachers and scholars. We have recreations and amusements; this is mine. We work hard, or otherwise, according to our desire to progress, or get rich; the most ardent inquirer after learning gets rich first, only to be able to give others the benefits of his acquisitions. If I am amused by doing this I am also learning a great amount, and so the time I spend in communicating with you through this or any medium is improving my knowledge of the sciences, and is not a great waste of time. My whole time is taken up with the work I have in hand, not an idle minute is spent. Our amusements are instructive, and our work is a pleasure.

Q.—Are there various grades and social states in your sphere? Are there those, for example, who follow manual labor, and those who follow intellectual pursuits?

A.—I suppose you would call it intellectual pursuits, but to us it is what we consider manual labor. To the spirit intellectual avocations are as the manual occupations of the body. There are grades and stations, barriers of caste, even as among you. Not the caste as you understand by the term, yet as impervious to the outsiders as in your mercenary and aristocratic society. These barriers are only to be broken by the one who bears in his hands and face such recommendations as the wholeness of mind, purity of purpose, and philanthropic greatness, such as are the distinguishing features of the society of those he wishes to enter. In our societies there are none who are not considered equally worthy, not one in whom any lurking taint of his sometime associations is to be found. Caste is not to be broken through here by the outside show of some plebeian, whose only credentials are a seeming wealth, but the stamp of goodness and worth is to be plainly seen before they will be received.

Q.—You said you were a materialist when on earth: have you found that that has affected you prejudicially in your present life?

A.—Very considerably. I think I had not so much to unlearn as many have—not so many prejudices to overcome; but I had learned so little that it has been terribly hard, uphill work.

Q.—How many spirits are in special attendance upon any given person assuming that persons are attended by spirits? For example, how many, if any, ordinarily attend Mr. ——?

A.—I cannot say. Those by whom he on earth may have been regarded by affectionate ties, they are usually to be found near him, or I should say so; speaking for myself from personal knowledge—I like to be beside those for whom I have the greatest affection. In some cases a person will be always surrounded by friends; others, perhaps, one solitary kindred spirit. It is quite impossible to give any number. I have known scores of spirits near one who had some particular attraction for them; and again, I have known others whose loneliness has been pitiable. Just according to the lovable qualities of the person, just so many spirits will he attract.

Q.—Have you anything in your sphere equivalent to our struggle for existence here; that is, must you work in order to live?

A.—It is impossible to die, always remember that. To die is but to be born again—to resume the everlasting work of creation. To die would be a great blessing to many who are too idle to work; yet on they must go, and a man even on earth can understand that to be idle is to be a miserable, grovelling creature—too abject to raise himself without assistance from others. It is the same here. There are many who would rather die than work, but as this is impossible, are content to eke out a miserable existence upon the scantiest proceeds of such work as they are of necessity compelled to perform.—*Northern Weekly Leader, Eng.*

The Red Cross Association.

A correspondent having asked us for information concerning the Red Cross Association, with which the name of Miss Clara Barton is identified, gives the following facts:

The Red Cross is a confederation of relief societies in different countries, acting under the Geneva convention, whose aim is to ameliorate the condition of wounded soldiers in the armies in campaign on land or sea. The idea of such a society was conceived in the mind of M. Henri Durant, a Swiss gentleman, who saw the battle of Solferino, and became impressed with the need of more efficient and extended means of ameliorating the condition consequent upon war. Once a year in the city of Geneva is held a meeting of the Society of Public Utility, corresponding to our Saratoga meeting of the Society of Social Science, and to M. Gustav Moynier, president of that society, was presented M. Durant's theories. The latter gentleman also published a little book called "A Souvenir of Solferino," wherein he depicted the touching incidents and horrible realities of warfare. The battle was fresh in the minds of the people, the book was well written, was extensively read, translated into different languages, and awakened the interest and enthusiasm of the people. Mr. Moynier called a meeting of his society for discussion of this question, which resulted in their appointing a convention in Geneva of delegates from every civilized nation, to consider this subject, and arrange some international compact or treaty compatible with the articles of war belonging to the several countries. An invitation was extended to Mr. Seward to send representatives from the United States, but, surrounded with the realities of a threatened constitution, and the horror of a bitter civil war, he had little time to consider

UTOPIAN CONVENTIONS FOR THE ADVANCEMENT

of humanity. However, Mr. Charles Bowler, an American banker of France, and Mr. Fogg, United States Minister to Switzerland, constituted themselves delegates to this convention, which was held the 26th of October, 1864, and which, after a deliberation of four days, resulted in the arrangement of a set of resolutions whereby the "Ambulance and military hospital in battle shall be considered neutral, and as such shall be protected; persons employed in hospitals and ambulances, surgeons, chaplains, servants, etc., shall be also neutral, and even after occupation of the field by the enemy, may continue to fulfil their duties and not be retained as prisoners; inhabitants of the country shall be allowed to bring help in to the relief of friend and foe alike; houses opened for the reception of the wounded shall be protected and relieved from the quartering of troops; commanders-in-chief shall return wounded soldiers to the outposts of the enemy if desired, and send back all disabled soldiers when recovered, to their own country, and the evacuating troops of a field shall not be fired upon while in retreat." This treaty was signed by twelve nations in less than four months, and now all civilized governments (thirty-two in number) adhere to its regulations.

It was deemed expedient to adopt a universal badge, which sign shall be recognized by every nation, and in honor of the Swiss Republic, where the convention assembled, and whose banner is a cross of white upon a scarlet ground, was adopted the emblem of red and white with the colors reversed, a cross of scarlet upon a ground of snow. Something of its potency is illustrated in the fact that if the general or any officer or soldier of a victorious army lay violent hands upon the humblest hospital servant of the enemy, or little boy who carries water to his sick lieutenant's tent wearing the scarlet cross, he has broken an international treaty, and at the

RISK OF HIS HEAD.

The whole of Europe is marshalled under the banner of the red cross, and wherever the din of war is heard, is planted the white banner that wears the blessed sign of relief. The ensign waves in Siberia, on the Chinese frontier, in Algeria, Egypt and Oceanica.

The Society of Utility was made the International Committee of the Red Cross, with M. Moynier as president, a wealthy philanthropist of unlimited means, great earnestness of purpose, singleness of object, and strength and integrity of character, devoting his entire life to the interests of the society he represents. The first act of a country after giving its adhesion to the treaty, is the establishment of a national society to act in accordance with its provisions. The national societies form others as associate or auxiliary societies, the purpose of their members being largely to perfect themselves in every branch of humanitarian work connected with the prevention or relief of the sufferings contingent upon war. Their second object, and also a very important one, is the raising of funds for the sudden needs of the society, and a yearly fee is exacted of each member, but outside of this the contributions are all voluntary. Beside the collection of funds, necessary material is collected for sanitary service, clothing is made, bandages, lint, etc., prepared, practical improvements and inventions in all sanitary relief apparatus are made and perfected, and training schools for nurses are established, whose members upon graduation seek employment always with the understanding that with the first note of war they go to the front.

Owing to its isolation from the warring nations of the globe, the United States was the last to join the society. In 1880 Miss Barton laid the matter before Congress and procured the passage of a bill agreeing to the conditions of the association, which the President readily signed. The presidency of the society was offered to Mr. Garfield, but he nominated Miss Barton to fill the place instead. The original purpose of the association was simply to relieve the sufferers of the war, but through Miss Barton's influence its purpose has been enlarged, and now includes relief "in war, famine, pestilence, and other national calamities." It has, therefore, contributed to the relief of the sufferers by the Mississippi floods, the Michigan forest fires, and the Texas drought, and in this way testified to the worthiness of its purpose.—*Inter-Ocean.*

An Unpopular Visitor at the Vatican.

At that time a man appeared at the great entrance to the Vatican. He was young, and his face, pale and thin, betrayed great sorrow and suffering. He wore a long mantle of white wool, the dress of the nomads of the desert, and from beneath the cape of the same his hair fell long and waving. It was plain that he was poor and tired; but his eyes sparkled, and a sorrowful smile played upon his lips.

As he was entering the great doorway the gorgeously uniformed guards of the pope, dressed in red and gold, looked at this strange individual, and one of them barred his way, saying in a gruff voice: "Hold on, stranger! This isn't the way to enter the palace of the great pontiff." The pilgrim halted, and answered him in a voice full of sweetness: "I only came to see the presents the great kings of the world have sent to the vicar of Jesus Christ."

"Well," said one of the guards, "as I see that you come from a far-away country, I'll let you in, so that you may tell your people of the greatness and glory of our master."

And they allowed him to pass.

The traveller stepped up the marble stairs, and came to the great halls paved with mosaic; rare marbles, frescoed ceilings; immense paintings covered the walls on all sides. In that palace, itself as great as a city, he beheld great rooms, filled with treasures of all kinds, so that it looked like a great bazaar, greater than those of Suza, Babylonia, Cairo, Damascus, or Jerusalem. There were gifts of great value sent from all parts of the wide world; presents from kings, emperors, queens, princes, and others; rare jewels, golden vases filled with precious stones, piles of silks, velvets, and costly embroidered stuffs of all kinds, gold and diamonds everywhere.

The pilgrim looked with eager curiosity at all these treasures for a long while; his eyes sparkled with joy, and his face appeared to beam with triumph. "At last," he exclaimed, "men have become good, and the great give to the poor!" and turning to one of the splendidly dressed guards, he added: "What great benefits will be done with those vast treasures! the hungry will be fed, the naked will have dresses, and the shivering poor will be warmed. Ah, blessed be those paternal hearts! Yes, those who have plenty do give to them who have not; fraternity has come at last upon the earth, and the blessings of heaven."

While the stranger was speaking in this manner the guards near him, looking at each other, whispered: "The poor fellow, he must be crazy."

But the pilgrim continued with warmth and animation: "Glory be to God, and blessed be the holy man by whose hand all these riches will be given to the poor and unfortunate!"

Then turning and speaking to them, he asked: "And when will the distribution of all these treasures take place? I'd like to be there and see the poor made happy and contented."

"Why, man, you are dreaming," answered one of the guards to him. "All those things belong to our great pontiff; to him alone, and he won't give any away."

"To him alone," exclaimed the stranger excitedly; "for him all of those jewels, and gold, and precious stones; all of those robes of silk, gold, and rich stuffs? Go and tell the vicar of Jesus Christ that I am hungry and thirsty, and that my robes are all in rags, while he has here enough to feed and clothe hundreds of thousands of poor men like me."

The guardsmen laughed loudly in his face.

The pilgrim folded his arms, and, looking at one of the magnificent sacerdotal vestments of the pope, embroidered all in gold, with precious stones, he continued:

"The vicar of Jesus cannot but be the father of the humble, the benefactor of the poor, the apostle of fraternity. But, alas! I see he lives in a marble palace, dressed in golden mantles, and surrounded by a court and gorgeous valets, while I go barefooted. So saying, he tore the golden fringe from off the precious robes, and threw it on the ground, under his feet.

The guards fell upon him, and, holding his sacrilegious hands, dragged him to a dungeon. And while they were taking him there, he kept on saying:

"They call themselves my disciples!" and his eyes gave forth sparks, as of lightning.

He was Jesus Christ.—*Translated from the Italian.*

A Tennessee Fanatic, Claiming to Be the Messiah, Stirs up Trouble.

A dispatch to a Chicago daily, June 16th, from Soddy, Tenn., states that half a hundred armed men patrolled the streets the previous night to prevent an attack on the house of G. W. Patterson, in which was lodged the "Second Christ." For six months Patterson has been preaching that a wonderful thing was about to happen. Three months ago he announced definitely that Christ was about to appear a second time and would do so in the person of A. J. Brown, an assistant of his. Strange as it may appear the two fanatics secured a large following and crowds thronged to hear them. Outside this one heresy their doctrine was orthodox enough. They proposed to forgive all sin and heal all diseases. At last Brown announced that in order to fully prepare himself he must fast forty days and forty nights. Accordingly he disappeared, and the faithful declared he was fasting in the mountains. Last Sunday was the day fixed for his return. A vast multitude assembled and watched the hills for the new Messiah. Suddenly he appeared, robed in white, holding his hands toward Heaven. A mighty shout went up and the throng rushed toward him. Women and children kissed his feet and hands. Men bowed down to him and sick people declared they were healed. One young girl, Lulu McLung, declared she was ready to die and the fanatics prepared to sacrifice her, when the outsiders interfered and a free fight ensued. Patterson and Brown narrowly escaped with their lives, and other followers were roughly handled. Brown, Patterson, and some others reached Patterson's house and barricaded the doors and windows, but the crowd lingered until far in the night, stoning the house and uttering threats. Next day letters ornamented with skulls, crossbones, and coffins were sent to Patterson and all his followers, telling them to leave by Thursday on pain of death. Patterson at once sent for Sheriff Connor of Chattanooga, who arrived Wednesday. He looked the ground over, and became satisfied that the fanatics must leave or blood would be shed. He placed a number of men on guard and returned. Yesterday a story became current that two young children had been offered as sacrifices, and the feeling became so intense that it was necessary to bring a large extra force here. Brown says that if attempts are made to drive off his followers next Thursday he will open the heavens and kill all the disbelievers.

Hints for Converts to Islamism.

A Swiss newspaper gives an interesting letter from the actual head of the Mussulman faith, Ahmet Essaad, the present Sheikh-ül-Islam. A German, settled in the East, had written to ask for admission into the religion of Islam. Ahmet Essaad shows himself gently shocked by the request, and the ignorance it implies of the functions he exercises; but, he admits, indulgently, the mistake is, after all, a natural one on the part of a convert newly escaped from a church governed by a hierarchy. "We would have you observe," mildly remarked the Sheikh, "that your conversion to Islamism does not depend upon our consent, since Islamism admits of no intermediates, such as a priesthood, between God and his servants. Our duty consists in giving religious instruction to the people, and ends there. Consequently conversion to Islamism necessitates no religious ceremonies, and requires the consent of no one. All that is needed is to believe, and to declare this belief. If, as your letter seems to show, you so profess this faith, and can declare that there is no God but God, and that Mahomet is his prophet, then you have become a Mussulman, and stand in no need of being accepted by us. Also we congratulate you with pride and joy upon having been thus touched by Divine grace, and we shall recognize you in this world and the next as our brother in religion." After this, the Sheikh-ul-Islam goes on to dilate further upon the simplicity of the true Faith as taught by the Prophet.

"All this," he says, in a tone of condescension, "must seem strange enough to people accustomed to sacerdotalism; and hence we think it good to give you some further instruction. When a Christian child is born it must, to be made a member of the Church, be baptized by a priest duly clothed with ecclesiastical authority. When this child grows up, and desires to contract marriage, again he must have recourse to the priest. To pray, he must also seek the Church, where the priest is present; to obtain the remission of his sins he must confess them to the priest; and, in the end, the priest must superintend his burial. As there is no priesthood in the Mussulman religion, none of these obligations exist. The child is born a Mussulman; his father, or the head of the family, gives him a name. When a man and woman wish to marry, they pledge themselves to each other in the presence of two witnesses. A Mussulman prays alone, and in any place where he may be; and, to obtain the remission of his sins, he appeals directly to God—he does not, he must not, confess them to another man. At his death, his fellow Mussulmans who live near are obliged to place him in a shroud and to bury him. Any Mussulman can perform this duty; the presence of a religious teacher is not necessary." This tempting simplicity of faith must not lead the disciples of Professor Seeley and Mr. Matthew Arnold to believe that in Islam "imaginative reason" may find satisfaction, and pure rational truism get itself "lighted up with emotion." In this way does the Sheikh-ul-Islam turn, in the end, on the imaginative rationalists, and, brandishing the hated sword of dogmatism, cut, in their sight, the Gordian knot of the origin of evil." It is an article of faith," says he, "to attribute good and evil to the providence of God To say that the author of good is an angel, and the author of evil a demon, is one of those prejudices that must be avoided. Consequently, the true believer must have faith in God, in His Angels, in His Prophets, in His books, in the Last Judgment, and must attribute evil and good to the Divine will." After this, how shall it profit the imaginative rationalist to inform him that, whilst whoso professes this faith is a true believer, the perfect believer is one who does his duty, prays to God, and avoids falling into sin?—*The Echo.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

A CATECHISM COMPILED FOR THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE NEW LIFE.

This is a pamphlet of twelve pages by Mrs. Janet E. Ruutz-Rees, and may be supposed to be authoritative, since Mrs. Rees has long been known as one of the ablest exponents of the Fellowship. It is a concise, definite and lucid statement of belief in the form of questions and answers, giving the mode of thought, though not the practical workings of the association.

From it we learn that the aim of human life is perfection of character, which perfection consists in "self-effacement"—a conclusion whereby, if logically carried out would allow no cohesion or catechism. In another place it is declared that "the soul is in essence external to the body;" also that "the soul, keeping at times everywhere, cannot be said to change its position at the death of the body," and that "the soul, being a simple principle, is necessarily eternal, though it becomes individual by its experience in connection with the body." The closing question and answer are:

"What is the highest happiness of the soul?"

"Ans. The peace of God which passeth all understanding, and in which is realized the beatific vision presented to the soul by a perfect recognition of that light, which, through the pure intellect, lighteth every man who cometh into the world and whose fulness is the reward of all who follow its leadings and who cultivate that freedom of the soul which is their heritage."

Magazines for June Not Before Mentioned.

The Platonist. (Osceola, Mo.) Another chapter upon Dreams is given for June and this is followed by much good reading.

The Phrenological Journal. (New York.) A sketch of the psychological prodigy, Helen Keller opens this number; Notable people of the day introduces Benjamin Harrison, Dr. C. S. Lozier, John Morley, and Robert Lincoln, with portraits; The Lick Observatory is described; Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith contributes a short article entitled the Spinning Wheel. There are other short articles, notes and reviews.

Truth. (Chicago.) With this number Truth completes its second volume and presents a good table of contents. Hereafter the publication office will be established at 13 West 42nd St., where the editor, Mrs. Mary H. Plunkett, can be seen at any time.

Mental Healing. (Boston.) Articles devoted to the Exposition of Christian Science and Divine Truth fill this month's issue.

Works Treating Upon the Spiritual Philosophy and the Spirit World.

Book on Mediums; or Guide for Mediums and Invocators: containing the special instructions of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations; the development of mediumship, and the means of communicating with the invisible world. By Allen Kardec. Also, The Spirits' Book, by the same author, containing the principles of spiritist doctrine on the immortality of the soul and the future life. Price, $1.60, each.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle. By Morell Theobald, F. C. A. An autobiographic narrative of psychic phenomena in family daily life extending over a period of twenty years, and told in a most delightful and interesting manner. Price, $2.40.

The Spirit World, its inhabitants, nature and philosophy. By Eugene Crowell. Price, $1.00.

Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, by the same author, Vol. II. The volumes of this work are independent of each other and since Vol. I, is entirely out of print, Vol. II is selling at $1.20.

The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. By Epes Sargent. As the title indicates this work is a scientific exposition of a stupendous subject and should be read by all Spiritualists and investigators. Price, $1.60.

The July number of *The Woman's World* will contain among other interesting papers, one by Amy Levy on the Women's Clubs of London. London is much ahead of New York in this matter and has at least five flourishing and well-housed clubs for women. The most fashionable of these is the "Alexandra," the most literary or Bohemian, the "University."

Mr. Carl Schurz, who is yet in Germany, and was recently entertained by Prince Bismarck, is preparing a thorough study of Bismarck's career and of its bearings on the political situation in Europe. It will appear in an early number of the *Forum.*

There has been such a demand for complete sets of the *Forum* by libraries and by persons who desire to keep a contemporaneous summary of important discussions, that many of the early numbers were for a time out of print. The Forum Publishing Co., 253 Fifth Ave., New York, has now reprinted them.

A timely article in the July *Century* is "Disease Germs and how to Combat Them." It will be accompanied by a frontispiece portrait of Pasteur, who has made disinfection and fermentation a longer study than hydrophobia, although it is with the latter that his name is more intimately associated in the public mind.

The Psychograph or Dial Planchette is an instrument that has been well tested by numerous investigators. Our well known contributor, Giles B. Stebbins, writes:

"Soon after this new and curious instrument for getting spirit messages was made known, I obtained one. Having no gift for its use I was obliged to wait for the right medium. At last I found a reliable person under whose touch on a first trial, the disk swung to and fro, and the second time was done still more readily." We are prepared to fill any and all orders. Price, $1, postpaid.

New Books Received.

Agnes Surriage. By E. L. Bynner. Ticknor's paper series. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Price, 50 cents.

Woman. Vol. II. By Saladin. London: W. Stewart & Co.

The Realities of Heaven. Eight Lectures. By Rev. T. F. Wright. Philadelphia: Wm. H. Alden.

What it Means.

To the man or woman who has never been ill, the word "health" is meaningless. But to the one who has suffered and despaired, health appears as a priceless boon. To the thousands of unfortunate women who are suffering from some of the many forms of weaknesses or irregularities peculiar to their sex, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription holds forth the promise of a speedy restoration of this "priceless boon."

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 30, 1888.

Prayer and Politics.

The whole history of civilization is a history of man's knowledge and observance of natural law. Man's conception of the world has been an index of intellectual and moral development. For him the world has grown only as he has grown. This is evidently what Goethe meant when he said, "We carry a universe within us," and in this sense the Protagorean dictum, "Man is the measure of all things," admits of rational interpretation.

As man has become acquainted with the world as it is revealed in consciousness, the phenomenal world with which science deals, he has seen less and less of chance and caprice, and more and more of law and causation. What once appeared to be without order is now known to be a part of the cosmos, a part of the universal order; an occurrence not understood, once regarded as supernatural, is now investigated until its antecedents are discovered, and the order of phenomena to which it belongs is ascertained.

Enlightened people do not now rely for success in any undertaking upon miraculous interposition in their behalf. The hundreds of thousands of farmers in the west do not trust to Providence for good crops. The condition of the land, the quality of the seed, and their ability to guard against the ravage of insect and parasitic life, which are known to be as natural as the growth of the grain, are all taken into consideration. A superstitious or demagogical Governor may now and then issue a proclamation requesting the people of a State to pray for rain or for exemption from the ravages of grasshoppers; but such appeals impress only the ignorant, and are really intellectual survivals from past generations.

However much theological theory still lingers in the mind and forms a part of the religious belief of average people, practically they do not expect, do not believe in supernatural interposition in response to prayer. Many with whom prayer is a practice frankly admit that they do not pray expecting material blessings or believing that God answers petitional prayer, but because the attitude and act of prayer put them in *rapport* with the Divine Spirit, elevate their thoughts and serve to satisfy the higher aspirations of the soul.

The orthodox prayer is of a different sort. It is an effort to "move the hand that moves the world." It is a petition to a personal being, asking that he will, because of faith and the promise of his word, grant certain favors, that he will restore a sick brother to health, that he will stay a pestilence, that he will give victory to an army, that he will come to the relief of a besieged city, that he will influence governors, mayors, city councils, etc., in favor of certain measures, that he will incline men to give liberally to religious and missionary enterprises, that he will favor this or that party, and send dismay into the ranks of those imagined to be on the wrong side. Prayers of this kind are still heard from orthodox pulpits, and although people no longer expect results from them, they listen to them in a patient perfunctory manner, and probably would consider a religious service incomplete without one of those utterances, which from the standpoint of common sense, are about as irrational and ridiculous as words can be.

These prayers, ignoring the fact that law and causation are universal, are based on the assumption that every operation of the world is the result of divine volition and that changes involving more force here, less force there, the substitution here of a special effect for the one which was about to flow from a certain cause, the removal there of a cause and introducing a new antecedent, can be made without any difficulty whatever. This assumption is not evidence simply of ignorance, but of ignorance petrified, or made so hard that it remains undissolved when the light of knowledge is all around it. Thus it is that the forms and ceremonies of religious systems remain as incumbrances generations after the spirit which once animated them has gone, and when they are observed or tolerated merely from unreasoning habit or from reverence for what has long been established.

These thoughts have been suggested by the opening with prayer of the sessions of the Republican Convention. The prayers on these occasions were in no way remarkable. They were simply expressions of thanks for all the blessings received and petitions for general and special favors to the country and to the party. None of the prayers contained expressions likely to offend any class of voters. It is stated that the Burchard incident made such a deep impression upon the Republican National Committtee that it was suggested at their first business meeting that the chaplain should be asked to submit his prayer in manuscript for the Committee's approval twenty-four hours before its delivery. The suggestion met with favor, but no formal action was taken.

The Evening Journal, on whose authority this statement is made, is reminded by the incident of the story about the Denver minister, who while earnestly engaged in prayer and hearing somebody call out from the audience "Louder," paused, and looking toward the offender, replied, "I was not praying to you but to the Lord." It is evident that the managers of political conventions who call upon ministers to open the sessions with prayer do so with less thought of the help they will secure from God than of the number of votes they will gain or lose by the effect the words will have upon those who shall hear or read them.

Chicago daily papers referred to the prayers as they did to the speeches, entirely with regard to their effect upon the audience with no reference whatever as to the help they would probably secure from the person to whom they were addressed. A reporter of one of the dailies said:

> At 12:20 sharp the little fat chairman of the national committee rapped three times and called the buzzing delegates to comparative order, while the Rev. Mr. Gunsaulus of Chicago, formerly of Newton, Mass., a nice-looking clergyman, delivered a rhetorical prayer, or rather set speech, technically to the Heavenly Father, but in reality to the delegates in general and the galleries in particular. So patriotic was its tone, so partisan its purpose, so stars-and-stripesy its terms, that when he closed the convention gave him a tremendous round of applause, which surprised me, if it didn't the angels.

In regard to the prayer on the second day a Chicago paper had this to offer:

> Meantime Brother Thurston, at 12:30, called the convention to order with his little gavel, and introduced a clergyman from the far west, with a mustache and hair, who immediately proceeded to address the throne of grace, and to give information to the Most High, concerning, first his attributes, second, his achievements, third, the Republican party, and fourth, our soldier boys. Whatever may have been the upper altitude effect of this somewhat remarkable series of assertions, they seemed to tickle the convention in a marked degree. To be sure the delegates didn't applaud the sentiments, as they did the utterances of Plymouth's pastor yesterday, but there was a general hum of satisfaction as the reverend gentleman said amen.

In describing the proceedings of the Democratic Convention held recently in St. Louis, Republican papers alluded to the prayers in a similar spirit. The fact is significant only as showing how far outgrown is belief in the efficacy of prayer, as a petition to God, and yet how ready the shrewd political leaders are to take advantage of whatever superstitious reverence for the performance still remains because of its past and present associations. Are the sanctions of morality strengthened, are dignity and elevation of character promoted, is spiritual development or religious culture advanced by the perpetuation of false conceptions and hypocritical pretensions under religious forms of ceremonies which excite nothing but ridicule and contempt whenever used in the support of rival political movements?

Some days ago a German brought to New York from across the Atlantic, a troupe of monkey actors, on which a duty of twenty per cent. was exacted by the collector of customs. The JOURNAL cannot enter into the merits of the tariff discussion, but in regard to this duty on the performing monkeys the questions of Henry George seem not to be impertinent, "Why is it levied? Whom does it protect? The American actor? He holds his own against the pauper actors of Europe, who are imported duty free, and surely feels no competition from the monkey tribe. The breeders of monkeys? They're like snakes in Ireland—there arn't any. The question is not to be answered. Probably it's like a good many other questions about the tariff. It's impertinent to ask it."

The sixth annual camp meeting of the Michigan Spiritualists will be held at Haslett Park, commencing Thursday, July 26th, and closing Monday, August 27th, including five Sundays. 10 A.M., Welcome address by the presiding officer, G. H. Brooks of Wisconsin; 10:30 A. M., Dedication of New Auditorium, by Mrs. R. S. Lillie of Boston; 2 P. M., address by Wm. L. Bancroft of Port Huron; 3 P. M., address by Mrs. Lillie. August 4, Memorial day. August 5th, 10:30 A. M. and 2 P. M., address by Mrs. R. S. Lillie. August 12th, 10:30 A. M., address by Mrs. Nellie Baade of Capac; 2 P. M., address by A. B. French of Clyde, O. August 19th, 10:30, address by G. B. Stebbins of Detroit; 2 P. M., address by Mrs. A. C. Woodruff of South Haven. August 26th, 10:30 A. M., address by Mrs. Carrie Firth of Cold Water; 2 P. M., address by F. M. Fogg of Cold Water.

The Religion of Hanky Panky.

Anna O'Delia Messant (born Salomon), alias Princess Editha Lozala Montez, alias Madame Dis De Bar; A Magnetic Mountebank, Mesmeric Manipulator and Mountain of Mendacity is defended by the "oldest Spiritualistic paper on earth" as an Exponent of Religion and a Persecuted Medium. A Squad of Inconsequentials under the name of "The American Spiritualist Alliance" also endorse her claims as a Religious Leader and strive to fire the Spiritualistic heart by Buncombe. Fool-Friends, led by a Senile Septuagenarian and a Diakkied Donkey, make Spiritualism Contemptible in the eyes of all Rational, Order-Loving, Moral People—Colby and Cross back the Scarlet Woman as an Exemplifier of the Religion of Spiritualism.

This is a free country. There is no statute forbidding a man to make a fool of himself, nor restricting his religious beliefs. He may worship God or goat, virtue or vice. He may kiss the Pope's toe; fall down before his Joss; pray to the Great Unknown; perspire in dark and sweltering séance rooms, breathing poisoned air and gaping at the antics of a Ross, a Cowan, a Keeler, a Wells, a Sawyer, or a Bliss posing as a denizen of the Spirit-world. He may do either or all of these things and call it religion without let or hindrance. He may even pass the boundary of liberty and trench upon the grounds of license, if he is discreet, and still perform his religious rites unmolested. But when an alleged religious leader carries zeal so far as to publicly attempt to debauch morals, and to conspire to defraud dupes out of their property, the strong arm of the law strengthened by the sentiment of an outraged public is liable to descend upon the offender and no amount of whining and clamor on the part of this religious individual's friends will stay the punishment.

For years a woman going by the name of Madame Dis De Bar has been known among Spiritualists, especially in and about New York City, as a person claiming to be a medium and exhibiting most bewildering powers. Some thought her a brazen-faced swindler with no medial power but with immeasurable audacity, great mesmeric power, and fair dexterity as a prestidigitateur. Others believed her a medium but also a trickster and so full of diabolism as to be an unsafe person to come in contact with. Here and there arose one who saw her as she wished to be seen, a noble teacher of philosophy and religion, a mouthpiece for Socrates, Pericles, Plato, Apollonius and all the great ones of history, a medium through whose magic aid Rembrandt, Raphael and all the old masters could once more produce their wonderful works in oil. Among these clear-seers were, it seems, Luther Colby, editor of the *Banner of Light*, J. J. O'Sullivan, a good-natured and educated Irishman, and Luther R. Marsh an able lawyer. These three men, all over seventy years of age, were, and apparently still are, full believers in the divine mission of the woman whom for brevity's sake may be called by her last alias, Mme Dis De Bar. She is also defended, so far as his fusillade of pettifogging puerilities can be called a defense, by Mr. Nelson Cross, attorney-at-law, etc.; though in just what capacity he acts, whether as devotee, attorney, or hired manufacturer of public opinion, is not clear.

Stripped of all the fiction and mystery with which this adventuress has so persistently and successfully surrounded herself for years, her history as developed by the evidence lately brought out is in brief substantially this: She was born in Kentucky in 1849; her father's name was Saloman, and she was named Anna O'Delia. She has a brother and sister, both of whom were witnesses for the prosecution in a case to be mentioned hereinafter. The family seems to have been a moving one, for it appears that after Anna O'Delia was born they lived in Washington, Baltimore, New York and Brooklyn, finally returning to Louisville, Ky. Anna O'Delia seems to have ceased to be a member of the family during the Brooklyn five-years' sojourn. She was while there ejected from school for unruly conduct. She left home and apparently began to carve out the career which has finally landed her in the Blackwell's Island prison. At just what period she took up the role of daughter of Lola Montez and King Ludwig of Bavaria is not clear, but she was posing as such under the name of Editha Lozala Montez when twenty years old.

Space will not permit mention of more than enough to show the character of the woman whom the *Banner of Light* and a little coterie are attempting to crowd down the throat of American Spiritualism. Dr. Ferdinand Seeger, who was chief of the medical staff of Hahnemann Hospital in 1870 and 1871, made the following statement in March last concerning Mme. Dis De Bar:

> Early in December of 1870 she appeared at the Hahnemann Hospital, with a letter from Dr. Zetlinski, addressed to me requesting that Mme. Dis De Bar, who was mentioned in the letter as the Princess Editha Lozala Montez, daughter of the famous Lola Montez and the King of Bavaria, should be admitted for treatment, the statement being made that she was suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs. At that time Mme. Dis De Bar was a well built woman about 25 or 27 years of age and quite good looking. The first night in the hospital she was taken with a fit, and this was followed by other ones in such rapid succession that I became suspicious. Blood oozed from her mouth during these fits, but it was evident that it was not of the kind produced by a hemorrhage. During one of these fits I tried to open her mouth gently, but she would not have it. I consequently pried it open, and found that instead of coming from a hemorrhage of the lungs the blood was being industriously sucked out of a decayed tooth cavity. Afterward the Princess was discovered smoking cigarettes and otherwise violating the rules of the hospital. Shortly afterwards two matresses in the male ward were set afire, and it was discovered that the Princess was the incendiary. She raised an alarm and became so noisy that in the absence of a straight-jacket she was strapped down to a shutter. A young French medical student named Paul Messant, who assisted in strapping her down, fell madly in love with her. Afterward we made out a certificate of her lunacy, but the document mysteriously disappeared, it is supposed through the agency of the love-struck student. Dec. 28 she became so violent that she was threatened with a straight-jacket. She seized a large carving-knife and threatened to disembowel any one who came near her. I succeeded in catching hold of her unawares, and when Messant assisted she struck at both him and me. I received a slight wound in the left arm, but Messant was cut badly under the eye. She then left the hospital and Messant shortly followed her. He was forbidden to return to the hospital, but as he persisted in doing so surreptitiously he was arrested. Using Messant as a decoy Capt. Gunner arrested the Princess, and she was placed in the Ward's Island asylum for the insane. Two months later she was released and married Messant, who died soon after.

According to the statement of William Carleton, a member of the theatrical company, and once the husband of Mme. Dis De Bar's daughter—the legitimate one, his mother-in-law was mixed up with that salacious combination known as Woodhull and Claflin, to whom she claimed she was introduced by Cornelius Vanderbilt. She maintained that she deposited $35,000 with these free-love bankers, but they refused to honor her check, declaring she had deposited no money with them. That she was "one of the gang" is quite likely, but whether they stole her money is not so certain.

C. T. Salomon, her brother, in April last made affidavit to his knowledge of his sister. After recounting her history, so far as known to him, from birth until after her confinement in Ward's Island Insane Asylum, Salomon's testimony is in substance as follows:

> He then heard of her release and marriage to a Frenchman named Messant. The next he heard was a begging letter from her, as she was in abject poverty. Salomon took her home, where her child was born. The child's right name is Alice Messant. Paul Noel Messant, the husband, died in 1872 or 1873 in New York, and was buried by charity in Long Island City. Both mother and child disappeared until 1880, when they registered at the St. Cloud Hotel in Louisville, and sent for Salomon. He gave the woman some money, and told her to leave the place. She went to Chicago. Later he heard of her marriage to some lawyer or artist named Dis De Bar. In 1878 or '79 she wrote, begging forgiveness and to be allowed to see her family. Her sister came here to New York in 1881 and found her circumstances such that they returned home at once. Previous to this she had been in Montreal and telegraphed that she was dying. She beat the hotel out of $100. Later Salomon went to Dayton, Ohio, and found her surrounded by three or four Catholic clergymen and some sisters of charity. She was no Catholic at all, but has bamboozled every Catholic who has aided her. Continued Mr. Salomon: Dr. McGlynn had some experience with her. She pretended she was dying, and had candles burning around her. Salomon told the Doctor and his sister she was shamming. The Doctor, in her hearing, spoke of placing red-hot irons on her face. She was so frightened that she jumped up, knocked over two priests, and the sisters ran out into the street. She disappeared, and next turned up at a Spiritualist camp-meeting in Massachusetts.

Mr. Luther R. Marsh is a wealthy, retired lawyer of New York City, about seventy-five years old and a widower, his wife having passed to spirit life only a few years ago. He has been noted as an able man, and it is not in evidence so far as the JOURNAL has observed, that he had ever given personal attention to Spiritualism until after the departure of his wife. Then, in his old age, loneliness and bereavement, his attention was attracted to a subject which, to study with profit, not to say safety, requires the mind to be at its best and free from all overpowering emotion or bias. His evil genius brought him in contact with that well-meaning but senile *gobemouche*, J. J. O'Sullivan, by whose advice he sought the diabolical Dis De Bar. Ignorant of the dangers of dabbling with subtile psychical forces when directed by an unconscionable adventuress, ignorant, apparently, of her character; unequal to coping with one whose life had been devoted to finesse and fraud; longing for some word from his dear one; craving knowledge of that world on whose borders he knew he was standing and into which he soon must go; wealthy, plastic, he was an easy prey and a rich prize. Soon Madame Dis De Bar's sway was complete and this noble old man was, all unconsciously, the victim of a fiend cloaked in the white raiment of a medium between this world and the angelic spheres. It is useless to dwell upon the sickening details. It transpires that about a year ago, Madame Dis De Bar had succeeded in getting from Mr. Marsh a deed to his elegant home on Madison avenue, where she eventually installed herself and confederates; Mr. Marsh retained a life-lease of the property, and took great pleasure in inviting people to the house to inspect the "wonderful" pictures painted by the "old masters" in the presence of the female proprietor of the house which had once been his family residence but was now transmformed into "The Temple of Truth."

However long the road villainy may successfully travel, it always has an end; and the end for Dis De Bar was rapidly approaching. Ensconced in a luxurious home, with a millionaire to bleed, the woman's audacity and ambition grew apace and outran her discretion. By what cunning ways she, all unsuspected by him, wrought Marsh up to the point of inviting the editors of the New York papers to visit the show will never be known, and can only be described by those familiar with the diplomacy of such dabblers in deviltry. That invitation was the beginning of the end for the Madame and her paramour whose name she worked under. The accounts given in the New York daily press excited immediate interest in the case. Mr. Marsh's old friends and acquaintances among the lawyers resolved to take the matter in hand for the purpose of saving him, against his will, and to punish these reckless swindlers. The Madame and her paramour "General" Dis De Bar were arrested, thrown into jail, and indicted for conspiracy to defraud. The trial of this precious pair began on the the 4th and closed on the 16th of the present month, and resulted in a verdict of guilty with a sentence of six months penal service on Blackwell's Island.

At that trial Mr. Marsh was put upon the witness stand. The following account of his testimony appears in the New York *World* of the 7th inst.:

Mr. Marsh was in the witness chair throughout the greater part of the day. This is in substance the testimony to which the jury listened: Mr. Marsh has received in all about seventy-five oil paintings purporting to be the work of spook artists. Two-thirds of the pictures were received after "Gen." and Mme. Dis Debar took up their residence in his house. He has also, he said, received hundreds of written communications from the spirit world. One day about a year ago, while he was alone in the room with Mme. Dis Debar he got a startling communication from his wife, who had been dead for several years, and her husband wasn't expecting to hear from her. It was a letter of about twenty pages written in ink and came in a blank pad. It was an affectionate communication and adjured Mr. Marsh to lose no time in conveying his Madison avenue residence to Mme. Dis Debar. The signature was a fac simile of the handwriting of his beloved deceased wife, although the body of the letter was in unfamiliar chirography. He was told to execute a deed of the property to the Madame and to take from her a life lease in the occupancy of the same. The understanding was, so Mr. Marsh gathered from this Spiritual communication from his deceased wife, that the Madame was to use the premises at No. 166 Madison avenue for the establishment of a Temple of Truth, in which she was to be the High Priestess, and upon her death her eldest daughter was to succeed her. The jurors listened to this recital with breathless interest. Mr. Marsh seemed to feel that he had a sympathetic audience and went right along in an easy confidential style of narration. "I ought to explain," said he, "that I had nobody who had even a sentimental claim upon me, and I was quite at liberty to establish such a temple if I saw fit." The Madame, he said, was entirely ignorant of the contents of the communication. The message came in a blank pad, while she and he held their hands upon it, but he didn't show it to her, and so of course she couldn't have known what it was about. After getting this startling command, Mr. Marsh says he took it under careful consideration and decided to obey. He therefore drew up a deed of the property to the Madame and simultaneously a life lease from her to him of the same premises. The Madame, still in ignorance of the gift which was to be made to her, was then invited by Mr. Marsh to call with him at the office of J. Romaine Brown, and then the deed was executed and the lease signed. Mr. Marsh was to pay all taxes and keep the property in good repair.

Here Mr. Marsh paused in his narrative and Lawyer John D. Townsend asked whether any compulsion had been used in getting the witness to execute the deed. Mr. Marsh was indignant. With flashing eyes he exclaimed: "Anybody who assumes that any compulsion can be brought to bear upon me has got to learn my character better than he knows it now!"

Assistant District Attorney Davis asked: "You discovered, did you not, Mr. Marsh, that soon after you had deeded the property to Mme. Dis De Bar she made application to secure a mortgage of $17,000 upon the same?"

Mr. Marsh looked surprised and admitted that he had learned the fact. He had not at that time recorded the life lease which Mme. Dis De Bar had executed in his favor, and had the mortgage been obtained it would have taken preference of his life lease.

"Precisely," said Mr. Davis, "and so, when you found that Madame was seeking for a mortgage upon the property you lost no time in recording the life lease?" Mr. Marsh admitted that this was the case. He then told how he went to the Madame and expressed some surprise that he should have made application for a mortgage, "but," said he apologetically, "she knew little of business." He then explained how the innocent Madame told him of certain unsatisfied judgments which existed against her to the tune of something like $2,000, and of a debt of $3,000 which she owed to a wealthy lady whose name he would not disclose. The Madame, he said, told him that the judgments against her were a surprise to her. She had given the money to pay the debts of which they were the outcome to an agent who had proved dishonest and appropriated the funds.

"And you believed this statement?" asked Mr. Davis.

"Implicitely," replied Mr. Marsh, and he added that he consented to her mortgaging the property for $11,000, and drew the mortgage himself. Mr. Marsh next related the facts of the re-deeding of the house back to him by the Dis De Bar after her incarceration in the Tombs. He had the letter in which she had offered to take this step to clear him from the stigma of insanity which, he said, rested upon him because a coarse and unsympathetic world would not appreciate his motive in forming a Temple of Truth.

It was evident from the whole tone and tenor of Mr. Marsh's testimony that his faith in the Dis De Bar was still unshaken. Mr. Townsend, in cross-examination, was, however, determined to place him clearly on record in this particular, and asked him if he did not believe all the pictures and communications he had received to be the work of spirit hands?

"I did, and I do," promptly responded Mr. Marsh, "and I have no doubt that Mme. Dis De Bar is the most powerful medium in the world."

He said further that he had attended Prof. Herrmann's manifestations at the Academy of Music a week ago Sunday night, and that they were simply child's play in comparison with the miracles the Dis De Bar performed. "If," said Mr. Marsh, triumphantly facing the jury, "anybody can suggest a possible way in which the things I have seen Madame do can be performed without spiritual aid I will admit that I have been a dupe, but nobody has shown or can show me any such way."

When questioned by Mr. Davis concerning the opinion of Mme. Dis De Bar which the discovery that she is not the daughter of Lola Montez has given him of her, Mr. Marsh said: "My idea is that all mediums are in a more or less abnormal state most of the time. They have to be, in order to be mediums. I think allowances should be made for them. They are not like other people. Mme. Dis De Bar, who is the greatest of all mediums, may still honestly believe herself to be a daughter of Lola Montez. After all, that fact, merely lent a romance to her. Had she been plain Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Smith, and possessed of similar mediumistic powers, I would have treated her the same."

Among the witnesses were a brother and sister of the Madame. The sister, Miss Agnes Salomon, identified the whilom Editha Lozala Montez as her sister who was born plain Salomon and christened Anna O'Delia. She further testified that she knew "General" Dis De Bar, having met him at her home in Bowling Green, Ky., in 1880. Her sister Anna accompanied him there and introduced him as her husband, stating they had been married by Bishop Potter of New York. During the trial the veritable Mrs. Dis De Bar whom it transpires is a resident of Philadelphia was put upon the stand where she testified that she was the wife of Anna O'Delia's paramour. Dis De Bar swore he was married to Anna O'Delia, and when the latter was put upon the stand and questioned, she confirmed his evidence, but upon cross examination she broke down and admitted she had falsified. Ex-Judge Nelson Cross, a reminiscence of the Cincinnati Court of Common Pleas, testified to having first met Madame Dis De Bar at the residence of Mr. Henry J. Newton. He also related how he and Mr. Luther Colby of the *Banner of Light* had visited the woman at Mr. Marsh's house and seen a spirit picture produced. He was certain no paints or oils were used in his presence, that the paint was wet and stuck to Brother Colby's fingers. From the report of his testimony as published it would appear that he was discreetly cautious in supporting

the spirit hypothesis and was not ready to swear that "the flowers produced at Mr. Newton's house were manifestations of mediumship." Albert Bierstadt, the artist, testified that he once saw the "General" assist the Madame. He, Bierstadt, had got a couple of pictures without finding out how it was done; finally, at the third trial, he peeped through his fingers into a mirror and saw the "General" hand a pictured card to the Madame who changed it for the blank one on his head. It may here be said by way of explanation that after examining a blank card or canvas the sitter was usually asked to place it on his head and wait; when told to remove it he found a freshly painted picture. Concerning the supposed-to-be valuable paintings prized by Mr. Marsh as works of the "old masters," Mr. Geo. H. Beard, an artist of world-wide reputation, testified that they were without merit.

The case was given to the jury at 5 o'clock on Friday, the 15th inst. On the first ballot the vote stood ten for conviction. One of the other two soon changed his opinion. The twelfth man, it appears from the statements of the others, held out more from sympathy for Anna O'Delia than from any doubt as to the guilt of the defendants, but he finally compromised by agreeing to a verdict of guilty with a recommendation to mercy, and at noon on Saturday this decision was announced in open court.

On Monday morning, the 18th inst., Anna O'Delia Salomon Messant, alias Editha Lozala Montez alias Madame Dis De Bar, and Joseph L. Dis De Bar, otherwise called "General," were sentenced by Judge Gildersleeve in the following words:

The jury that convicted you were distinctly told that the issue before them was not one of religion, as claimed by your counsel. They were charged that Spiritualism was not on trial. They were told that a resident of this country had a perfect right to believe whatever he pleased, and that all were equal before the law. Now the jury convicted you because they were convinced by the evidence that in your dealings and relations with Mr. Marsh you were not honest, that you had formed a common design to obtain his property by a cheat and a fraud.

The evidence satisfied them of that as it did me. Now there is much to aggravate your offense. You disregarded marital relations with a mockery of religious faith by stoutly asserting that you were husband and wife in the highest sense. You sought to obtain profit by other people's misfortunes. Then, in addition to ordinary false pretences the female defendant added the denial of her own mother, with a boldness, effrontery and presumption upon the credulity of men that in all my long experience here I have never seen equalled. I have carefully considered all of the evidence upon which you have been convicted, the relation which Mr. Marsh bears to the case, and your conduct since your arrest. I can find nothing in mitigation of your punishment except the jury's recommendation to mercy. That, in the interest of criminal trials it is my duty to respect. I stated to the jury that I should fully respect it, and I will do so.

The two months you have been already incarcerated shall be taken into consideration.

The maximum penalty would be one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary and a fine of $500.

You are without money, I am told, and a fine, therefore, would involve incarceration for one day for each dollar, which would be a great hardship. I accept the recommendation of the jury as unusual. It was more than the ordinary recommendation to mercy. They were most emphatic. I shall impose no fine, and the sentence of the Court is that, you each of you, be confined in the Penitentiary for the term of six months.

On Wednesday following the conviction, the adventuress was escorted from the Toombs to Blackwell's Island. When going through the usual formalities of entering the prison, in reply to Warden Pillsbury's questions, she declared, "I am a Roman Catholic in religious belief, and am a Spiritualistic medium by profession." Her height was found to be five feet two inches, her weight 275½ pounds. The "General" has since been escorted to the same prison.

The following leading editorial from the New York *Herald* of Sunday, the 17th inst., voices the opinion of the fair-minded portion of the non Spiritualist public:

YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO BE A SPIRITUALIST, BUT NOT TO BE A HUMBUG.

Well, Mme. Dis De Bar, with her large stock of aliases, has been convicted. The case has excited an unusual degree of attention, and some of its phases are peculiarly interesting. It may be instructive to take a bird's-eye view of it and find out what the jury and the Court have really done.

First—She has not been convicted because she was a Spiritualist. Let us make no mistake on that score. In this country nobody can be tried for his religious opinions. A man has a right to believe what he pleases, and not only the whole force of the constitution but the additional force of an unalterable public opinion defends him in that right. The Chinese erect their Joss house and worship according to the faith of their fathers; the infidel takes the platform and repudiates the whole Thirty-nine Articles, and then thirty-nine more if he can find them; the Shakers, the Quakers, the Presbyterians, the Catholics, the Universalists, the various communistic societies, with their eccentricities of belief, all stand equal before the law so long as they break no law. There is no condemnation of private opinion in the land, and if a man has reason to believe that he holds daily communion with the other world there isn't any tribunal, and never will be, with the authority to abridge, much less to condemn his convictions.

Second—Dis De Bar was simply convicted of being a pretender and a fraud. The evidence showed beyond the shadow of a doubt that she resorted to trickery with the purpose of deceiving. There were the pigments, there was the canvas, there were the brushes, there was the artist—and they were all connected with the result in such a way that her guilt became firmly established. Her previous life, her confessions at various times and to different parties, went to show that she had laid siege to Mr. Marsh's purse, and was engaged, first, in duping him, and then in getting hold of his property.

Third—Every Spiritualist in the country ought to feel both relieved and grateful. A barnacle, a humbug, a cheat is a detriment to any cause. We have heard that the body of Spiritualists is large. They are to be found in all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest; among the learned as well as the illiterate, in our churches and out of them, in scientific circles where the subject has been investigated by such men as Zöllner, Wallace and Crookes, and in the ranks of labor. All right. To those who have lost dear friends and who believe that heaven is not after all, very far removed from the earth and that communication is not estopped by death, it should be a matter of congratulation when an impostor, who uses the tomb as a part of her plot to make unlawful gains, is checked in her sacrilegious career and sent to prison.

The man or woman who trifles with the sacred sorrows of bereavement deserves no mercy, but the utmost condemnation. Punishment cannot go too far, and contempt cannot express itself too freely. If it be true that the dead return and speak, the profoundest guilt attaches to one who pretends that they have done so when they have not, and if Spiritualists would be less blind and credulous and more critical their peculiarities would cease to excite ridicule. To expose a so-called medium, catch her in gauze array, with a mask on, her paraphernalia of disguises stowed away in her cabinet, and still to trust her, is such folly that common sense hides its face and Christian faith blushes with shame. Nevertheless these exposures have been repeatedly made, and the only result has been to cause the gullible to rush to her defence. Spiritualists have given the community too much reason to believe that they prefer to be cheated rather than forego the pleasurable excitement of a séance—a fact fatal to their cause.

Nothing can make this life so tolerable as a firm faith in another life, and nothing so quickly assuages the sorrows of parting as the belief that the dead are not forgetful; but let us not be deceived in this matter by a class of people so lost to all sense of decency that they coin our tears into dollars.

Dis De Bar has her deserts as an impostor, but the truth is mighty and will prevail.

The New York *World* with the Dis De Bars in view says:

If there is truth in Spiritualism the best service that can be done it is to rid it of its false prophets or humbugs. Meanwhile society has a right to protect itself against tricksters and swindlers who seek the cover of an alleged belief under which to perform their rascalities. This is the *World's* platform on Spiritualism, which seems to be misunderstood in some quarters.

The *Banner of Light* dated June 16th, but published while the trial was in progress, contains a four column contribution by Mr. Nelson Cross who was appointed special pleader and whitewasher by his alleged "Alliance." His document is called a "Report of Special Committee on the Arrest, Incarceration and Preliminary examination of Madame Dis De Bar, and others, before Justice Kilbreth." After spreading out the customary amount of apocryphal testimony in favor of the criminals the lawyer concludes as follows:

From the course pursued in this investigation, we are forced to conclude that it was, more than all, that Spiritualism was on trial: that, indeed, this whole proceeding was a conspiracy against liberty and the private rights of citizens by the enemies of our philosophy and our religion, aided and abetted by a subservient journalistic press, largely directed by persons foreign to our institutions and inimical to the liberality of our people and our times.

The unworthy methods resorted to clearly indicate that the day of persecution is at hand, making it incumbent upon Spiritualists of whatever shades of belief, now numbering some millions in this country alone, to fraternize and band together socially, religiously, and, if need be, politically, for mutual support and protection against the assaults of opposing factions, which do not scruple to use any dishonorable means to bring the religion of Spiritualism into contempt, and hold its votaries up to ridicule as wanting in the common elements of manhood.

The purposes of this Alliance, if rightly conceived and energetically carried out, will do much toward the accomplishment of this result.

With no reasonable grounds for his attempt the sophomorical effort of lawyer Cross to fire the partisan zeal of Spiritualists over the Dis De Bar case, to make them believe the public and the press have conspired against Spiritualism, to breed fanaticism and bigotry, to classify the performances of Madame Dis De Bar as the ministrations of Spiritualists' religion and philosophy is simply beneath contempt. It may serve its purpose with those who look only to the *Banner* for information and authority, but their number is small and growing smaller every day. The great body of Spiritualists are rational people who mingle with and are a part of this world, and they know better than to swallow such rhodomontade; they know that the N. Y. *Herald* better voices public sentiment in the editorial above quoted.

The *Banner of Light* for June 23rd publishes the following editorial, written by the the veteran Colby:

THE DIS DE BAR CASE.

After weeks of court-burlesque the Dis De Bars have been found guilty of conspiracy, when in fact no conspiracy was proved. The whole thing was a travesty on justice. No Spiritualist was allowed on the jury, hence it was a packed affair. This state of things is attributable to the mistaken system inaugurated of late years in putting *political* judges upon the bench, who are more or less biased by the daily press. The Dis De Bars were to be condemned from the start, notwithstanding the fact that the woman is a wonderful medium, in whose presence hundreds of spirit pictures have been made: which fact some of the best people in this country are knowing to and fully endorse. Mr. Marsh, an able lawyer and an honest man, still adheres to the fact that the pictures made in his presence were of spiritual origin. We know this fact also by practical demonstration. Yet the bigots call it fraud, and persecution has been the result.

Under these circumstances we call upon the American Spiritualist Alliance, whose headquarters are in New York City to sift this affair to the bottom, to the end that religious freedom shall not in this latter end of the nineteenth century be blotted out. If medial instruments are to be thus summarily dealt with upon the recommendation of a mercenary public press, as in this special case, then it behooves the Spiritualists all over the land to form a political party and move *en masse* for justice by electing men to office who are without a single taint of bigotry in their compositions.

That a weak old man who had himself been under the psychological wiles of Anna O'Delia should pen such an editorial is not strange. He knows her pictures "were of *spiritual* origin." He knows it by "practical demonstration," he says. The public also knows, through the indiscreet tongue of his friend Cross, that on that memorable visit to New York he put his waistcoat on next to his undershirt and, all unconscious of it, proceeded to complete his toilet until he came to his vest, which was not to be found; and that after profanely abusing his Indian "spirit guide" for playing a trick upon him he was suddenly "impressed" as to how the Indian had done it and where the missing garment was concealed. The public has its own opinion as to the value of the "know" of such a witness.

"No Spiritualist was allowed on the jury," says editor Colby, "hence it was a packed affair." There is nothing in the reports of the trial to show that any man was kept off the jury because he was a Spiritualist. The lawyers for the defendants helped select that jury; it was secured with little delay, eleven being accepted the first day. One of these was excused the next morning and the jury completed before noon. It does not appear that the defense used their right of peremptory challenge in a single instance; there is nothing to show that the jury was not satisfactory to both sides; editor Colby's assertion reflects upon the counsel for the defense and is not sustained by the facts.

In accents wild the veteran editor calls upon that etherealized ghost known as the "American Spiritualist Alliance" and demands that this attenuated astral of a robust name shall "sift this matter to the bottom, to the end that *religious freedom* shall not in this latter end of the nineteenth century be blotted out." "Religious freedom" is good, very good! Just what the *Banner* man's conception of religious freedom is must be apparent to all who have attentively followed this case. The more his sort of religious freedom is blotted out the fewer Dis De Bars there will be; then honest mediums can minister the consolations of spirit communion to rich old men, and no conspiracies to defraud patrons will be attempted.

During the four months that this Dis De Bar-Marsh affair has been scandalizing Spiritualism, the JOURNAL has purposely avoided comment, preferring to await the result of a judicial investigation, which it was apparent would in this instance be accomplished. To give its readers a comprehensive knowledge of the case has taken much space but the matter is now before them. In a future number further comment may be made; at this time the JOURNAL concludes with a few sober questions addressed to the rational, moral body of Spiritualists constituting the greater portion of its clientele, and which cannot be without interest to the psychic researchers who make up the remainder of its subscribers:

Is it not time to serve an injunction from the highest court in the spirit realm, enjoining swindlers from plying their vocation under the cloak of Spiritualism, and decayed lawyers and silly editors from aiding and abetting them; this edict to be rigorously enforced by the united sentiment of all decent people of whatever belief, but more especially by Spiritualists?

Is it not high time that the several classes grouped under the common name of Spiritualists be sharply differentiated? Should not those who believe in and practice virtue, good morals and religious aspiration and who desire mediums and teachers of the religion and philosophy of Spiritualism to be pure and upright, and are willing to aid and encourage such mediums and teachers, should not all such at once begin a movement which shall result in a compact and well equipped organization for mutual assistance to the end that Spiritualism be put before the world in all its beauty and purity?

In a word, is it not time that a broad, comprehensive and constructive work should begin, a work which shall cover the scientific development and elucidation of the phenomena of Spiritualism as a foundation; and on this build with the material now in hand the philosophical, ethical and religious structure which is to be "The Church of the Future," the religious home of all liberal souls struggling for spiritual knowledge, happiness and a pure life?

To the Non-Spiritualist Public and Press.

The JOURNAL knows that with the central claim of Spiritualism everybody is in sympathy. To know that life is continuous and the next world one of orderly progress is something all men seek. It is not to be wondered at that the marvelous revelations of Spiritualism should daze some minds, that hallucinations temporarily befog some intellects clear on all other matters, that fools, frauds and fanatics infest the Movement. But it may be asserted with safety that Spiritualism has fewer downright fools and fanatics than any other body with a religious coloring. If it be said this scarcity is balanced by a superabundance of frauds the JOURNAL will not deny it, but calls attention to the implication this casts upon the public, without whose financial encouragement they would starve; for it is a notorious fact that these frauds are wary of Spiritualists and usually seek their prey among outsiders. Spiritualism is as old as man and embodies all the truth of all religions and supplements this rich store with new discoveries in psychics and with a philosophy of life adapted to the times and in harmony with the progress of science in the fields of ethics and religion.

The attitude of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is widely known to the public outside of Spiritualism; the Boston daily *Transcript* pronounces it "The ablest Spiritualist paper in America." The Hon. W. K. McAllister of the Appellate Court of Illinois says, "I cannot perceive why any man who has a due regard for the welfare of society, should not support the JOURNAL." Dr. Wm. James, Professor of Philosophy, Harvard University, says, "I learn much from its pages. The invariable manliness and straightforwardness of tone of its original matter are most refreshing." These are but specimens from hundreds of commendations from men and women who are molding the world. Now the JOURNAL asks the press both secular and religious, and the public, to consider Spiritualism strictly on its merits and not to be unduly influenced by the fraudulent transactions carried on under its cloak, nor by the vagaries of a few fanatics who are always to the front. The JOURNAL asks that the press and the public be cautious and reasonable in their demands; and discriminating as well, taking care not to confound the good with the bad, nor creating a clamor which may work injustice and hardship to thousands and tens of thousands, aye millions, of as conscientious, moral and intelligent people as breathe the air of this free country. The JOURNAL affirms the *bona fides* of the phenomena of Spiritualism and fights fearlessly to encourage purity in their presentation, to suppress all dishonesty and dispel ignorance. In this attitude it asks, and it has earned the right to be listened to, that the press of this country and the great body of American people whose hearts beat for liberty and justice shall weigh its statements and consider its requests.

General News.

Tammany has been in Washington harvesting Fourth of July orators.—A civil engineer in New Jersey exterminated a den of rattlesnakes with dynamite cartridges.—The *Picayune* of New Orleans, records that Jeff Davis's life is now "blue with heaven's benediction."—Perry Belmont, of the First New York District, will retire from Congress after the present, fourth consecutive term.—A new analytical geometry and calculus by Professor Hardy, the novelist, of Dartmouth College, will be published in a few weeks.—Burton Smith, a prominent young lawyer of Atlanta, has been married to Miss Fanny Gordon, daughter of Governor Gordon of Georgia.—The $300,000 appropriated for the construction of suitable barracks, etc., at our Fort Sheridan, will probably be available July 1st, when work will begin.—Attorney-General Garland is regaining health.—Mr. Leonard Huxley, eldest son of the illustrious scientist, is a teacher in the Charterhouse School, London.—James Russel Lowell is down with his old enemy in London—the gout.—Ben. Butler is attracting the attention of Grangers at St. Paul, where he is looking after a lawsuit to which he is a party.—The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, it seems, is not to take home Secretary Endicott's accomplished daughter. The young lady's parents objected, and she obediently gave Joseph up.—President Salamon of the Republic of Hayti has paid $5,000 to each of two members of his Cabinet to leave the country forever. They had plotted his overthrow, but accepted the bribe and will leave for new homes this week.—Mrs. Mary Nantz has a farm of 200 acres in Butte County, California. The wheat on it will give her a profit of $2,700 this year.—Miss Gabrielle Dumontet is to-day perhaps the most distinguished young woman in France. At the recent examinations in medicine and surgery under the auspices of the Women's Union of France, she gained the first prize.—General O'Ryan, the new Minister of War of Spain, is an Irishman by descent, though born in the land of garlic and guitars.—Yale's class of 1853, of which Chauncey M. Depew is a member, held a reunion at Savin Rock, Conn., last Tuesday.—Boston papers are complaining of the large number of gambling clubs that are being started in that city.—Cats are found to be the best exterminators of rabbits in New Zealand.—The Emperor of Russia will spend a couple of months in Denmark this Summer. James D. Carr is a colored man whose admission to Rutgers College was viewed with misgivings four years ago. Last week he took the first honor and delivered the valedictory at the commencement.—The certificates of the appointment of Miss Agnes Kennedy Murphy as Notary Public was filed Tuesday last by the New York County Clerk. This is the third lady appointed Notary Public by Governor Hill.—A novel letter was received by a guest at a Cleveland hotel the other day from New York. It was written on a gentleman's linen cuff, with the address on the reverse side. A 1 cent stamp was attached, and it arrived at its destination the same as an ordinary postal card.—

Campers Attention! Onset Station.

The Onset Station on the Old Colony Railroad is now open and excursion tickets are sold to Onset, which is the most direct way of reaching the Onset Bay camp-ground. The Onset street rail way is also in operation, connecting with all trains to and from the grove.

A Timely Book.

The National Revenues.

A Collection of Papers by American Economists. Edited by Albert Shaw, Ph. D. With an Introduction and an Appendix of Statistical Tables. 12mo, 245 pages. $1.00.

A collection of twenty brief original essays by very distinguished teachers and writers in the field of Economics and representing all schools of belief. They deal directly with the subject of our National Revenue in all its phases and incidentally with that of Tariff Revision.

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To fill with terror all the night;
That stalk abroad in hideous dreams
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Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

A new series of Mental Evolution, or the Process of Intellectual Development, by the Spirit Prof. M. Faraday, late Chemist and Electrician in the Royal Institute, London. Price, 15 cents; for sale here.

Foreign periodicals received for May: The Theosophist with a good table of contents, price 50 cents; Lucifer, the new Theosophical Journal with able contributors, price 35 cents. We are prepared to fill orders for these.

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CASSADAGA LAKE FREE ASSOCIATION.

THE SPIRITUALISTS

Of Western New York, Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, will hold their Ninth Annual Meeting on their grounds at

Cassadaga Lake

Chautauqua County, N. Y.,

FROM JULY 21ST TO AUGUST 26TH, 1888.

PROGRAM.

July 21, Saturday: Walter Howell, London, Eng.
July 22, Sunday: Walter Howell and Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Chicago, Ill.
July 23, Monday: Conference.
July 24, Tuesday: Dr. J. C. Street, Boston, Mass.
July 25, Wednesday: Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.
July 26, Thursday: Miss Jennie B. Hagen, Massachusetts.
July 27, Friday: Dr. J. C Street.
July 28, Saturday: Lyman J. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y., and Miss Jennie B. Hagen.
July 29, Sunday: Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and A. B. French, Clyde, Ohio
July 30, Monday: Conference.
July 31, Tuesday: Walter Howell.
Aug. 1, Wednesday: Chas. Dawbarn, New York City.
Aug. 2, Thursday: Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.
Aug. 3, Friday: Chas. Dawbarn.
Aug. 4, Saturday: Walter Howell and Mrs. Cora Richmond.
Aug. 5, Sunday: Chas. Dawbarn and Mrs. Coby Luther Crown Point, Ind.
Aug. 6, Monday: Conference.
Aug. 7, Tuesday: Mrs. Colby Luther.
Aug. 8, Wednesday: J. Frank Baxter, of Chelsea, Mass.
Aug. 9, Thursday: Mrs. H. S Lake, Boston, Mass.
Aug. 10, Friday: J. Frank Baxter.
Aug. 11, Saturday: W. F. Peck and Mrs. Colby Luther.
Aug. 12, Sunday: Mrs. H. S. Lake and J. Frank Baxter.
Aug. 13, Monday: Conference.
Aug. 14, Tuesday: Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Boston, Mass.
Aug. 15, Wednesday: Mrs. H. S. Lake.
Aug. 16, Thursday: Rev. Samuel Watson, Memphis, Tenn.
Aug. 17, Friday: Mrs. H. S. Lake.
Aug. 18, Saturday: Rev. Samuel Watson and Mrs. Clara Watson, Jamestown, N. Y.
Aug. 19, Sunday: Rev. Samuel Watson and Mrs. R. S. Lillie.
Aug. 20, Monday: W. J. Colville, Boston.
Aug. 21, Tuesday: Mrs. R. S. Lillie.
Aug. 22, Wednesday: W. J. Colville.
Aug. 23, Thursday: Mrs. R. S. Lillie.
Aug. 24, Friday: Walter Howell.
Aug. 25, Saturday: W. J. Colville and Mrs. Clara Watson.
Aug. 26, Sunday: W. J. Colville and Mrs. R. S. Lillie.

For circulars address A. E. Gaston, Secy., Meadville, Pa.

How to get to Cassadaga Lake.

Passengers over the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, Nickel Plate Railway, Western New York and Philadelphia Railway, and Western Division of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway, change cars at Dunkirk, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley and Pittsburgh Railway to Lily Dale Station.

Passengers over the "Erie" system, including the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad and the Buffalo and Southwestern Railway, change cars at Falconer Crossing, three miles East of Jamestown, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley and Pittsburgh Railway for Lily Dale Station.

Inquire of Railroad Ticket Agents for Excursion Rates to Lily Dale.

Voices From the People.

AND

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio Philosophical Journal.

Flowers.

BY BELLE BUSH.

O beautiful, bright flowers!
Ye oracles of God, whose living breath
Hallows the woodland bowers,
Born of the sun and showers,
Ye have deep lessons written on your leaves,
That whosoever grieves
May turn from earth and learn the love of heaven;
To you, to you 'tis given,
Whose weary souls o'er gloomy wastes are driven,
To waft your perfume on the desert air,
That man may learn the still small voice of prayer.

Your orisons are pure,
Your garments modest, and your lovely forms,
All gentle minds allure;
In quiet vales, along the forest aisles,
Linger your happy smiles;
And sweet it is your sunny halls to tread,
And by your mossy bed,
Count the light foot-falls of the gliding hours,
Till Eve, with dewy showers
His silver veil and starry curtain lowers
And queenly Cynthia to her throne restores.

Oh! blest the human heart
To whom the flowers no dark reproaches bear,
No memory of a dart,
Or rankling poison-smart!
And blessed those who, kneeling on the sod
By these pure works of God,
Can hear the stirring of celestial strings
O'erswept by angel wings,
Yet feel their souls within grow calm and strong
And from rich harps of song,
Such answering strains and heavenly numbers call
As prove their lives in harmony with all.

Oh! beautiful, bright flowers!
The winged seeds in autumn rudely tossed,
Found here the sheltering bowers.
May we at last find ours!
And, oh! like you, may every hour display
Some new and bright'ning ray,
That, dying, we may sanctify the place
And dwellings of our race,
And send thro' distant years the glorious trace
Of faith triumphant, truth and virtue blest,
The earth-born entering at the gates of rest.

Belvidere Seminary.

One of the Missions of Modern Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

One of the missions of Modern Spiritualism is to elevate humanity on a high plane where war, from the very nature of things, can not exist, as each one will be too spiritual to engage in any barbarous strife. A French statistician (says the *Spectator*) states that the present time, when nations are armed to the teeth, ready to engage in deadly conflict with each other, is a good time to ponder on the cost of wars during the nineteenth century. From 1800 to 1815 the war cost Italy, Prussia, Austria, Spain, Russia and England the terrific sum of 93 milliards of francs and 6,745,000 men. England alone paid 12 milliards, 300 million francs, on her own wars with Napoleon. In 1820 Greece purchased her freedom at the price of three milliards, and Europe sacrificed in her behalf six milliards of francs. The African wars of 1830 to 1850 cost France 235,000 men and three milliards of money. Under Napoleon III. the Crimean war cost France, 200,000 men and two milliards of money; England, 23,000 men and five milliards of money; Piedmont, 2,000 men and 175 millions of money; Russia, 600,000 men and four milliards of money; Turkey, 35,000 men and 400 millions of money. The Russian campaign, therefore, cost Europe 889,000 men and 11 milliards 575 millions francs. In 1858 the Indian war cost France, 80,000 men and one milliard 100 million francs; Italy 60,000 men and 150 million francs; Austria 120,000 men and 875 millions francs; total, 260,000 men and 2,135,000,000 francs. In the Mexican war France sacrificed 70,000 men, 500,000,000 francs. The Syrian expedition cost France 15,000 men and 125 millions of money. The Schleswig war cost Prussia, 30,000 men and 75 million francs; Austria, 15,000 men and 60 million francs; Denmark, 12,000 men and 45 million francs. The Austrian campaign in 1866 cost Austria, 65,000 men and 995 million francs; Prussia, 45,000 men and 222 million francs. The war of Brazil with Paraguay cost the former 225,000 men and three milliards 75 million francs. The great war of secession cost the United States 400,000 men and 12,200,000,000 francs. The Abyssinian war cost England 25,000 men and 245 million francs; the Ashantee war, 27 million francs. In the Franco-German war of 1870 France lost 225,000 men and 9,288,000,000 francs; or including the two lost provinces, 13,621,000,000 of money. While the German loss is computed by Bismarck at 1,148,000,000 francs, or, if one includes the loss in war material, indemnities, pensions, etc., two milliards. The Germans lost 300,000 men. General cost of the 1870 war, 525,000 men and 15,621,000,000 francs. The wars in the Balkans, in Egypt, in Central Asia, Tunis, Tonkin, and Abyssinia, have cost 300,000 men and 13 milliards money. In all, 13,083,000 men; 179,853,000,000 francs money. If we turn to the present effective strength of the European armies, we find that, by virtue of the treaties binding at present Germany, Austria and Italy, these three powers would unite their forces in case of war with Russia and France. Germany could put into the field 5,941,000 men, Austria, 1,068,628; Italy 2,536,590; in all 9,606,158 men. France and Russia together can easily muster the same number of men as the three allies; therefore, in case of an European war, no fewer than 20,000,000 men would be called under arms.

It would be well for Spiritualists to carefully scan the above figures, and then go to work with a will, in so spiritualizing mankind that wars will be impossible.

Siberian Exile Abolished.

Reforms in Russia are accomplished without agitation after long periods of inaction and torpor. The announcement of the speedy abolition of exile to Siberia has the effect of a startling surprise. For two hundred years political prisoners have been banished by the thousand to work in the mines of the Ural, Stanovoi, and Altai Mountains with the wickedest and meanest criminals. The first exiles to Siberia were dissenters from the Orthodox Russian Church, who formed populous and prosperous settlements there during the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth centuries. They were not deprived of liberty or political privileges, but were allowed to live where they pleased and to choose their own callings. The success of these colonists in developing the mineral and agricultural resources of the country led to the importation of a great host of political dissenters, who were either classed with criminals and condemned to labor in coal and salt pits or in gold, silver, copper, and iron mines, or else were drafted as recruits for the Siberian army of convict guards. Three-fourths of the population to-day are Russian exiles and their descendants. Half a million of these political suspects have been banished beyond the Ural Mountains since the present century opened, the majority of them doomed to lives of privation and suffering and to premature death. Nothing in modern annals has been more arbitrary and cruel than this hideous system of punishment, which has deservedly brought lasting reproach upon the Russian name. Alexander, the Liberator, while he enfranchised the serfs and introduced a great series of reforms, did nothing to prevent the exportation of suspects to Siberia. Twenty-five years have passed, and this abhorrent penal system is now virtually abandoned.

Commending Mrs. Watson's Address.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I can not resist the temptation to send you a few earnest words commending the address of Mrs. E. L. Watson at McVicker's Theatre, published in a late JOURNAL. It contains a gospel full of rich thought and far reaching science—instinct with common sense supported by the facts of nature and of history—comprehensive beyond comparison. It is glorious to see such expositions of our philosophy. We invited our family, this morning (Sunday) to sit down and hear read "the best sermon preached this day in the United States of America or in the wide, wide world," for such we believe it to be.

Hockessin, Del. J. G. JACKSON.

Papal Designs in America.

LETTER FROM EMANUEL.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Your occasional editorials regarding the *modus operandi* and ultimate designs of the Roman Hierarchy on the free institutions and liberties of the American people, are not only timely (but as history proves) correctly stated. Too weak as yet in a physical and financial point of view, and watched too closely by the vigilant press and yeomen of the country, the Papal Church and conspirators are assiduously working in the dark and under the garb of godly mystery to mature her plans for the final overthrow of personal liberty and of priestly domination in every thing, both civil and religious, in America. A long record of deceit, falsehood, ignorance, robbery, female debauchery, lust and murder, has embellished the history of the Papal Church, commencing many years before it rose to power, up to the present time, and in the present day we can see how readily it recedes from the many positions it has taken, and tries to cover its tracks by perjury whenever the light of investigation has been directed to its unlawful doings.

A few years ago the Knights of Labor, a secret organization, peculiarly American in its workings, attracted the attention of the chief manipulators of the Papal Church, and being a secret organization with its pass-words and grips, was directly contrary to the rules of the holy humbug church, though we cannot see why the confessional and the Jesuits are not secret organizations. This labor society called down the anathemas of a certain Cardinal Taschereau who presides as the chief spiritual cook and mental dishwasher over the Province of Quebec.

This tool of the pope issued a circular letter (Sept. 1884) to all the bishops in his diocese, ordering them to refuse the office of confession and absolution to all persons who persisted in adhering to the Knights of Labor organization. Soon alarming signs of rebellion against this arbitrary ruling of this French Canadian spiritual dictator spread like wild-fire throughout America, and so alarmed the rest of the American Cardinals that they dared not open their mouths to even give an opinion on the subject. Instead of doing so they referred it to the "old man at Rome," a man who has no more right to dictate or control affairs, either civil or religious, in America, than the most degraded and meanest negro prince in Africa has. The next move on the Papal checker-board was an appeal for and the raising of money in the Papal churches in the U. S., to pay the expenses of a junketing trip to Rome of the two church managers, Gibbons and Ryan, to confer with the pope on the subject. Archbishop Ryan, just previous to his sailing, was presented with a check for $2,100, by several individuals of his diocese, and a certain Hugh C. Duffy willed him a house and lot in Bridesburg, Philadelphia, which was valued at $8,000, besides an enormous sum of money donated for his use by the ignorant dupes in the various Papal Churches in his diocese and elsewhere. His confederate, Gibbons, did not go empty-handed, nor was he obliged to work his passage over, but gorgeous staterooms and sumptuous repasts, the best the steamer could boast of, were at the disposal of, and were utilized by, these meek and lowly followers of the Lamb, whose creed is poverty, abstinence and chastity.

For several months after their arrival in Rome these men were in consultation with the Pope trying to devise plans whereby they could pacify the Knights, restore order in the church, and place the Pope on a better footing than he had been since he issued his condemnation of the Knights through Taschereau in Sept. '84. Various plans were suggested, but none seemed satisfactory until it was proposed that Gibbons should write a letter to the propaganda at Rome, in which he should review the Knights in the most favorable light possible, and recommend the Pope not to interfere with them. He cited nine reasons why the Pope should not condemn the order; the fifth, sixth and seventh reasons are the main points:

"1st—Because such a condemnation does not appear to be justified either by the letter or by the spirit of its constitution, of its laws, or by the declarations of its heads.

"2d—That such a condemnation does not appear necessary in view of the transient form of the organization and of the social condition of the United States.

"3rd—That it would not be prudent on account of the reality of wrongs of the workingmen and the fact that the existence of such is admitted by the American public.

"4th—That it would be dangerous to the reputation of the Church in our democratic country.

"5th—That it would be powerless to compel the obedience of our Catholic workingmen, who would regard it as false and iniquitous.

"6th—That it would be destructive instead of beneficial in its effects, forcing the sons of the Church to rebel against their mother and to range themselves with condemned societies which they have hitherto avoided.

"7th—That it would be ruinous to the financial support of the Church at home and to the raising of Peter's pence.

"8th—That it would turn into doubt and hostility the marked devotion of our people toward the Holy See.

"9th—That it would be regarded as a cruel blow to the authority of the bishops of the United States, who, it is well known, protest against such a condemnation.

"I trust that the considerations here presented have shown sufficiently clear that such would be the results of the condemnation of the Knights of Labor of the United States. Therefore, I leave their cause with full confidence in the wisdom and prudence of Your Eminence and of the Holy See."

"†J. CARD GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore."

Rome, 1887.

Will This be a Hot Summer?

The impression seems to prevail, pretty generally, that we are to have a hot summer throughout the country.

The *Indiana Pharmacist* predicates it upon the following theory, which has been advanced by others: The weather seems to run in cycles of about seven years, that is, when we have a hot summer, it is always followed by a cold one, and it takes about seven years to reach another equally hot. It will be remembered by many that the summer of 1867 was very hot, and so dry that during August the grass crumbled under foot when trod upon. The summer of 1868 was noted for its coolness, the thermometer very seldom getting above 85 degrees, and we did not reach the top wave of thermality again until 1874, when it was extremely hot. The following summer was cold to a remarkable degree. From then on the summers grew gradually warmer until 1881, which was excessively hot and very dry, no rain falling for over nine weeks, and there were more sunstrokes that summer than there have been in all the summers since.

The summer of 1882 was quite cold, a few flakes of snow fell on the morning of July 4, followed by hail in the afternoon, and during the rest of the month and through the month of August the temperature was so low that overcoats were necessary for comfort, particularly at night. The summers since 1882 have grown warmer and warmer, and last summer was a moderately hot one, but unless all signs fail, the coming summer will be the climax of the cycle, and a hot, dry season may be expected. So far this spring the signs have been against the theory advanced, but possibly the coolness of the spring may be succeeded by a regular old scorching summer whose temperature will rival sheol for hotness.—*Scientific American.*

Ninety-six Thousand Germs to a Tumblerful of Croton.

At a meeting of the County Medical Society Dr. John C. Peters read a report on the sanitary condition of the Croton water shed, New York. He said it was bad. He described the efforts of several railway companies to boom the section of country having its center at Brewsters, and predicted that in twenty years the hundreds of tons of filth which now polluted Croton water would be quadrupled. In Boston, he said, one-third of a teaspoonful of water contained 43 bacteria; in London, 44; in Berlin, 99; in New York, 526, or 96,000 germs to an eight-ounce tumblerful. According to Koch, more than fifty bacteria to the cubic centimetre (about one-third of a teaspoonful) was dangerous. These bacteria are, of course, invisible to the naked eye, yet like an insidious thought, they are instruments of evil, undermining the health, and causing various diseases. The real danger that mortals have to encounter is invisible to the naked eye, and therein lies the difficulty in devising a proper remedy.

Letter From a Veteran Worker.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

We stirred the echoes in Muskegon the 3rd and 10th, and quite unexpectedly the people there want more. I go back there to speak the 24th, next Sunday. There is a good element there, if wisely treated, which ought to build a strong movemen There is so much in the chaotic state of Spiritualism; so many half-developed mediums who mix fact with fraud, and so many interpreters who put the crude disintegrating construction upon it, and repe the best minds, that every young society is likely t run the gauntlet with a prospect of scattering at its strength to the winds of discord and confusion of conflicting extremes. But this transition state is slowly yielding to the constructive harmonies in which alone are strength and permanence. Brother Nims is a silent tower of strength deeply versed in the higher aspects of the occult. Brother Hamilton is earnest and faithful, and full of aspiration and helpfulness. Brother A. B. Wood is strong and clear-headed, but was suffering afflictions and sickness in his family. Brothers Sanford, Owen, Rogers and others are all helpful and hopeful. If no pocket cyclone sweeps the spiritual atmosphere, there is hope for Muskegon.

I spent several days in Grand Rapids. Mr. Reed is doing a splendid work as a medium, and invariably insists on fraud-proof-conditions, and will sit under no other. The Hon. L. V. Moulton is busy with his profession, and speaks often. He is a splendid man and the Spiritualists of Grand Rapids are justly proud of him. Mrs. Graves came with me to the Sturgis meeting and did valuable service as speaker. She is earnest and devoted, and her inspirations are impressive. Giles B. Stebbins was chosen to preside, and his clean words and high aims told for good. Hon. Joel Tiffany added great weight and interest to the meeting. He delivered two masterly discourses, which alone would have made the meeting a grand success. He is broad, generous and deep. Prof. Tibbetts gave us excellent music on the organ, and Mrs. Dr. Spinney sang sweetly and from the soul. The intense heat was depressing, but the people seemed satisfied and blessed. I hope some one will give a synopsis of the impressive discourse of Bro. Stebbins and his rendering of the significance of the great women's movement and the International Convention of March and April at Washington. Perhaps he will do it himself, as he can do it better than any other. Brother Tiffany's two remarkable discourses ought to be published in full for the JOURNAL readers. They were the clearest and deepest presentation of the principles of evolution and the origin and development of man I have ever heard. Hon. J. G. Wait is in poor health and his helpful influence was greatly missed at the meetings; but his hospitable home is a rendezvous for congenial minds and a place of rest for the weary, and Mrs. Wait is a tonic and inspiration to all who come into her sphere. Mrs. Mary J. E. Peck is one of the main pillars, whose energy and devotion keep the cause before the people, and she works without hope or care for the applause of men. Brother Harding attended the meetings, but took no active part. Brother Fillmore, aged about 87, brother of ex-President Fillmore, was an appreciative auditor. Hon. Harrison Kelley, ex-member of the legislature, aged 92, and totally blind, was among the interested listeners and full of mental vigor and lively merriment and wit. The burthen of thought was spiritual culture, intellectual consistency, social integrity, and self-reliance, aided by the inspirations of heaven. There was no puling toadyism to stale and obsolete authorities, but a generous recognition of merit wherever found. Superficial ranting has had its day. Spiritualists have no need for it. Infidels and agnostics may still cultivate that barren field, and we can well afford to give them the full direction there, while we reach into the realm of constructive principles, and build for eternity. LYMAN C. HOWE.

Sturgis, Mich., June 18th.

Charging Crystals.

A correspondent asks: "Does a crystal require consecrating or dedicating before being used for seeing, and does it require some prayer or form of words before looking for any particular object, if so, what particular prayer or form of words should be used for the purpose? I am told by some persons that it does require a set form of words; others say it does not require any form of words to charge the crystal."

We have known excellent seers who never heard of the existence of "charges" and prayer to imaginary spirits. The Arab boy will see in a drop of ink poured into the hollow of the hand; and excellent visions may be obtained in a glass of water. We have known a seer receive visions in a lady's brooch while engaged in conversation with her. These charges and prayers are a remnant of mythology. We have the same thing in Christianity; the church and graveyard must be "consecrated," and all prayers must be given to an imaginary intermediate deity. The good works done by spiritual workers who reject this consecration and do not believe in the idol of the Christian sect, show that it is all fudge, and that the laws of the universe operate independently of all such human and superstitious conceptions.

There was a time when certain spirits were supposed to rule over the various elements or planes of existence, as the popular Christian Deity is supposed to do over the destiny of the soul, and it was only in deference to these "spirits" that these planes of existence could be entered upon and explored. The truth is, that the ability to perceive what is going on in each plane of being necessitates an appropriate state on the part of the seer, be it good or bad, high or low. The frame of mind and personal fitness with which we approach all kinds of spiritual work are therefore important.

It is of equal importance to reserve a crystal carefully from promiscuous influences; as it no doubt gets "charged" with the kind of motive or spiritual elements in which we use it. The same crystal as is used for obtaining underhand worldly information would never do for the attainment of spiritual light and the achievement of holy purposes.

The spiritual worker must "consecrate" himself to disinterested and spiritual purposes, and not professional commerce and popular applause.—*Medium and Daybreak.*

Joshua Was That Kind of a Man.

Two Kenosha gentlemen were busily engaged in a controversy the other day, and their subject was the definition of the word "discrepancy." The disputant having the affirmative contended that the word meant a difference in fact, or contrariety of opinion, and referred his friend to Webster's lexicon as his authority on that subject, and, turning to his friend, he said, "I will illustrate what I mean by asking you a few questions. Do you know why Joshua stopped the sun instead of the earth?"

"Of course I do," said the ex-railroad man. "Joshua stopped the sun for the purpose of extending the ordinary period of daylight, so that he could slaughter the five tribes of the Amorites on the plains of Gibeon."

"Just so. The earth is 25,000 miles in circumference, ain't it?"

"Yes."

It revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours, don't it?"

"Yes."

"It travels at the rate of something over one thousand miles an hour?"

"Yes."

"If you was on top of a passenger train whirling along with the speed of sixty miles an hour and it should stop instantly, what would be the effect?"

"Effect!" exclaimed the astonished ex-puncher of cardboard. "I reckon there would be an *effect* if that thing should occur. There wouldn't be enough of me taken from the wreck for my relations to cry about."

"Just so. Now if Joshua had stopped the earth in its lightning-like flight through space he would have lit out for the sweet-by-and-by at a very high rate of speed, wouldn't he? There would have been a discrepancy, sir, (that is the word) between Joshua and this earth of a little over one thousand miles in the short period of one hour. Joshua would not have had time to grab a root or request his heirs-in-law not to quarrel over his intestate estate. Do you understand me, sir?"

"Y-e-s; I understand," drawled the quiet gentleman as he unfastened the lower button of his Prince Albert and went down into his pocket for a juicy morsel of Hiawatha; "I understand; but if Joshua wanted to stop the earth he would have ordered the Almighty to apply the air brakes and slow up. Joshua was that sort of a man."—*Kenosha Union.*

The average Mexican laborer supports his family on 10 cents per diem, invested in corn and beans.

The New Justice of the Supreme Court from an Anthropological Point of View.

The appointment of Mr. Justice Lamar to a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States marks an era in the history of our country. Every one recognizes this as true politically, but I speak of it anthropologically. Mr. Justice Lamar is said to be what is called in French "visuaire"—that is, mental impressions are received upon his brain with greater facility through the eye than through the ear. One who receives these impressions best through the ear is called an "auditaire." The "visuaire" understands the thought best by seeing the printed page, while the "auditaire" receives his best impression by hearing. In the Supreme Court the arguments of counsel are, of course, oral, and how Mr. Justice Lamar, with this peculiarity of mental organization, will adapt himself to his new position remains to be seen.

The differences in human mental organization are well known to anthropologists. As some men can understand better when they see, and others when they hear, so some can think better when they speak than when they write, while others are the contrary. Governor Corwin, of Ohio, was a notable illustration. Whether in the Senate, in the House of Representatives, at the bar, or on the stump, as an orator he was equalled by few and excelled by none. He thought well and clearly when on his feet. Amid all his wit and humor he was a most consummate logician, and could carry on the thread of an abstruse argument and support it by most cogent reasoning. But as governor or cabinet officer, his State papers were not above the ordinary. Taking a pen in his hand, his thoughts seemed to scatter and his writing was commonplace. Addressing the multitude, his thoughts seemed to crystallize into most beautiful forms, and he spake as one inspired. The causes of these differences have never been discovered. They are suggested as a theme for the student—biologist or anthropologist—as instructive as they are interesting.—*Thos. Wilson, in American Naturalist.*

A Premonition.

"Garfield was a fatalist. Editor Carrol E. Smith of Syracuse was telling me a few weeks ago of a singular conversation which he had with Garfield in the autumn of 1878. Garfield was then in New York State making campaign speeches, and when in Syracuse stopped at the house of Mr. Hiscock. After dinner Garfield and Smith sat down for a talk, and when the conversation drifted upon personal ambition Garfield remarked: "I should like to leave public life as soon as possible. If I could have my heart's desire I would leave Congress and politics and found in the West a great college, such a college as Cornell was intended to be by its founder. At the head of such an institution I should like to pass the remainder of my days, eschewing all ambition for a public career." This was the substance of his remarks, though he talked at some length and with great enthusiasm of the project which appeared to lie so close to his heart. Finally Editor Smith was lead by something that was said to ask this question: "Mr. arfield, has it ever occurred to you that you will some day be President of the United States?" Garfield paused a moment, pensively, and then replied with that frankness for which he was noted: "Yes. You may laugh at me if you wish, but for many years I have believed that I shall some day be President of the United States." "This conversation made such an impression on my mind," said Editor Smith, "and I had such distrust of my own memory and my ability to repeat the beautiful, earnest words which Mr. Garfield had uttered throughout that talk that I have never printed a word about it. Within twenty months of that night Garfield was the candidate of his party for the Presidency."—*Walter Wellman, in Chicago Tribune.*

Bad Dream Realized.

A very remarkable instance of a dream being fulfilled, was brought to light at an inquest held before Dr. Diplock on Saturday afternoon, at Chelsea. Charles Maguire, a constable of the B Division of police, stationed at Chelsea, dreamed a fortnight ago that he was rowing on the Thames with Charles Henry Baxter, a fellow constable, when the boat capsized and Baxter was drowned. So vividly was this nightmare impressed upon Maguire's mind that he detailed the circumstances of his dream to his companions (amongst others to Inspector Bartolle) in the section house, and as the police were practicing for a boat race which was to have been rowed on Saturday, the dream was the topic of conversation. Strangely enough it was fulfilled on Wednesday last. Maguire, accompanied by Baxter and three other constables, started in their own club boat from Chelsea Embankment. Baxter was coxswain. When near Kensington Wharf, the occupants of the boat noticed that it was shipping water. Baxter turned the craft homewards. Suddenly the boat went down, bow first, and Charles Henry Baxter (who, by the way, could swim) struggled and sank, the body rising to the surface on the following day. A verdict of "Accidentally drowned" was returned, and the foreman of the jury promised to write to the Royal Humane Society with respect to the gallant conduct of Frederick French, a bargeman, who, with great heroism, rescued the other policemen. Baxter, who was identified by his brother, a Leicestershire farmer, was a general favorite amongst the members of the force.—*Echo.*

The Pope and the Boycott.

Mr. Healy, the sharp-witted Irish member of Parliament, in his late speech on the Pope's condemnation of Irish boycotting made a point which the Vatican agents will find it difficult satisfactorily to explain. He recalls the fact that when the Italian Government took possession of Rome some years ago, after the withdrawal of the French foreign garrison and of the Swiss mercenaries, and Victor Emmanuel established himself in the Eternal City, the Pope and the whole College of Cardinals and all their belongings declared a boycott against the Italian King and Court, and have maintained it to the fullest extent of their power ever since. The Vatican authorities established a precedent which the Irish have merely followed in reference to rack-renting landlords. The Irish, moreover, can plead substantial justification, while the Vatican people can plead but a sentimental grievance at most. Victor Emmanuel established himself in Rome at the instance of the overwhelming majority of the Italian people, to whom Rome belongs. The Irish plan of campaign was to prevent exactions amounting to robbery. The Irish agitation against the temporal power of the Pope evidently has entered upon a rather dangerous phase for the temporal power when an Irish member of Parliament ridicules the pretensions of the "Sovereign Pontiff" amid the cheers and laughter of his Roman Catholic constituents, and when another member of Parliament, Mr. O'Brien, tells Bishop O'Dwyer at his palace door that his conduct is cowardly and his assertions false and malicious, and these rather sharp remarks are backed up by 20,000 members of the Bishop's "flock."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Beautiful Women.

It is not the smiles of a pretty face, the delicate tint of complexion, the enchanting glance of the eye, the beauty and symmetry of person, nor the costly dress or decorations, that compose woman's loveliness. It is her pleasing deportment, her chaste conversation, the sensibility and purity of her thoughts, her affable and open disposition, her comforting and relieving the afflicted and distressed, above all, the humbleness of her soul, that constitutes true loveliness. Disraeli observes, "It is at the foot of woman we lay the laurels that, without her smile, would never have been gained; it is her image that the lyre of the poet, that animates the voice in the blaze of eloquent faction, that guides the brain in the august toils of stately councils." Whatever may be the lot of man—however unfortunate, however oppressed—if he only loved and be loved, he must strike a balance in favor of existence, for love can illumine the dark roof of poverty and can lighten the fetters of the slave. Beautiful women may be admired, but who can refrain from loving the impersonation of grace and virtue we every day encounter in the charmed circles of domestic life?—*Exchange.*

The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves; the liberty of a private man in being master of his time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country.—*Cowley.*

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

There are 28,000 shad eggs in a quart.

A lily jet black in color is in bloom at Chico, Cal. It emits a very disagreeable odor.

It is expected that a thousand Icelanders will arrive in Manitoba during the summer.

It is estimated that the girl who dances eighteen waltzes travels about fourteen miles.

Cattle raising and milk farming are receiving increased attention in Missouri every year.

There are 400 less boats engaged in the salmon industry at Astoria this year than last.

Latitude was first determined by Hipparchus, of Nice, about 162 B. C.

According to the naturalists wasps remember the locality of their nests just ninety-six hours.

All the policemen of Kansas City are church members, two of whom are elders and several of them are deacons.

George Shenberger, of York, Pa., has a German Bible which was printed in the year 1589. The print is quite plain.

It is said the lightning rod is a relic of superstition, and will soon be regarded in the same light as a horseshoe over a door.

Japanese engineers propose to adopt a system of earthwork defenses protected by an iron shield one foot in thickness, and extending twenty-five feet each side of the gun.

An English canal company makes use of the locomotive upon the towing path. A small engine employed upon 18-inch rails draws four boats at the rate of seven miles an hour.

A New York studio is dimly lighted as dusk comes on by a pile of skulls smeared with phosphorus. To the topmost one is fastened a bone containing a candle. It is a lady's studio, too.

A Dakota man who has announced himself as a candidate for delegate to Congress is charged by his opponent with having sold coffee to his fellow-prisoners while incarcerated in Andersonville at $1 a cup.

The lower classes of the Italian people continue to emigrate in enormous numbers, and the government is much alarmed. The number leaving Genoa last year was 101,200 as against 52,852 the previous year. Most of them go to South America.

Mrs. Azubah F. Ryder, of Orrington, Me., who is one hundred and four years old, was one of sixteen girls to scatter flowers in the open grave at a memorial service of George Washington. She has a large and interesting correspondence with young and old persons all over the United States.

A newly discovered Mexican flower is quite a wonder, if reports be true. It is said to be white in the morning, red at noon and blue at night; and it is further credited with emitting perfume only at the middle of the day. It grows on a tree of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

The study of birds has become a serious recreation in one of the large schools of Boston. The pupils go forth with opera glasses and learn to distinguish species and to notice their ways. In spite of cool weather birds have taken possession of their nests at their accustomed time.

Science has claimed the sponge fishery of the Mediterranean. The native divers, who could stay under water not more than two minutes, are being driven out by men in regular diving armor, who can work by the hour. A German professor has originated a method of planting cuttings from sponges, and it is being prosecuted with success.

In the British Museum in London, carefully guarded in a glass case, are some of the oldest shoes in the world. They are sandals, taken from very ancient Egyptian tombs. The soles are made of palm leaves, and they are provided with bands made of the stems of papyrus. The papyrus is a species of a very tall reed which grows on marshy river banks in warm countries.

Since there must, or it is thought there must, be floral tributes to actresses, the suggestion of a New York manager that the surplus supply be sent to hospitals is worth heeding. After doing duty as blinds to the spectators two or three nights, they are generally left to wither and waste their sweetness on the carbureted hydrogen air. Only let them be sent before they are too far gone.

There is a woman in St. Paul, Minn., who possesses some handsome diamonds. She puts them in a box, puts the box in a rag bag, puts the rag bag on the closet floor, and at night puts the watch dog in the closet on top of the rag bag, locks him in there, and every night hides the key in a different place. Her husband says that if she had her way she would arm him to the teeth and put him in the closet with the dog.

It is reported from Detroit that a lad named Frank Bailey, sixteen years old, has such a mania for thrusting pins and needles into the right side of his face and neck that it has become necessary to send him to the lunatic asylum. At the time of his departure he had from thirty to forty pins buried to the head in his cheek, besides an unknown number of needles that were out of sight.

Between 9:30 and 10 o'clock the other night a strange sight was observed by several people at Portland, Me. What appeared to be a huge illuminated cloud passed over the houses at a height of about 100 feet. It actually lighted up the street and caused no little amount of wondering among those who observed the phenomenon. One gentleman's curiosity led him to the roof of his house for purposes of investigation. He then found to his astonishment that the strange appearance was a large swarm of lightning bugs flying slowly north.

"I stood in an aisle," said Mr. Harrison of the Institution for the Blind, "when a blind boy was walking toward me, and, just as he came opposite, I put my hand before his face. It brought him up short, and he flung his head back to avoid the obstruction. I did not touch him with my hand, nor did I speak nor give any other indication of my presence. How was he enabled to know the obstruction was there?" "Has that experiment been tried in more than one case?" "It has been tried often and in many cases, and always with success."

It is remarkable that after so much has been written and published in regard to early steam-navigation (especially ocean navigation, which is of comparatively recent date), it remains to be shown that the first regularly built ocean steamer was constructed on this side of the Atlantic. Waiving all that has been claimed for the voyage of the "Savannah," we now find that an American ship-builder constructed the first sea-going steamer that ever crossed the ocean, propelled wholly by steam. This was called the "Royal William," in honor of the "sailor king" who then reigned in England, and the Historical Society of Chicago has her original drawings on file in its archives.

A Home of Rest for Horses is a successful English scheme. The chief object is to give temporary rest to the horses of cab drivers and poor traders, who in most cases are obliged to keep their beasts at work until past help, when a timely holiday would restore the poor creatures. Every comfort and convenience is at hand to make life pleasant and easy to the old horses. Summer and winter boxes, large and airy, warm clothes, regular and plentiful meals, and extensive stable yard for winter exercise, and a splendid grass run is at their disposal; and if anything ails the ancient almoners, the veterinary surgeon of the society comes with his skill to their aid.

A few days ago the new Bishop of Waitzen, in Hungary, was sitting at dinner in his own house with seven friends, when all at once a small dog belonging to him ran up and, seizing the tail of his coat, tried to pull him toward his bedroom door, which opened into the diningroom. At first he drove the animal away, but it whined piteously, and his guests advised him to see what it wanted. The bedroom door was thrown open, and by the light from the diningroom the bishop and his friends discovered a man hidden under the bed armed with a large knife. He was dragged out and made to confess he had escaped from the town jail and was bent on robbery.

A few days since, Joel Smith, of Atlantic City, N. J., who was engaged in sinking piling in the sand for foundations for bath houses below the excursion district, concluded, as he was wet to the waist, that he would take a bath in the ocean. The ocean was very calm, and he had scarcely entered it when something suddenly wrapped about him like a wet blanket. He was close to the shore, and got there very lively. He rushed into a saloon, and was horrified to find that the thing was alive. It held on by suction, and required three men to get it off. A scientist, who is stopping at a hotel near by, pronounced it an *electyo caegatheus*, or what is vulgarly known as the blanket fish.

The Old Wife.

By the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil sad and tender,
Where his aged wife lay dying, and the twilight shadows brown
Slowly from the wall and window chased the sunset's golden splendor
Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking, for her spirit seemed to hover,
Lost between the next world's sunrise and the bed-time cares of this,
And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling, bending over
Answered "Yes."

"Are the children in?" she asked him. Could he tell her? All the treasures
Of their household lay in silence many years beneath the snow;
But her heart was with them living back among her toils and pleasures
Long ago.

And again she called at dew-fall, in the sweet old summer weather,
"Where is little Charlie, father? Frank and Robert—have them come?"
"They are safe," the old man faltered; "all the children are together,
Safe at home."

Then he murmured gentle soothings, but his grief grew strong and stronger,
Till it choked and stilled him as he held and kissed her wrinkled hand,
For her soul, far out of hearing, could his fondest words no longer
Understand.

Still the pale lips stammered questions, lullabies and broken verses,
Nursery prattle—all the language of a mother's loving heeds,
While the midnight round the mourner, left to sorrow's bitter mercies,
Wrapped its weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow—and the old man listened lonely—
Till they led him from the chamber, with the burden on his breast.
For the wife of seventy years, his manhood's early love and only,
Lay at rest.

"Fare-you-well," he sobbed, "my Sarah; you will meet the babes before me;
'Tis a little while, for neither can the parting long abide,
And you'll come and call me soon, I know—and heaven will restore me
To your side."

* * * * * * *

It was even so. The spring-time in the steps of winter treading,
Scarcely shed its orchard blossoms ere the old man closed his eyes,
And they buried him by Sarah—and they had their "diamond wedding"
In the skies.

—*Theron Brown.*

A Dramatic Mode of Execution.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

What next? It appears that a Leipsic inventor has devised an extremely dramatic mode of execution for criminals, which possesses the additional advantage of being painless. The machinery consists of a platform, nine metres square, approached by five steps. In the center of the platform is a chair for the condemned man. Behind it stands a figure of Justice, holding a pair of scales in her left hand, the scales being movable. Under the platform is placed an electric battery, from which wires pass through the legs of the chair into the seat and back, terminating in platinum plates. If the criminal objects to seating himself in the chair, he is simply tied in. Then, after the sentence has been read, the executioner takes a stick, breaks it, and places the piece in one of Justice's scales. This descends, puts the battery in motion, and ends the matter. Death is instantaneous and painless. The machine has been tried on all animals, and in the presence of a large number of invited guests, and is pronounced a success. This will certainly be an improvement over the old method of hanging. X.

A Prominent Merchant in Trouble.

Old moneybags mopes in his office all day,
As snappish and cross as a bear;
The clerks know enough to keep out of his way,
Lest the merchant should grumble and swear.
Even Tabby, the cat, is in fear of a cuff,
Or a kick, if she ventures too near;
They all know the master is apt to be rough,
And his freaks unexpected and queer.

What makes the old fellow so surly and grim,
And behave so confoundedly mean?
There's certainly something the matter with him—
Is it stomach, or liver, or spleen?
We've guessed it—his liver is sluggish and bad,
His blood is disordered and foul.
It's enough to make any one hopelessly mad,
And greet his best friend with a growl.

The world-wide remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, will correct a disordered liver and purify the blood, tone your system and build up your flesh and strength.

The Perfect Way.

The Perfect Way, or the Finding of Christ is the significant title of a most valuable work by Dr. Anna B. Kingsford and Edward Maitland. It is a fitting and lasting monument to the memory of Dr. Kingsford so lately passed to a higher life. The Theosophists claim it as theirs; the Christian Scientists admit their reading is not complete without it, as they find many truths in its pages, and the Spiritualists and Liberalists have discovered much that is convincing and corroborative in the facts and statements. Price, $2; postage, 15 cents extra. This edition is a fac simile of the one which costs $4. For sale at this office.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

Every man who is about to do a wicked action should, above all things, stand in awe of himself and dread the witness within him, who sits as a spy over all his actions, and will be sure, one way or other, to accuse him to himself, and put him on such a rack, as shall make him accuse himself to others too.—*Pythagoras.*

Mellin's Food for infants and invalids is well known in nearly every household throughout the country; but as there are always new babies and new invalids, it is well to be reminded of the excellent qualities of this food, and that it is a preparation which dyspeptics, having once tried, will never be without.

A large promise without performance is like a false fire to a great piece; which dischargeth a good expectation with a bad report. I will forethink what I will promise, that I may promise but what I will do. Thus whilst my words are led by my thoughts, and followed by my actions, I shall be careful in my promises, and just in their performance. I had rather do and not promise, than promise and not do.—*Warwick.*

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers is in one preparation, and never fails to color the beard a beautiful brown or black of a natural shade.

It is an old saying that charity begins at home; but this is no reason it should not go abroad; a man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.—*Dumberland.*

Rich and Poor,

Prince and Peasant, the Millionaire and Day Laborer, by their common use of this remedy, attest the world-wide reputation of **Ayer's Pills.** Leading physicians recommend these pills for Stomach and Liver Troubles, Costiveness, Biliousness, and Sick Headache; also, for Rheumatism, Jaundice, and Neuralgia. They are sugar-coated; contain no calomel; are prompt, but mild, in operation; and, therefore, the very best medicine for Family Use, as well as for Travelers and Tourists.

"I have derived great relief from **Ayer's Pills.** Five years ago I was taken so ill with

Rheumatism

that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills." Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

"Ayer's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years and have completely verified all that is claimed for them. In attacks of piles, from which I suffered many years, they afford greater relief than any other medicine I ever tried."—T. F. Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I have used **Ayer's Pills** for a number of years, and have never found anything equal to them for giving me an appetite and imparting energy and strength to the system. I always keep them in the house."—R. D. Jackson, Wilmington, Del.

"Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me of severe

Headache,

from which I was long a sufferer.—Emma Keyes, Hubbardston, Mass.

"Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again."—A. J. Kiser, Jr., Rock House, Va.

"Ayer's Pills are in general demand among our customers. Our sales of them exceed those of all other pills combined. We have never known them fail to give entire satisfaction."—Wright & Hannelly, San Diego, Texas.

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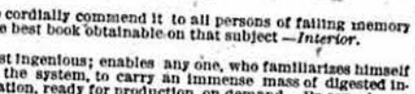
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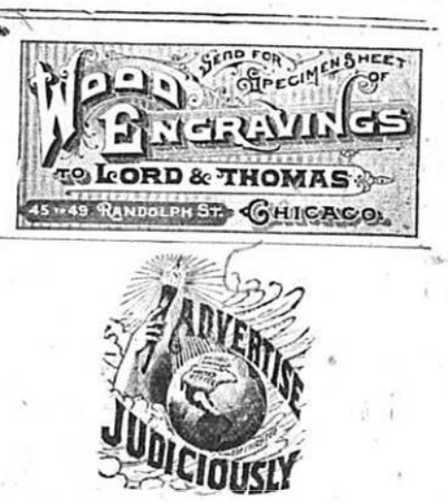
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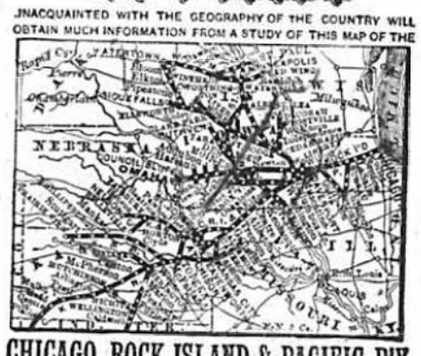
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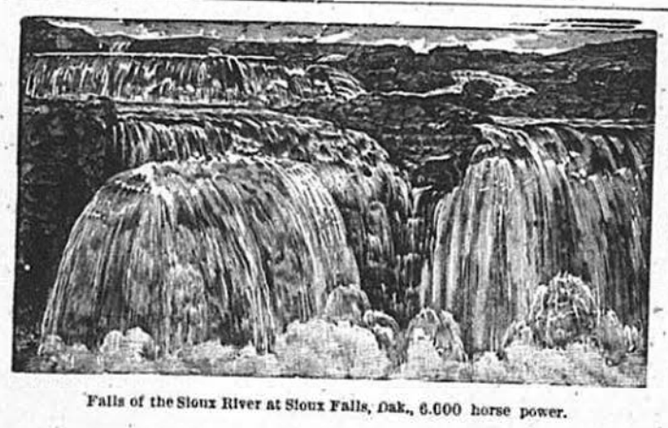
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(Continued from First Page.)

tion to view. There was a fallen tree across the highway! This proof that every point and circumstance in the vision was being unrolled before his eyes, gave the agent a great shock. He was behind the stranger, and he pulled his revolver and dropped his hand beside the horse to conceal it.

"'Well, well!' said the man, as he pulled up his horse. 'The tree must have toppled over this morning. We'll have to pass around it to the right.'

"Bronson was on the right. The woods were clear of underbrush, and naturally enough, he should have been the first to leave the road, but he waited.

"'Go ahead, friend,' said the stranger, and as if the words had been addressed to the horse, the animal which the agent bestrode started up.

Bronson was scarcely out of the road before he turned in his saddle. The stranger had a pistol in his right hand. What followed could not be clearly related. Bronson slid from the saddle as a bullet whizzed past him, and a second later returned the fire. Three or four shots were rapidly exchanged, and then the would-be murderer, uttering a yell to show that he had been hit, wheeled his horse to gallop off. He had not gone ten rods when the beast fell under him, and he kicked his feet from the stirrups and sprang into the woods and was out of sight in a moment. The horse had received a bullet in the throat and was dead in a few minutes.

A YOUNG LADY'S DREAM.

Miss Amelia Ederly, a young lady, highly endowed both mentally and physically, and free from superstition or inclination to the marvelous, while visiting friends one evening shortly before her death, related a dream which she had a few days previous, which had vividly impressed itself on her mind. She thought she saw herself ready for burial, with her parents and friends weeping around her. She had no feeling; only surprise that her body was clothed with a blue dress with yellow roses, and she attempted to expostulate at this want of taste, but no one gave attention to her remarks. She jested about the dream, and it seemed not to make any deep impression; but ten day after this visit she was taken sick and died. She had mentioned her dream only once, and her sickness could not be referred to mental impression received thereby.

A WARNING VOICE.

Dr. Fisher, of Waterford, Eng., is authority for the following:

"Miss Louisa Benn, who lived with her mother in Wedusbury, had become desirous of going to Australia; her friends assisted her to means, and she had made all preparations, left her home for London, and secured passage on a ship. On the day before the sailing of the ship her mother heard a cry of, "Oh, Mother," seemingly from the cellar, and in her daughter's voice. She was so alarmed that she telegraphed for her daughter to return, which she reluctantly did, for she was already on board, and her luggage being stored away, could not be given her. Her regret vanished when news came that the vessel was lost, and with it nearly all the passengers.

AN OBJECTION.

Here arises an objection often urged against such premonitions. Of an hundred or more of passengers, one only is warned, while all the others are allowed to go on board and blindly meet their fate. If such warnings come from God, with whom all things are possible, the objection would have pertinence, and be unanswerable unless relegated to the mystery of Godliness. But such warnings do not come from God, but from spirit intelligences just above ourselves, departed friends who preserve an interest in those who remain on earth. It is not probable that all, or even any considerable portion of these intelligences, are able to forecast the future, or possess the equally essential ability to impress their thoughts on their earthly friends. The few who know the events of the future may find it impossible to communicate with their friends. Hence the rare occurrence of such premonitions, and the strange spectacle of a single individual among hundreds, securing intimations of approaching danger. Thus where the laws and conditions of impressibility are understood, it is not anomalous that so few are impressed, but this fact confirms the theory of sensitiveness.

Premonitions and presentiments of a coming event form a numerous class of well attested facts. They usually relate directly to the person receiving them, and those recorded in a majority of instances refer to sickness or death. It may be supposed that a great majority of premonitions received, are not recognized, or at least recorded. Many by reception defeat their fulfillment, quite as many, probably, as bring their fulfillment by being received. When an individual has a premonition that he is to die at a certain time, and does thus die, it is said the prophecy so worked on his mind that it killed him at the appointed time. Possibly this might happen, but it rarely does. Far more often the knowledge prepares for the event, and the individual survives to point at the prophecy as a failure. Again the presentiment comes with the certainty of a decree of fate, and the future is without shadow of turning, and inexorable to our efforts or our prayers.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S DREAM.

The following dream by Abraham Lincoln is a matter of history, and is consonant with the susceptible nature of that great man. He related it to Mrs. Lincoln and others present in the following words:

"About ten days ago I retired very late. I had been up waiting for important dispatches. I could not have been long in bed, when I fell into a slumber and began to dream. There seemed to be a death-like stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of persons were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered down stairs. There the silence was broken by the same sobbing, but the mourners were invisible. I went from room to room. No living person was in sight, but the same mournful sounds met me as I past along. I was puzzled and alarmed. What could be the meaning of all this? Determined to find out the cause of a state of things so mysterious, I kept on until I arrived at the 'end room,' which I entered. There I met a sickening surprise. Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers who were acting as guards; and there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon this corpse, whose face was covered; others weeping pitifully. 'Who is dead at the White House?' I demanded of one of the soldiers. 'The President,' was his answer; 'he was killed by an assassin!' Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which awoke me from my dream. I slept no more that night; and although it was only a dream, I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since."

This occurred but a short time before the event it heralded, which plunged the nation into grief. Had the president given heed to its warning, and not been persuaded by his wife, who gave no credit to the supernatural the course of events would have been different. Had he heeded the dream it would have been brought forward as evidence to prove the worthlessness of such visions.

A LITTLE GIRL PREDICTS HER OWN DEATH.

Little Maud, three-year-old daughter of Geo. T. Ford, of Elmore, Mich., came to her mother one day and said, "Maudie is not going to stay; she is going away off to be buried up in the cold ground." About a week later she said, "Let Maudie go and ride with you to-day for she will never go again." On the morning of the day of her death she came to her mother and said, "Maudie don't feel well. Don't you feel sorry for Maudie? She is going away off where you will never see her again." Her mother clasped her to her bosom, wondering what she could mean, but was not left long in doubt. The child grew seriously ill, and later in the day she said, "Good-by—lift me up—I hear the band playing—I am going now," and passed away.

PRINCE LEOPOLD'S DREAM.

Another instance, which is important in consequence of the noble station of the person to whom it relates, is given in the *Fortnightly Review* by W. H. Myers:

"The last time I saw Prince Leopold (being two days before he died), he would talk to me about death, and said he would like a military funeral.

"Finally I asked, why do you talk in this morose manner? As he was about to answer, he was called away and said, 'I will tell you later.' I never saw him to speak to again, but he finished his answer to me to a lady, and said: 'Two nights now, Princess Alice has appeared to me in my dreams, and says she is quite happy, and that she wants me to come and join her; that is what makes me so very thoughtful.'

"I take this to be a sign of his approaching removal to the world of spirits, in which, as a member of a Spiritualistic family, he had been, from his earliest youth, an implicit believer, thus illustrating the truth of the observation that, 'Signs are vouchsafed to the believing, now as of old.'"

Miss Mary Paine, when on her road to visit some friends in Gainesville, Ga., on passing the Mars Hill graveyard, ordered her driver to stop the team, which he did. Then she exacted a promise from him that he would bring her back and bury her by the side of her sister Jane. "For," said she, "I shall never come back alive. I shall die away from home, and I want you to promise to bring me back for burial." To this declaration she clung, nor would she be persuaded that as she was in good health she would have a pleasant visit and return home happy. Before three weeks had passed she died suddenly of a congestive chill, at her friend's in Gainesville, and as she had requested, she was brought back to Mars Hill and buried by the side of her dear sister.

Dr. H., who is of exceedingly skeptical organization, said that he once had an experience which baffled his powers of explanation, and caused him to doubt his materialistic views. He had been called to a distant farm house on an intensely dark and rainy night to visit a patient. There was a stream with wide marshy borders, across which a narrow causeway had been constructed, barely wide enough for carriages to pass. As he drove onto one end of this narrow way, suddenly there came the thought that he would meet a runaway team, and his horse and carriage be overturned into the morass. At that time of night this was wholly improbable; but the thought came instantly with all its contingencies. "If I should meet a team, what should I do?" he asked himself. Then he thought there was one place wider than the rest, and he answered, "I would reach that place and get as far out of the way as possible." "Get there then—get there," was the urgent impression. He involuntarily hurried his horse, reached the place, and driving to the very edge, drew rein. He was in a tremor of nervous excitement, yet had seen nor heard nothing to excite him more than the interior impression. But he soon found his haste had not been in vain. He heard the rattle of wheels and clatter of hoofs, as a runaway team struck the further end of the causeway, and in a moment they swept past him. Had they met him unprepared, he certainly would have met with a serious, if not a fatal accident. This intelligence which saw the approaching team and the great danger in which Doctor H. would be placed, was independent of his mind, for it brought a knowledge that mind did not, nor could not know until revealed by some foreign power. Whence came the premonition, the thoughtful care? Not out of the air. It was from an intelligent individualized entity above and beyond physical existence, and all theories which leave out this element fall short of covering the multitudinous facts which unite and bind together in a harmonious whole.

NOTES FROM ONSET.

Opening Day—Season of 1888.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The season of 1888 was formally opened at this summer resort by the sea, on Sunday, June 17th. The management of the O. B. G. Association made arrangements with the Old Colony Railway Co. for tickets at reduced rates to the Onset Bay station, good during the 16th, 17th and 18th, giving the friends of the Association an opportunity to spend Sunday at the grove. Opening day at Onset is one of the pleasant events of the year, and is looked forward to by the summer dwellers at this place with happy expectations of friendly reunions; and on this occasion their expectations were happily realized, hundreds availing themselves of the opportunity, large delegations coming on every train during the entire day.

The grove never looked better; the beautiful green foliage is just all that any of nature's admirers could ask for, while the cottagers had put their gardens and lawns in the best condition, and Old Mother Nature had sent a bountiful supply of water to put the dust entirely out of the way; thus we were well prepared to enjoy one of our happy annual reunions Sunday, the 17th. Old Sol never shone brighter than on this morning; not a cloud to be seen in the sky overhead, while a beautiful south-west breeze from off the waters of the bay, lent a cool and inspiring charm to the prospects of the day's enjoyment. Everybody seemed to catch the inspiration of the hour and wore a smiling countenance. The pleasant congratulations and cordial hand-shakings as friends met after a lapse of nearly twelve months, were freely indulged in, and the morning hours were happily enjoyed.

At 2 o'clock P. M., the bell at the grand stand rang loud and long, inviting all to come and enjoy the services in speech and song. President Crockett called the meeting to order and invited the audience to join with C. W. Sullivan in singing the national hymn. After singing Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Boston, was introduced and gave a retrospective view of the spiritual work of the country, and also the present and prospective outlook of the cause.

After singing, the President introduced Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, who gave one of his impromptu speeches that are always well timed, and to the point. He said it gave him pleasure to once more look in the faces of an Onset audience. He spoke of the growth of the cause of Spiritualism, of the true and good work that had been accomplished and was still being carried forward. He said it seemed but fitting that we should come together upon this, the 17th of June, a day that was sacred in the heart of every true American,—the day on which the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the day when Americans decided that the people should govern themselves. He referred to the rappings at Hydesville, and the humble beginning of our great and glorious spiritual philosophy, and made a strong and earnest plea for Mrs. Fox-Kane, who while a mere child had been the means of giving the world the light that shall illumine dark places, but who, governed by conditions which she could not control, had been led to feel herself almost an outcast, and had warned the world to have nothing to do with mediumship, for it was dangerous. He plead for a broader charity, to the end that all our criticisms might be for a larger life of usefulness and good works, saying: "Very soon, I with all of you will go to the Spirit-world. I hope to meet there men and women like ourselves; not perfect, but sympathizing souls with whom we can clasp hands and pass on and up to higher and better conditions of life and usefulness."

The speaker paid a passing tribute to Rev. Talmage, who once got a bright idea, though he thought, perhaps, he might have stolen it. He once gave his congregation his idea of the occupations of the progressive souls in spirit life, describing the chemist at his laboratory, the painter at his canvas, the sculptor at his work, and so on, and that it was only at such times that he fed his people with wholesome food.

Remarks followed by Mrs. Whitlock, Mrs. Pennell and Mrs. Thompson, all of them having a good thought to offer. But when Mrs. S. R. Stevens was introduced, she struck the key-note to mediumship by saying that when the gates were set ajar for the good angels to come to us, the gates of hell were also ajar for the devils to come, and the sooner we realize the fact and prepare ourselves for this issue by studying and making ourselves familiar with the law of control, the better it will be for us.

The services closed by the congregation singing.

The hotels are in order for their summer guests. Among them are Hotel Onset, Glen Cove House, Washburn House, and Hotel Brockton.

Onset Street Railway takes passengers and baggage from Onset Bay Station to the Washburn House, and all cottages along the line.

President W. D. Crockett arrived the 16th for a short stay.

Vice President Hosmer is at Bayside Cottage.

Treasurer Ely Johnson and family, Cyrus Peabody and family, Capt. Alfred Nash and family, Simeon Butterfield and family, George Cassell and family, and Mrs. J. P. Ricker, are at their several cottages on South Boulevard for the season.

Mrs. S. R. Stevens is located at Mrs. Putnam's on Pleasant avenue.

Dr. A. S. Haywood, and Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Boston, are here for a few days.

The latch string at Old Pan Cottage hangs in its usual place, awaiting the presence of the friends of your scribe and family. Subscriptions for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will also be received.

Charles W. Sullivan and family have arrived at his antiquarian home on Longwood Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Applin, two octogenarians, have arrived at their cottage on South Boulevard and are looking hale and happy; their daughter, Mrs. E. S. Loring, is with them.

C. Smith and wife, Avon, Mass., are enjoying themselves here; F. O. Howard and wife, Mrs. and Mrs. Gill, Brockton, Mass; John W. Haines and wife, and Mrs. M. Penniman, Cambridge Port, Mass., are at the Washburn House. Mrs. L. H. Parmenter, Lowell, Mass., is at Cottage No. 6; Charles Young and wife, Lowell, Mass., are at the Cottage, West Boulevard.

Passengers with tickets for Onset Bay, should not be beguiled into a side trap, by the large signs put up at East Wareham by disgruntled kickers, with the word Onset painted on them. Buy your tickets to Onset Bay and check your baggage to that place, and help sustain the Association that is furnishing the Camp Meeting and summer resort where you can improve your condition both mentally and physically.

Onset, June. W. W. CURRIER.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Lyman C. Howe lectured at Muskegon Mich., last Sunday.

W. H. Blair lectured at the meeting last Sunday at Fraser's Grove, near Vicksburg, Mich.

Ursula N. Gestefeld will open a class for instruction in "Christian Science," on Monday, July 2nd. For particulars apply at Room E, Central Music Hall, from one to five P. M.

Reports from Parkland and Cassadaga camp meetings have been unavoidably crowded out this week. They will appear in our next issue.

The JOURNAL'S fine collection of cabinet photographs has lately been increased by additions including, among others, those of Dr. and Mrs. Leon Priest; Mr. J. Clegg Wright and Mr. John Slater.

The annual camp meeting of the Spiritualists of Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, will be held at Fraser's Grove, Vicksburg, Mich., July 14th to August 13th. The speakers will be W. H. Blair of Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Shepard Lillie of Melrose, Mass.; V. L. Moulton and Mrs. Sarah Graves, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; Helen M. Gougar of Lafayette, Indiana, and D. M. King of Mantua Station, Ohio.

Mrs. Mary F. Lovering will leave East Boston on the 6th of July, under the auspices of the National Educational Association, to attend the School Teacher's Convention in San Francisco, which will commence on the 16th and continue three days. Mrs. Lovering contemplates remaining in California until the first of October.

John Slater whose whereabouts is anxiously inquired for by Brooklyn friends, is in San Francisco and doing well we conclude from the flattering notices of the Spiritualist press of that city.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson passed through the city on Thursday of last week on her return to California, having been unexpectedly summoned home owing to the dangerous illness of her only son. This will be a sore disappointment to Mrs. Watson's friends in the East, thousands of whom were anticipating hearing her lecture at least once during her visit.

A novelty in the way of commencement exercises was seen at a New York grammar school last Monday. After the singing and recitations, the girls made a strawberry shortcake and poached eggs in the presence of their guests and distributed them among their friends. One of the trustees said in a speech that the time would come when, if any one wanted a cook, he would come to the school to get one.

The *Golden Gate* says: "Mrs. Ada L. Ballou, the inspired artist and well known lecturer, returned, on Saturday last, from a three years' sojourn in Australia. During her absence she was the honored guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stanford of Melbourne, the latter a brother of Governor Stanford. Mrs. Ballou has a host of friends on this coast, especially among the Grand Army boys. She is a member of Lincoln Post, G. A. R., of this city, and was also attached to the Thirty-second Wisconsin Infantry as matron during the late war, having been appointed by Surgeon-General Wolcott. She was with the regiment in the field, and rendered most valuable services in the hospitals at Memphis and St. Louis. She finds a marked advance in spiritual thought and unfoldment here since she left. We hope she may locate permanently in this city."

People will search for health in harmony with preconceived opinions, or in accordance with religious views. It is said that about six hundred and fifty French Canadians and other Catholics from Burlington, St. Johnsbury and Northfield, Vt., passed through Montreal lately en route to the famous shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupre, near Quebec. Several cases are reported where the blind have been made to see, the halt and the lame to walk, and the paralytic restored to the use of their diseased limbs. One girl of eighteen, who has been bedridden with hip disease from the time she was six years old, was instantly cured while praying before the shrine, and immediately threw away her crutches and was able to walk as well as anybody. A young man kneeling beside his widowed mother was cured of spinal complaint, and an old woman verging on one hundred years, who was so badly paralyzed that she had to be carried in a stretcher, was enabled to walk with the aid of crutches. Nearly half of the people who visited the shrine declared that they had received some benefit. The historic church at the shrine, one of the oldest in North America, is a curious spectacle. Placed on all sides of the altar and chancel are piles of crutches and other articles, discarded by the pilgrims when they felt themselves improved in health. It is resorted to by thousands of Canadian Roman Catholics each year, rarely a day passing without a visit from some party of pilgrims.

Mr. John Slater kindly volunteered to give the California State Camp Meeting Association a benefit, at the camp ground, June 18.

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